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HER PHOTOS

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SERIAL KILLER STALKS NEW ORLEANS

20 Q WITH DICK VITALE

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SPECIAL REPORT

THE GULF WAR'S DEADLY LEGACY

TO SEE THE REST OF THE SHOW, TURN TO PAGE 116

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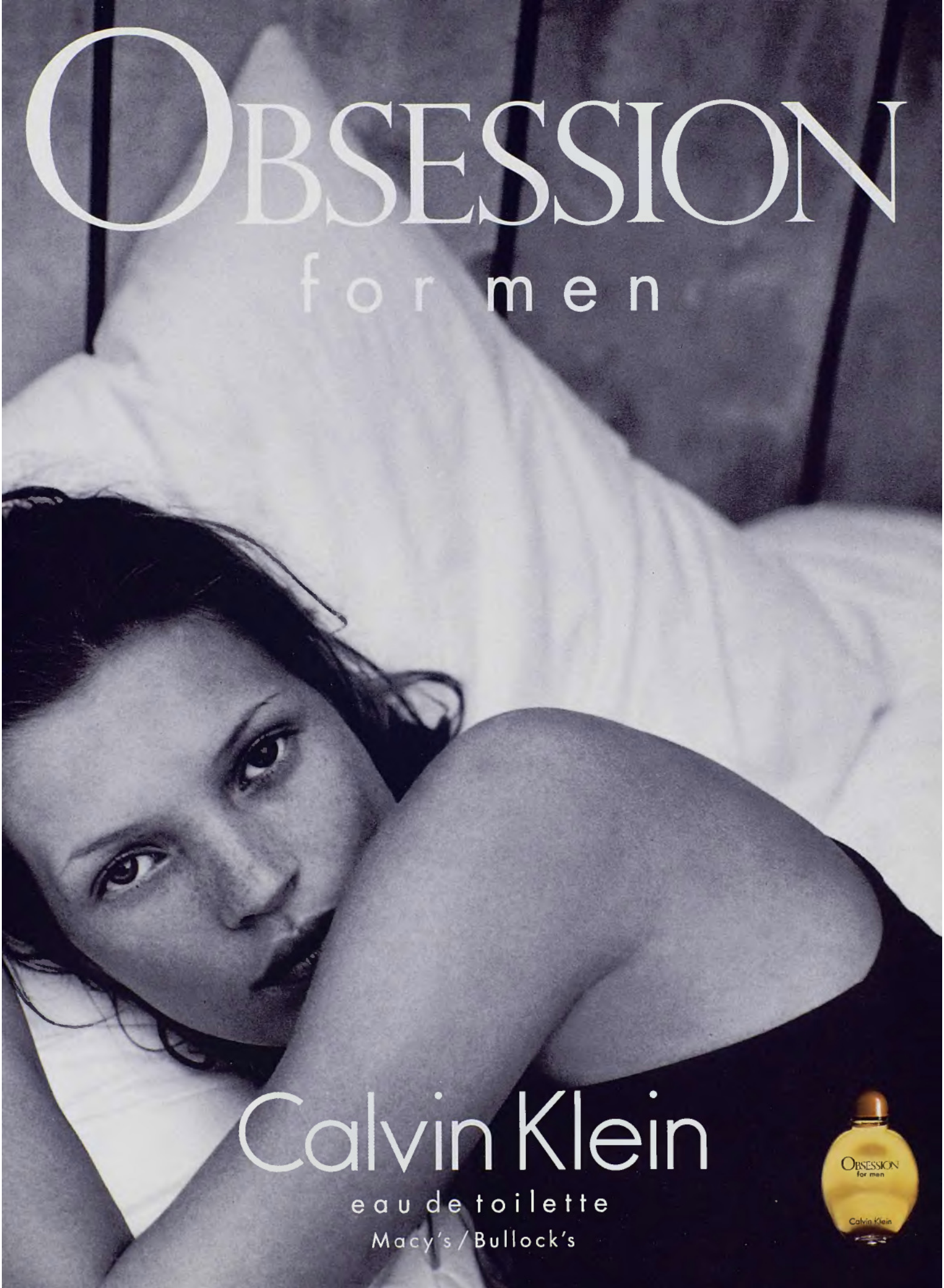
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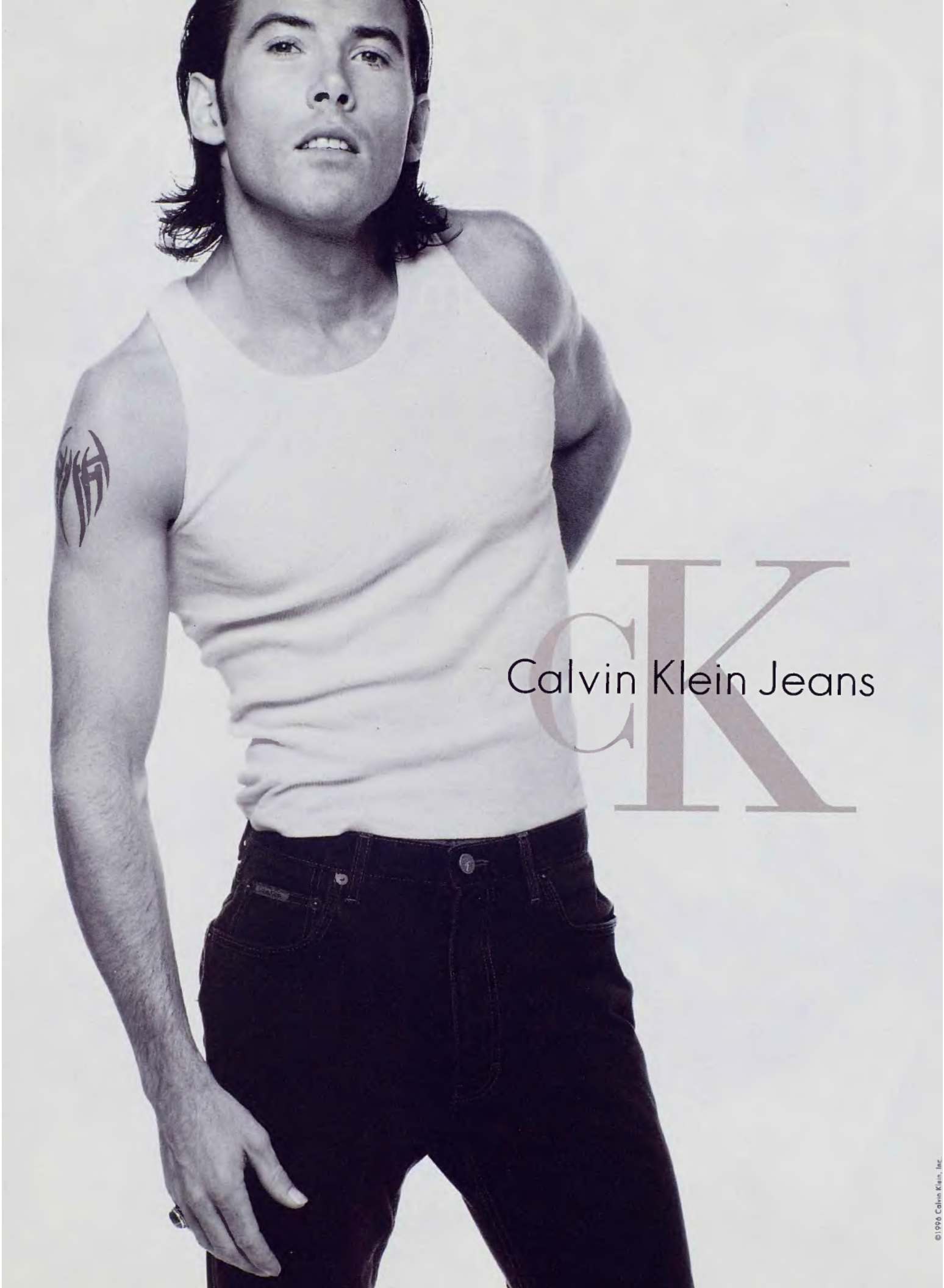

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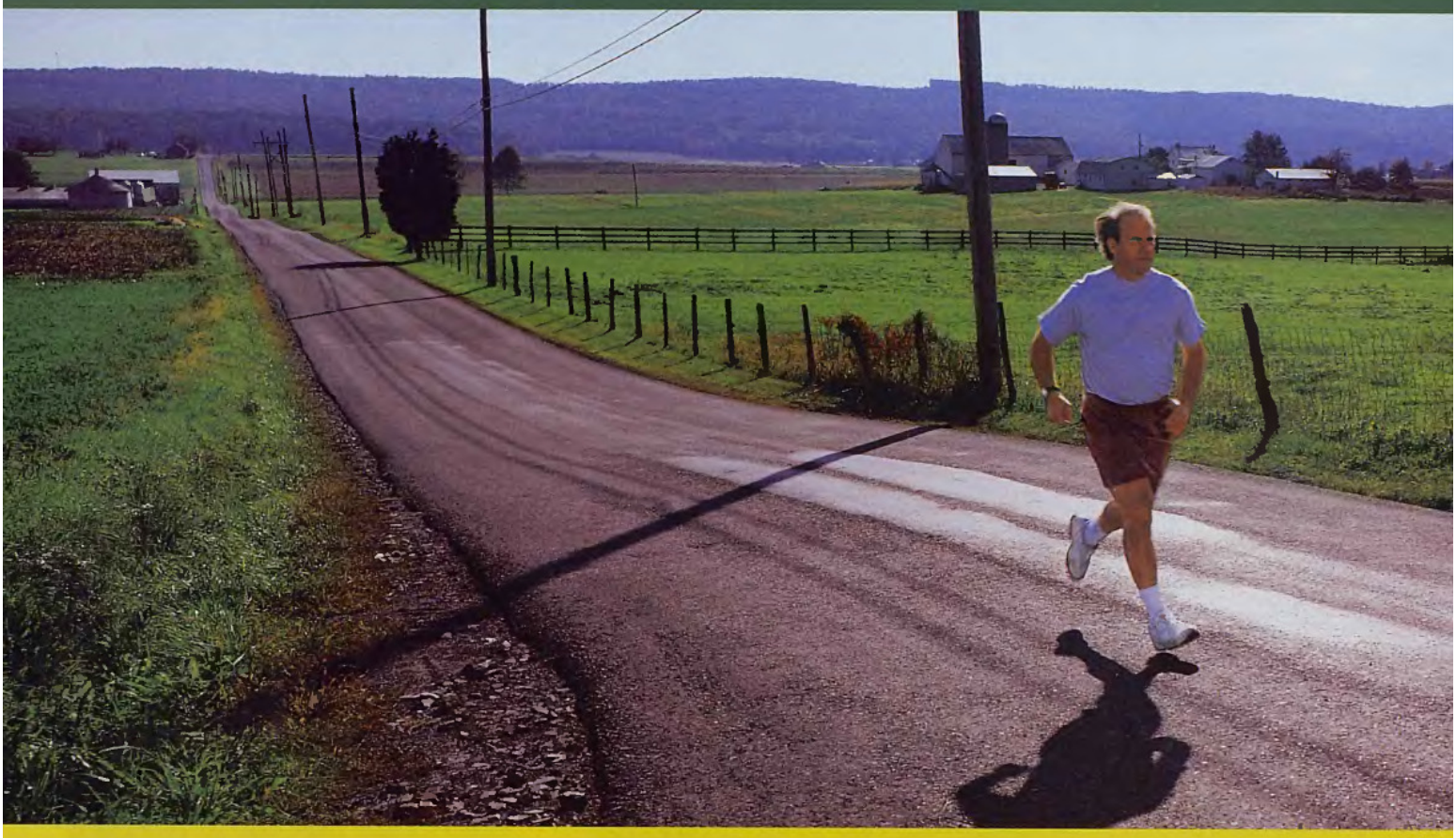

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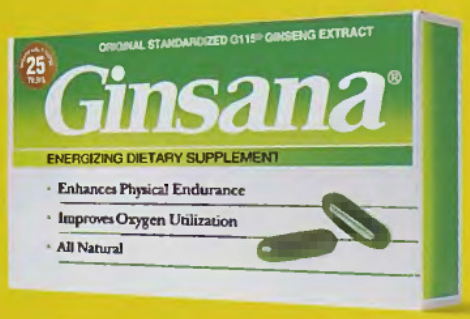

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WOULDN'T IT be great if you could reinvent yourself every few years, sort of like Madonna but without having to cuss on TV? **John Travolta** knows how to do it. After launching his career as a Sweathog and soaring to fame with *Saturday Night Fever*, he found himself playing second fiddle to chatty babies and dogs. These days Travolta does the talking. Writer **Judson Klinger,** who first interviewed Travolta for us in 1978, gets the actor's takes on returning to stardom with *Pulp Fiction* and *Get Shorty*, steering a disabled jet into Washington National and placing an excited phone call to an idol named **Hugh Hefner.**

Before the trial of O.J. Simpson went to the jury, an associate of the former football star contacted us to suggest the *Playboy Interview*—and to talk money. We thought better of the offer. We didn't hesitate, however, when **Tracy Hampton** came calling. A flight attendant when she was selected for the Simpson jury, she has long dreamed of posing for us. And, because of her jury experience, she had some things on her mind. Tracy offers her judgment of the accused and describes the petty bickering and racial tension that divided the sequestered jury. **Stephen Wayda** shot the pictorial.

The jury is still out on Gulf war syndrome, the mysterious illnesses that have struck thousands of veterans of the war with Iraq. **Kate McKenna,** an investigative reporter in Washington, D.C., interviewed more than 100 people to prepare *The Curse of Desert Storm*. What she found is startling: Not only did a haze of gas, pesticides and other chemicals infect the battlefield, but U.S. medical blunders may have contributed to the tragedy. **Robert Giusti** did the illustration. A poison of a different sort has seeped into New Orleans. **Andrei Codrescu,** poet, acclaimed essayist and National Public Radio commentator, takes a hard look at the gumbo of rogue cops, corruption and murder that has cast a pall over the city in *Terror Stalks the Big Easy*.

There might be less trouble in the world if we took time to know our neighbors. You'll be ringing doorbells after seeing *The Stripper Next Door*, in which we introduce some unassuming citizens who have entertaining jobs. The hero of this month's fiction, *Boxes*, by **Paul Griner,** has a dull but dangerous job. The illustration is by **Philippe Weisbecker.** In the eighth installment of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock*, **David Standish** examines the era that brought us Bob Marley, the Band and, yes, disco. (Art by painter **Jane Fisher.**) A man with his own beat is **Dick Vitale,** who sat down with **Richard Lalich** for *20 Questions*. In a slam dunkeroo of an interview, Vitale nominates Bob Knight as our new drug czar, selects his NBA All-Crybaby team and describes how to win an "Imitate Dick" contest.

Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** doesn't settle for second best. She assembled designers **Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren** and **Donna Karan** and asked them to dress the New York casts of television's *Law & Order, Central Park West* and *New York Undercover*. Top off your look with great hair—it's in *Great Head* by **Donald Richardson**—and then work on the charm. You'll need it to impress Playmate **Priscilla Taylor,** who's hard to please and hard to get. We love a challenge, though we don't envy the leader of the Vietnam platoon described by **Al Franken** in his hilarious *Operation Chickenhawk*. It's excerpted from his book *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot and Other Observations* (Delacorte).

A taste of PLAYBOY's history of great fiction is running right now in Chicago, thanks to the City Lit Theater. Catch *The Playboy Project: 40 Years of Fiction in the Flesh*, with writers such as Shirley Jackson, John Irving and Ursula K. LeGuin. And, lest we forget: **DeDe Lind** returns to us in *Playmate Revisited* (shot by **Bunny Yeager**). DeDe starred in our August 1967 issue. Seems like yesterday.

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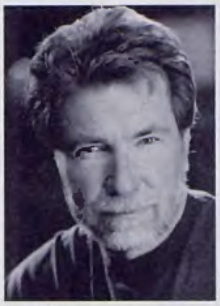
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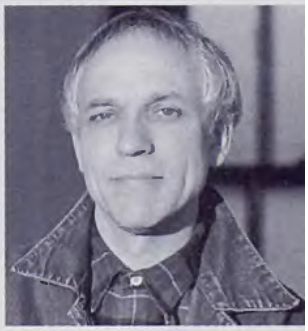
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vol. 43, no. 3—march 1996

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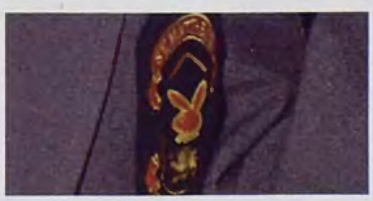
COVER STORY

Cover girl Amara Ann Dunae continues her strip performance on page 116 in a special pictorial devoted to *The Stripper Next Door*. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to Alan Bosshardt for styling Amara's hair and makeup. "Ride the crest," quips our March hare.



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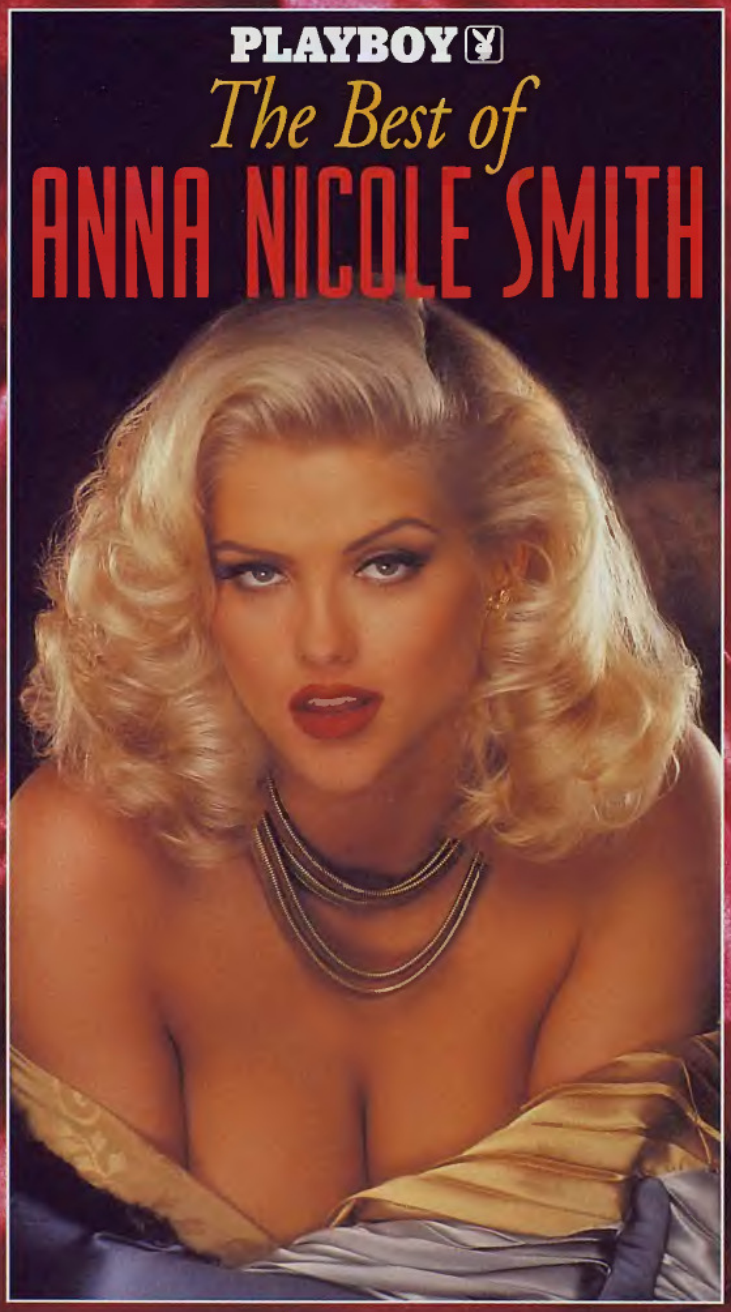

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FARRAH

To those of us who cut our teeth on Seventies television, your stunning pictorial of Farrah Fawcett (*Farrah!*, December) is a long-awaited treat. She is an ageless, wondrous woman capable of stirring hormones and breaking hearts as easily now as she did 20 years ago.

Fred Spinelli
Mamaroneck, New York

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the Farrahest of them all? One look at the December cover and the answer is evident. Fawcett is more beautiful than ever. Thank you.

Jeffrey Dowd
dowd1631@splava.bitnet
Plattsburgh, New York

Thank you for bringing Christmas to Honolulu early this year with your holiday feature of Farrah Fawcett. She is as lovely now as she was in the days she brightened my bedroom wall in what was the most popular poster of its time. If I don't receive another gift this Christmas, I'll be satisfied.

Dan Elkins
Honolulu, Hawaii

I've always been of the opinion that a woman reaches her physical peak during her 30s. After seeing Nancy Sinatra, Jaid Barrymore and Farrah Fawcett, I think I may have missed by a decade or so.

Thomas O'Connell III
Belvidere, Illinois

STRANGE SCIENCE

Authors Colin Campbell and Deborah Scroggins present a chilling exposé (*Very Weird Science*, December) of the replacement of science with the creationists' agenda. It's sobering to contemplate that they will be able to promote weird science at the taxpayers' expense.

Jack DeBaun
Sandpoint, Idaho

I'm a zoology student and find it disturbing that teaching creationism in public schools is even debated. The evidence supporting evolution is immense. The "evidence" supporting creationism is a book written more than 2000 years ago by men who rationalized anything they didn't understand as supernatural. Maybe our public schools should start teaching that the tooth fairy exists.

Thad Huston
Corvallis, Oregon

Your December issue came in the mail on the heels of a lecture I attended on the creationist uprising in America. I have worked very hard for the education I've received, and it really upsets me that a vocal minority could be successful in making such an education a tenuous dream for the next generation. I'm glad that PLAYBOY is on the side of the thinking man.

Jeff Schwarz
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

It isn't that creationists are scientifically incompetent. They don't know much about other religions. If they would study more, they would come to understand that all great religious teaching contains metaphors for what primitive man could not understand, and that those shouldn't be taken literally.

Fred Glienna
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

I find it strange that humans evolved over eons and then cheated evolution by creating machines. Human creativity has proved to be superior. My creator was wise enough to give man this ability.

Floyd Davis
Richmond, Virginia

There is no conflict between evolution and the Bible. The Bible uses many parables to explain things difficult to understand. How we got here isn't as

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important or as significant as where we are going.

Bob Nachtigall
Scottsdale, Arizona

Creationism certainly does have a place in public education: comparative religion classes studying the Old Testament contributions to literature and religion. To believe in evolution is not to undermine a belief in God. If anything, it should enhance it. I would much prefer to worship a God who has the intelligence and the wisdom to develop a complex system such as the one suggested by Darwin.

Joel Kershaw
Kalamazoo, Michigan

TRUE CHAMP

George Foreman (*Playboy Interview*, December) became the heavyweight champion of the world again because he believed in himself. I can't think of a nicer guy to hold the title. Good job, George.

Greg Spires
Georgetown, Illinois

I'm not a boxing fan, but the Foreman interview changed the way I look at the sport. He is a sportsman with integrity and dedication, and he is an articulate speaker. I am impressed. If I were to meet him, I would shake his hand carefully and tell him so. And maybe even buy a muffler from him.

Kevin Smith
New York, New York

GARCIA TRIBUTE

I've read many articles about Jerry Garcia, but the Rock Scully and David Dalton piece (*Chronicles of the Dead*, December) is the most heartfelt. Obviously, nothing will bring Jerry back, but the Grateful Dead experience and music will last forever.

Douglas MacMillen
Lompoc, California

Heroin addiction, cocaine abuse, alcohol abuse—come on, Jerry, it's a wonder you ever lived to be 53 years old. Rest in peace.

William Doyle
Woburn, Massachusetts

I met Jerry Garcia when I was a kid studying five-string banjo in Santa Cruz, California. I was too young to go to his concert, so after the show my teacher, who learned to play from Jerry, sneaked me backstage. Jerry showed me some banjo licks and we talked for a few minutes. He didn't tell me to take drugs. He told me that if I ever needed a reason to smile, I ought to get out my five-string. I'm 38 now and I still don't do drugs, but once in a while, I dust off my banjo case.

Joe Harlan
Kodiak, Alaska

BETTIE PAGE

I was very impressed that Karen Essex and James Swanson were able to deliver Bettie Page's missing years in your December issue (*The Real Bettie Page*). As a purveyor of classic and fine erotica, I frequently hear two things said about Bettie: "Absolutely timeless," and "Whatever happened to her?" Thanks for the wonderful memories. She'll always be beautiful.

Warren Moore III
Seattle, Washington

TORRID TORRES

December Playmate Samantha Torres goes swimming with her shoes on? What a waste of a pair of beautiful bare feet!

Allen Brown
Hollywood, California

Is there any possibility we can see more pictures of Samantha Torres in

high heels performing her erotic underwater ballet?

Li Norm
North Fort Myers, Florida

I want to personally thank Samantha Torres for making me believe in Santa Claus again.

John Centera
Wood Dale, Illinois

SEX FRIENDLY

The Sex-Friendly Apartment (December) by Chip Rowe is one of the most useful articles I've read in ages. I'm not only more confident with my dates but with my family and friends as well. I like my New York studio now more than ever.

Stuart Rogers
rogerssst@cibc.com
New York, New York

Thanks to Rowe's article, I was able to avoid a serious problem with a woman who stayed the night. Had I not listened to his advice about framed photos of politicians, I would have ended up sleeping alone. It turned out that she was a determined Democrat while I'm a contemporary Republican. Thanks a million, Chip. I've got a bottle of white wine in the fridge for you for helping me out.

Rick Rodriguez
Eagle Rock, California

Why does Rowe think he is an expert on apartment decorating? How often does he get laid?

Michael Cordell
Vestavia Hills, Alabama

Constantly.

I like to create a comfortable, somewhat hip, sex-friendly environment when someone special is about to check out my digs for the first time. I was encouraged that my place is a lot like the apartment described in the article. But I don't, however, follow Rowe's advice when it comes to my CDs; I alphabetize them and even separate them into categories. What does that say about me and, more important, what will she interpret from it?

Max Shepard
San Mateo, California

Whatever it says about you, Max, at least it's the truth. Just put your little stacks in order and hope for the best.

MEN

Asa Baber's "Multisexual in 1996!" (December) is one of his best columns. As a bisexual woman who enjoys the pages of PLAYBOY, I found it to be a cute play on the current rise of bisexuality. It's true that a lot more of us are coming out. Thanks to Baber for the chuckle.

Nicole Cassavaugh
Troy, New York

SEX STARS

This referee is calling you guys for palming the balls (*Sex Stars 1995*, December). I can't believe you'd stoop low enough to publish a photo of Dennis Rodman nude. Who cares if the NBA star will take his clothes off?

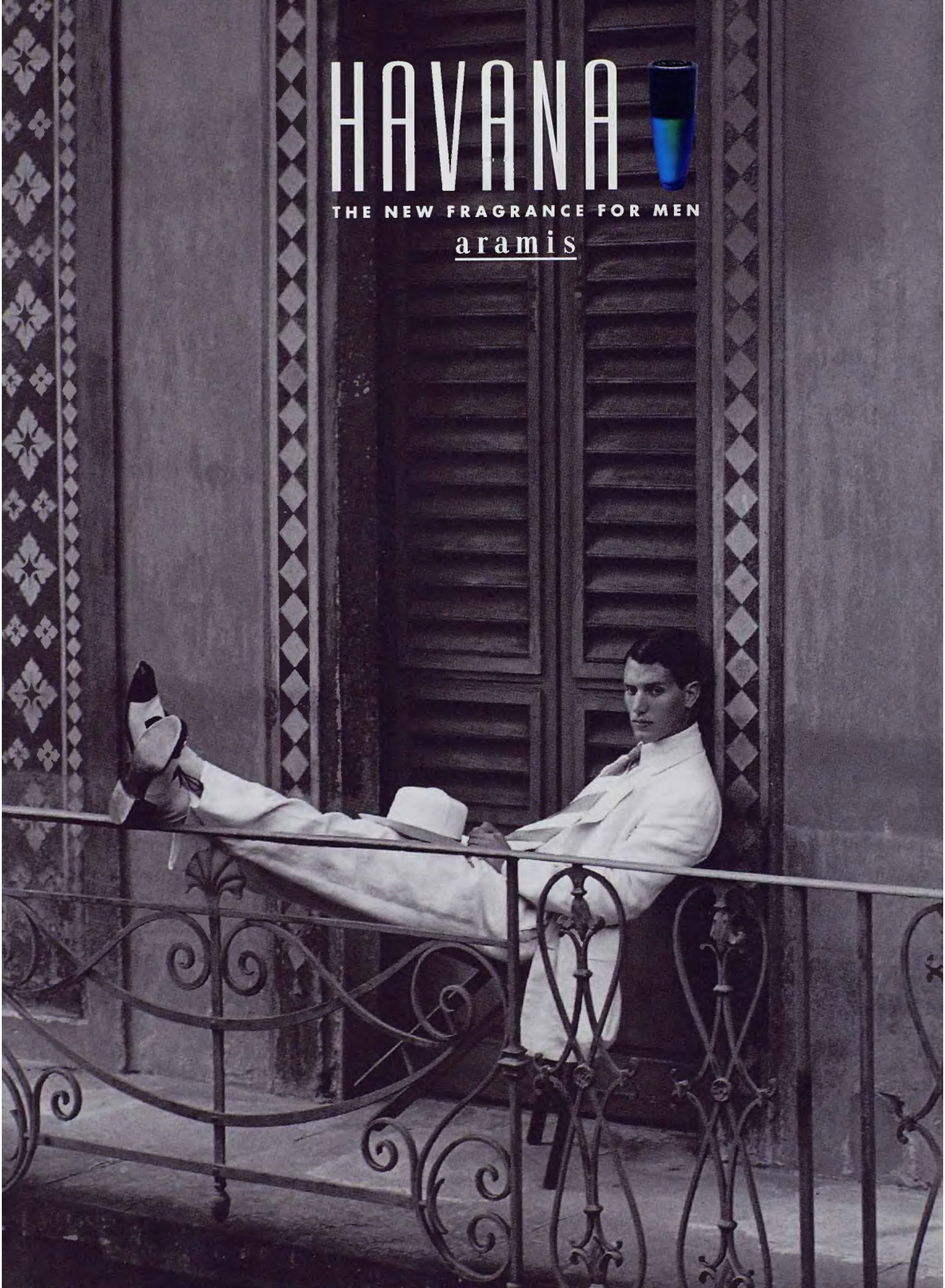
Tim Mitchell
Dunbar, West Virginia

Rodman is outrageous and entertaining on the court and, now I see, in life too. How gutsy of PLAYBOY to give him his due.

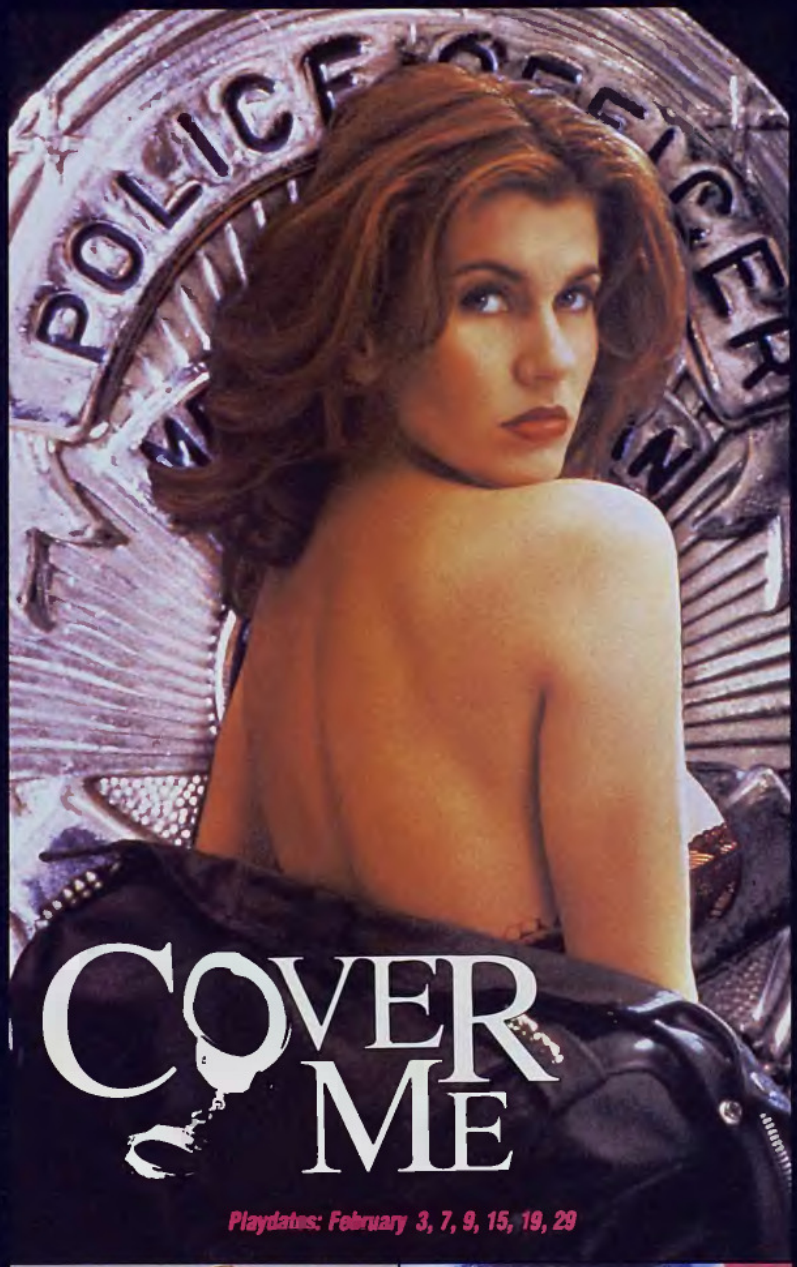
Beth Lamar
Los Angeles, California

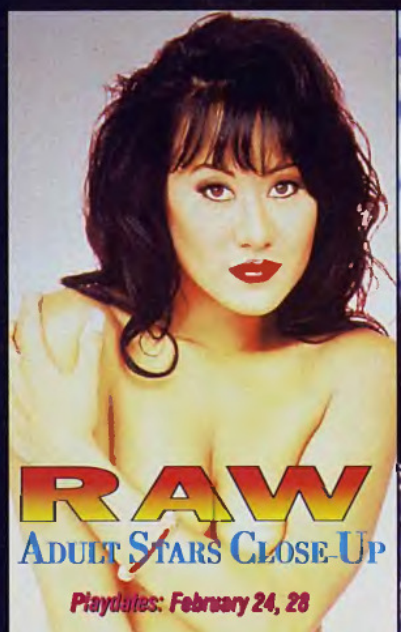
I don't subscribe to PLAYBOY to see Rodman nude. Why bother with this ungrateful piece of trash when you can feature athletes who appreciate the lifestyles their profession has afforded them?

Asger Hansen
New Orleans, Louisiana


HAVANA
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
aramis

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED





Your Playmate Hosts for February

Kona Carmack
Miss February

Priscilla Taylor
Miss March

February is full of passion and no one brings you more than Playboy TV. New this month: *COVER ME*, an exclusive Playboy world premiere movie, where a sultry ex-cop goes under cover to trap a psychopath. Join our Valentine's Day Love Feast featuring two Playboy original specials and two romantic movies, each perfect for sharing with someone special. Share your deepest desires LIVE on *NIGHT CALLS* on the first and third Wednesday of the month. Plus *HOT ROCKS* pays tribute to Jerry Garcia with rare Grateful Dead performances. It's all yours, 24 hours a day, only on Playboy TV.

PLAYBOY TV

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV or PrimeStar dealer.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

CITY OF ANGLES

In this information age, even the common blow job has been deconstructed to knit-one-purl-two by a young woman in Los Angeles who claims to have mastered the perfect technique and is willing to share. With little fanfare or publicity—and at $75 a, er, head—women from all over L.A. have attended Lou Paget's course, the Sophisticates. In a heartwarming display of female bonding, students first demonstrate their own techniques on the dildo of their choice. Then Paget instructs them in the mysterious ways of the Tantric Cross, the Madonna, the Rain Pattern, the Church and Steeple and the One-on-One. She is working on a book and has recently started a cunnilingus class for men—which sounds to us like a lot of work.

NUMBER ONE SELLER

Literature Is a Very Personal Thing Department: Richard Meltzer dedicated his book *The Night (Alone)* "To me (and I don't mean you)."

OH, MR. GRANT!

Why are community colleges unlike prestigious colleges? Last year, the National Endowment for the Humanities announced its plans to give a $559,500 grant to the American Association of Community Colleges to ponder the question "What is an American?"

THE URGE TO PURGE

The only thing scarier than a woman scorned is two women scorned with access to a photocopier. Or so it must seem to Chicago's Urge Overkill. The newly ascendant band, which set the mood for Uma Thurman's seductive dance in *Pulp Fiction* with its rendition of Neil Diamond's *Girl You'll Be a Woman Soon*, is the subject of a hilarious zine called *The Stalker: The Anti-Fanzine for Anti-Fans of Urge Overkill* (P.O. Box 6845, Austin, Texas 78762). It's published by two women, Miss B and Miss K, who, after suffering unsavory personal encounters with band members, decided to "stalk Urge Overkill because they are fraudulent idiot bastards whose music sucks beyond belief." Named after a UO song about Miss B, *The Stalker* offers a juicy array of sophomoric jabs at the self-proclaimed kings of the "Nowtro" look and sound. There are biting lyric deconstructions and fashion reports (on singer Nash Kato—formerly known as Nate Kato: "It isn't so much what he was seen wearing, but what he was smelled wearing. The fragrance? It rhymes with UO and starts with a B.") The women dress in mock homemade versions of Urge's lounge-lizard garb and tail the boys through Chicago's rock demimonde. At a recent concert they were even given backstage passes reserved for the real Nash and drummer Blackie Onassis (despite the fact that Miss B was on stilts and Miss K is black—and they're both female). Urge was not amused. Since UO's reactions to the pranks make up the best stories in *The Stalker*, it's a good thing it doesn't have a sense of humor, or we wouldn't be so entertained.

CYBERSOMATIC ILLNESS

New York psychiatrist Ivan Goldberg was just goofing around when he announced on the Internet that he had discovered a new emotional disorder: Internet addiction. According to *Health*, symptoms ranged from using the Net as a hiding place from reality to onsets of involuntary typing seizures. It was a lovely spoof—until 150 Net surfers responded plaintively that they were afflicted by the malady. Happily, there is now a support group for Internet junkies *on* the Internet, which Goldberg likens to holding AA meetings in bars.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

TO KINGDOME COME

Diehard sports fan: The obit in *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for Mariners fan Thomas Fallighee, 80, read: "In lieu of flowers, a yes vote on the new baseball stadium would be appreciated."

THE MECHANICS OF HUMOR

Sign in a busy auto repair shop in Highland, New York: "Questions: $1. Questions that deserve answers: $2. Questions that deserve correct answers: $4. Questions that deserve dumb looks: As usual, free of charge."

BOY WONDER SELLS WONDERBRAS

WalkerGroup/CNI, a retail consulting outfit, studied the sales records of malls that contain movie theaters and found that certain films and stars seem to inspire specific purchasing trends. For example, *Batman Forever* boosted sales of female undergarments by five percent. *Nine Months* had an almost identical effect on bed sales. (Curiously, erotic films doubled food sales.) And for what it's worth, Keanu Reeves really gets the acne medications moving.

LEGAL WHIZ

Standing before a federal judge in Atlanta, accused murderer Lewis Elwood Jordan decided to take matters into his own hands and let his attorney, Jake Waldrop, know what he really thought of the conduct of his defense. However, in true lawyerly fashion, Waldrop relished his summation to the bench: "I have made my point in writing. I guess

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"We all know that we don't deserve as much money as a great teacher or, in my mind, a great plumber. Given a choice between Mikhail Baryshnikov and a plumber, I would have to choose a plumber."—DIANE SAWYER, CO-HOST OF *Primetime Live*, WHO HAS A $7 MILLION ANNUAL INCOME

LUIS PRECIADO

FACT OF THE MONTH

Under Screen Actors Guild rules, the minimum daily pay for a body double is $522; $750 is the typical fee for a topless shower scene or simulated lovemaking.

BUT LORENA DOES IT FREE

According to Richard Donley in his recent book *Everything Has Its Price*, cost of a sex-change operation to go from female to male: $23,000; vice versa: $12,000.

LIKE BLOOD FROM A STONE

In a national survey of 1000 people, percentage who have asked for a pay raise at their current job: 22. Of those who asked, percentage who succeeded: 52.

RAH, RAH, SIS, BOOM, AH!

According to the Consumer Product Safety Commission, approximate number of hospital emergency room visits for injuries sustained by high school and college cheerleaders in 1980: 4954; in 1986: 6911. Number of injuries in 1994 (the increase is attributed to such dangerous moves as the pyramid stunt): 16,000.

CAPITOL CAPITAL

Percentage of U.S. senators who are millionaires: 28. Number who are Republicans: 13; Democrats: 15. Percentage of U.S. population who are millionaires: less than 1.

FASHION PICKS

During last year's U.S. Open, percentage of spectators surveyed who were wearing tennis outfits who had been pickpocketed within the previous 72 hours: 14. Percentage of spectators who were not wearing tennis outfits who had been pickpocketed: 2.

COLD WAR

Average yearly temperature (in degrees Fahrenheit) of Russia, the coldest nation in the world: 22.46. Average yearly temperature of Canada, the former titleholder: 24.08. The average yearly temperature of the U.S.: 52.5.

SHANGRI-L.A.

According to the Census Bureau, percentage of foreign-born population in 1994: 8.7. Percentage of 22.6 million aliens who live in California: 33.

H&R BLOCKHEADS

Percentage of U.S. taxpayers filing form 1040 in 1994 who paid someone else to do their return: 65. Percentage of taxpayers using 1040EZ who paid someone else to do it: 5.

WINNER'S CIRCLE

Average cost of a Super Bowl ring: $7500. Average ring size of the American male: 11. Average size of a Super Bowl ring: 13; largest Super Bowl ring ever made (for Chicago Bear William "Refrigerator" Perry in 1985): 23. Size Perry had it enlarged to last year: 25.

LEAD TAINT

As a result of processing of virgin lead ore for the batteries of an electric car, milligrams of lead that would be released into the environment for each kilometer driven: 1350. The number of milligrams if the batteries were made with recycled lead: 120. The number of milligrams of lead per kilometer that are emitted from a compact car running on leaded gasoline: 22.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Mr. Jordan has made his point, not verbally, but by urinating on my leg."

CHICKEN SCRATCH AND SNIFF

Pacer Technologies announced that it was seeking FDA and Department of Agriculture approval to use and market a substance that is designed to prevent salmonella contamination in poultry. The product is a potent glue that seals the rectums of turkeys and chickens. The firm is hoping to market the product under the name Rectite.

WIT'S END

But when does it grow elbow patches? The alumni magazine *California Monthly* recently ran the following item (don't ask why): "The juvenile sea squirt wanders through the ocean searching for a suitable rock or hunk of coral to cling to and make its home for life. When it finds its spot and takes root, it doesn't need its brain anymore, so it eats it. It's rather like getting tenure."

PRETTY IN PINK

Prison inmates in Arizona have been ordered to wear pink underwear in an effort to prevent them from smuggling their underwear outside to sell it. Apparently, boxer shorts with MCSO, the initials of the sheriff's office, were hot novelty items. Upwards of $40,000 worth of clothing was leaving the prison each year. Sheriff Joe Arpaio of Maricopa County said, "These macho men may not like pink but that's their problem." It may be a problem, however, if they like their new undies too much.

OFFICIAL PARDONS

If you forget February 14, just tell your girlfriend that you were confused by everything else that happens this short month. For the record, February is: African American History Month, American Heart Month, American History Month, Canned Food Month, Creative Romance Month, Great American Pies Month, Humpback Whale Awareness Month, International Boost Your Self-Esteem Month, National Cherry Month, National Children's Dental Health Month, National Fiber Focus Month, National Snack Food Month, National Weddings Month, National Wild Bird Feeding Month, Responsible Pet Owner Month and Return Shopping Carts to Supermarket Month.

SMOKED SCREENS

Baked Potatoes: A Pot Smoker's Guide to Film and Video (Doubleday/Main Street) tells bong-hitting couch potatoes what to rent while stoned, including *Willie Wonka* and *Amazon Women on the Moon*. There's even a chapter on coping with paranoia—like the scary thought of *Hootie & the Blowfish: The Movie*.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIRECTOR Terry Gilliam, the former Monty Python troupe member, states unequivocally: "I'm not drawn to straightforward stories." True to his word in ***12 Monkeys*** (Universal), the man who made *Brazil* and *The Fisher King* vaults over the top with another visually smashing futuristic drama. Bruce Willis plays a time traveler from Philadelphia in the year 2035, when 99 percent of the world's population has been eradicated for reasons not altogether clear. Beamed back to 1996 to see if the human race can be saved, Willis encounters a helpful psychiatrist (Madeleine Stowe), a Nobel Prize–winning scientist (Christopher Plummer) and the scientist's son (Brad Pitt), the last a crazed animal activist whose terrorist chums may have unleashed a deadly virus that could wipe out civilization. The plot by screenwriters Janet and David Peoples is circuitous, but Gilliam and his crew lead audiences on an eye-filling trip through time. ¥¥½

●

Six English actors trying to slap together a production of *Hamlet* out in the boondocks make ***A Midwinter's Tale*** (Sony Classics) a frothy comedy for showbiz insiders. Obviously taking a holiday from more serious pursuits on and off camera, writer-director Kenneth Branagh has Michael Maloney as his leading man. Maloney rehearses as the tortured Dane while his pushy agent (Joan Collins, clearly having a good time) schemes behind the scenes to find him a better job in Hollywood. Meanwhile, all of the ambitious hams—especially John Sessions as a gay guy playing Queen Gertrude and Julia Sawalha as a shortsighted Ophelia—do their damnedest to transform the Shakespeare tragedy into Branagh's high-camp valentine. ¥¥½

●

With *Persuasion* in theaters and *Pride and Prejudice* as a British miniseries on TV, ***Sense and Sensibility*** (Columbia) may well be the pacesetter for Jane Austen novels on-screen. Actress Emma Thompson debuts as a writer with this adaptation and also stars in this elegant romantic comedy under Oscar-nominated director Ang Lee (best known for such hits as *The Wedding Banquet* and *Eat Drink Man Woman*). Lee's subtle approach to relationships and Thompson's auspicious debut at writing combine to make *Sense and Sensibility* a delectable period romance about three sisters: pragmatic Elinor (Thompson), impulsive and passionate Marianne (Kate Winslet) and the younger tomboy Margaret (Emilie François). Along with their mother, the three are left nearly penniless when their father's estate goes to his greedy son from an earlier marriage. More generous relatives help the two older sisters in their search for husbands. The top candidates are Edward (Hugh Grant) as Elinor's evidently unavailable prospect and Alan Rickman as Colonel Brandon, an adoring neighbor who cannot woo Marianne from her mad desire for a rakish suitor named Willoughby (Greg Wise). Filled with deep sighs, girlish desperation and deliciously atmospheric views of an era when marrying well was a young woman's highest hope, *Sense and Sensibility* is a triumphant treat for lovers of not-so-plain Jane. ¥¥¥¥

Stowe and Willis up to *Monkeys'* business.

A time traveler makes tracks, single women seek prospects and jealous mates get even.

●

The principals of the ménage-à-trois established in ***French Twist*** (Miramax) are portrayed by Victoria Abril (see *Off Camera*) as Loli, a happy-go-lucky housewife and former Spanish dancer; Alain Charbat as her philandering husband; and Josiane Balasko, as a lesbian who makes a move on Loli after her van breaks down. Only after she learns of her husband's habit of humping his female clients does Loli decide to boost her own self-esteem via a fling with gay Marijo. Her live-in lesbian turns out to be wonderful with the children, and all's well until the errant male begins to understand that his wife's girlfriend is a rival. Balasko, who also wrote the screenplay and directs, plays it butch but brings a light touch to her subject. Her audacious script, infused with joie de vivre by all the actors, finally suggests that three in a bed may be too small a number. ¥¥¥

●

Shakespeare on film looks close and personal in director Oliver Parker's bristling ***Othello*** (Castle Rock). While much of the dialogue has been trimmed, what remains is a sexy digested version with a lot of body heat. Laurence Fishburne, seething with murderous jealousy in the title role, heads an international cast opposite Kenneth Branagh as the duplicitous Iago, who torments his black master until the Moor is driven to kill his devoted wife, Desdemona (Swiss-born Irene Jacob). Parker's take feels Americanized, emphasizing the 16th century racism that made the proud conquering hero an easy target after he had wooed and won a beautiful white noblewoman. Talking heads seem to confide the dark deeds afoot as if they were on TV, but this risky tactic pays off by turning *Othello* into a contemporary figure of fear and loathing. ¥¥¥

●

The ghost of Shakespeare may shudder at Ian McKellen's ***Richard III*** (United Artists), directed by Richard Loncraine, who collaborated with McKellen on the adaptation. This is aesthetic stunt work: *Richard III* in modern dress and then some. Set in London in the Thirties, the movie looks more like Nazi Germany. Although he surrounds himself with a spectacular array of talent—including Maggie Smith, Nigel Hawthorne, Annette Bening and John Wood—McKellen's snarling Richard is pure ham. One of his celebrated soliloquies begins over the microphone at a state dinner and winds up while he's relieving himself at a urinal. He subsequently kills off all competition for the throne amid a flurry of tanks, planes and ticker tape. The climactic background music is Al Jolson singing *I'm Sitting on Top of the World*. If this view of an enduring classic intrigues you, welcome to it. ¥¥

●

All the emotional stops are wide open in ***Mr. Holland's Opus*** (Hollywood Pictures), starring Richard Dreyfuss as a high school music teacher in Portland, Oregon. Through decades of highs, lows and heartbreaks, Dreyfuss' Glenn Holland wants to be a great composer but winds up instead being merely an inspiration to generations of his students. Paradoxically, he and his steadfast wife (warmly portrayed by Glenne Headly) also have a son who is born nearly deaf. Years go by—from Vietnam to the

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YAMAHA

OFF CAMERA

Abril: A belle in full bloom.

Victoria Abril, 36, touched down in New York to promote her latest film, *French Twist* (see review), in which she stars as a betrayed housewife who turns bisexual. A vivacious international star who has won awards and accolades everywhere, Spanish-born Victoria, amber eyes flashing, rushes to explain that the original French title of her new movie was *Gazon Maudit*: "*Gazon* means grass, and *maudit* is forbidden, bad—but it stands for pubic hair. It's a lesbian idea, a beautiful love story that makes people grow up."

Abril has made dozens of films since she was a 15-year-old ballet student. She took her first movie role for pesetas so she could go to the U.S. and study dance with Balanchine. Nowadays she scoops up best-actress awards abroad, scoring here as one of Pedro Almodovar's steamiest screen vixens in *High Heels* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* "Now I can't live without making movies," she avows. "It's like a drug, you need more, more. I have learned that making movies is as if you had several lives, instead of just one. Movies are an alibi—so you can achieve your fantasy. I don't know about my image. At home in Spain, I'm a dramatic actress. In France, I'm a comedian. Here, they call me sexy. I'd rather say sensual. Life is sensual even when you're washing dishes."

The mother of two boys, Victoria chooses to live in Paris. Why? "Love," she answers, having spent years with a French cinematographer whose affection keeps her housebound between movies. "Right now, I wait to choose another film. And you choose a film the way you choose a lover. This is the worst time, like emptying the bath. The next director has to tell me he's dying to have only me. I'm a very visceral person. I'm used to being seduced—in work, in life. I need someone to give me desire." Applications are piling up.

present—while Mr. Holland improves with age to become ever more crusty, kind and lovable. Thanks in large part to Dreyfuss' restrained and perfectly modulated performance, *Mr. Holland's Opus* recalls Robert Donat's Oscar-winning role in that classic 1939 tearjerker, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Schmaltz done this well goes straight to the top of its class. ¥¥¥½

•

As director, writer and co-producer of ***Dead Man Walking*** (Gramercy Pictures), Tim Robbins gave the role of a lifetime to Susan Sarandon, his offscreen paramour. Sarandon brings electrifying conviction to her portrayal of Sister Helen Prejean, a Louisiana nun who wrote the best-seller about her relationship with a convict on death row. The somewhat fictional screen version casts Sean Penn in a matching tour de force as the condemned man. Penn's one-on-one confrontations with Sarandon are wrenchingly honest. There is an almost evangelical fervor in their scenes together, culminating in a dynamic climax that underscores the gross inhumanity of capital punishment. Still, Robbins' film is less a one-sided polemic than a message about the futility of hate. Grueling but hypnotic, *Dead Man* exudes praiseworthy qualities throughout. ¥¥¥¥

•

In ***Unforgettable*** (MGM), a svelte neurobiologist experimenting with memory-retrieval drugs meets a forensic pathologist who would like to find out who murdered his wife. Ray Liotta is the widowed doctor, Linda Fiorentino the biologist whose secret formula can recreate events. It's not an easy plot, nor is it very credible. Fiorentino fared far better with director John Dahl when they made *The Last Seduction*. ¥¥

•

The best news about director Oliver Stone's long-winded ***Nixon*** (Hollywood Pictures) is a remarkable performance by Joan Allen as Pat Nixon, a first lady more feisty and upfront than anyone remembers. Otherwise, Stone does his usual stunt of history-by-innuendo, citing exhaustive research in collaboration with two writers. In the title role, Anthony Hopkins doesn't look the part but plays it with bravura as a deceitful, insecure rascal—until the climactic about-face when the film recaps the disgraced ex-president's accomplishments as an elder statesman. It's all here—more than three hours of newsreels, trick photography, speculative fantasy and flashbacks, including his Whittier boyhood and his Watergate fumble. Among the movie's secondary diversions are Paul Sorvino as Kissinger and Bob Hoskins as J. Edgar Hoover, closeted but coyly cruising every man who catches his eye. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The American President (Reviewed 1/96) Wooing in the White House. ¥¥¥¥

Angels & Insects (2/96) England's improper Victorians at it again. ¥¥¥

Casino (Listed only) Overblown but fascinating tale about the end of the Mob in Vegas. ¥¥¥

Cry, the Beloved Country (2/96) Sad look back at South African racism. ¥¥¥

Dead Man Walking (See review) Penn and Sarandon triumph here, directed skillfully by Tim Robbins. ¥¥¥¥

French Twist (See review) A cheated wife finds solace in lesbianism. ¥¥¥

Georgia (1/96) She can't sing, but Jennifer Jason Leigh acts up a storm as her famous sibling's shadow. ¥¥¥

Get Shorty (12/95) Travolta does Elmore Leonard right. ¥¥¥¥

Goldeneye (Listed only) Join the current Bond rally. ¥¥¥¥

Leaving Las Vegas (12/95) As a pair of losers, Cage and Shue look like sure Oscar nominees. ¥¥¥

Live Nude Girls (2/96) At a slumber party, they let it all hang out. ¥¥½

A Midwinter's Tale (See review) Doing *Hamlet* in the English provinces. ¥¥½

Mighty Aphrodite (1/96) Woody summons a Greek chorus with sex and drollery. ¥¥¥¥

Mr. Holland's Opus (See review) Dreyfuss' beautiful music. ¥¥¥½

Nixon (See review) Noteworthy moments, but it's all fairly déjà vu. ¥¥¥

Once Upon a Time . . . When We Were Colored (Listed only) Growing up proud and black in Mississippi in 1946. ¥¥½

Othello (See review) As Shakespeare's Moor, Fishburne seethes. ¥¥¥

Restoration (2/96) Sumptuous period saga with Robert Downey Jr. and all-star cast. Much improved by reworking since first review. ¥¥½

Richard III (See review) Revising the Bard in an art deco update. ¥¥

Sabrina (Listed Only) Remaking a classic is always dangerous, but this one works. Romance is alive and well in 1996. ¥¥¥½

Screamers (2/96) *Robocop*'s Weller finds risk in outer space. ¥¥½

Sense and Sensibility (See review) Jane Austen re-created to perfection. ¥¥¥¥

12 Monkeys (See review) Gilliam directs a rather convoluted time trip with Stowe, Willis and Pitt. ¥¥½

Two Bits (2/96) It's Pacino hamming—and hardly your money's worth. ¥

Unforgettable (See review) Better than *Jade* but it's no *Last Seduction*. ¥¥

The Young Poisoner's Handbook (2/96) Wickedly funny English import. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

OK, so they have yellow skin, blue hair and three fingers. But the **Simpsons** are still the typical American family, and their video choices confirm that. When Homer is alone, he goes for the likes of *The Last of the Mohicans* ("I never did like the Mohicans," he explains); when he wants to view a romantic his-and-hers double feature with Marge, it's *Immortal Beloved* and *Mortal Kombat*. Which brings us to their viewing problem: They simply can't communicate. To wit: Recently Marge sent Homer out to rent *Amadeus*. He returned with *Beethoven*. Then when she suggested a passionate foreign film, he rented *La Femme Nikita*. "I made him take it back," Marge says, "and he returned with *Fists of Fury*. What can you do?" But the last straw was when Homer dropped everything to run out and rent the romantic adventure *It Takes a Thief*. Why? He thought it was the sequel to *It*. —DONNA COE

HAMMER HORROR

It's Hammer time. MCA/Universal has dug up four creepy crypt-kickers ($15 each) from Hammer Films, England's famed terror studio. Pull up the covers and dim the lights with:

The Phantom of the Opera (1962): Herbert Lom is mannerly and sympathetic as the masked musician who yearns for the heart of a beautiful singer—and the head of the composer who stole his opera and caused his disfigurement. An elegant adaptation, spiced up with a few pulse-quickening shocks. And not an Andrew Lloyd Webber song in sight.

Kiss of the Vampire (1963): Bats entertainment. A honeymoon couple accepts a dinner invitation at a stately villa, then winds up on the menu for a vampire cult. The best and bloodiest of the collection, with an ending that recalls the winged terror of *The Birds* (which was released the same year).

Nightmare (1964): Ever since young Janet saw her crackpot mother stab her father, she has been "not at all well." Within the creaky confines of a spooky old house, Janet's nurse and guardian conspire to drive her insane—then get what's coming to them. A scream.

Paranoiac (1963): He's no Anthony Perkins, but demented Oliver Reed makes a great psycho as he serenades his brother's corpse with organ music. Oddly enough, it's Sis who thinks she's going loony after she falls in love with a man claiming to be their dead bro returned to life. Mystery, horror and a dysfunctional family. —DONALD LIEBENSON

VIDBITS

The Brits were obsessed with it in 1994, just as Americans had gone ape over Ken Burns' *The Civil War*. Now it's preserved on tape. Weighing in at six hours, ***Middlemarch*** (BBC Video, three tapes) transforms George Eliot's classic into a perfectly English soap, with capricious love, social bitchiness, political intrigue and money, money, money. Great performances upstaged by awesome mansions. . . . Presumably, the making of ***Bon Jovi: Live From London*** (Polygram) was a technological triumph—or, at the least, a big pain in the neck. To capture the band's sold-out performance at Wembley Stadium (72,000 writhing bodies), the filmmakers used 17 well-placed cameras—one in a blimp. The program features live spins on past hits, songs from the band's *These Days* album and backstage footage. . . . ABC Video corralled 100 twanging ladies for ***The Women of Country: Volumes I and II,*** a love song to C&W's top female artists, past and present. The two-volume set includes footage from the historic 1993 concert in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, intimate interviews and memorable numbers by such honky-tonk heartbreakers as Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Emmylou Harris, Tanya Tucker, Tammy Wynette, Trisha Yearwood and Patty Loveless.

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

No argument here: It has a cheesy script, heavy-handed direction, awful acting and about as much cinematic subtlety as a lap dance by Roseanne. But 1995's ***Showgirls*** (MGM/UA), Paul Verhoeven's valentine to the Vegas stripper, does have its rewindable moments, namely loads of nudity, sexy production numbers and body heat to spare. Just don't expect *Show Boat*.

LASER FARE

It may not be the résumé credit that landed Val Kilmer in batboots, but his swashbuckling turn in Ron Howard's ***Willow*** (1988)—rereleased by Columbia TriStar in a digital transfer with THX sound—is worth a spin ($70). The George Lucas–produced fantasy about an abandoned baby who must overthrow an evil queen features a three-side CAV transfer, perfect for those dazzling special effects. . . . Voyager has a Criterion Collection Edition of the New Zealand drama ***Once Were Warriors*** ($50), about Maori who drifted to the inner cities. Extras include: chat by director Lee Tamahori; two trailers—one for N.Z., the other for the States; a making-of featurette; and a segment on the tattoos seen in the movie. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Desperado*** (avenging angel Antonio Banderas shoots 'em up in big-budget remake of *El Mariachi*; captivating, with a whiff of early Eastwood), ***Virtuosity*** (Denzel goes after a computer-generated psycho; dumb and noisy—but fun).
SUSPENSE	***The Usual Suspects*** (superb cast in convoluted drug-heist caper; brainteaser, with a twist ending), ***Clockers*** (homicide cop Harvey Keitel tries to crack murky murder in NY's mean streets; from Richard Price's best-seller with Spike's fine edge).
COMEDY	***To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*** (drag queens Swayze, Snipes and Leguizamo turn heartland heads; *Priscilla* does the States), ***The Brothers McMullen*** (Woody-type angst via Irish sibs from Long Island; charming).
DRAMA	***Dangerous Minds*** (comely ex-Marine Michelle Pfeiffer teaches urban kids to dig Dylan), ***A Walk in the Clouds*** (post–World War Two GI Keanu Reeves plays husband to knocked-up Napa Valley girl; slow-speed nostalgia).
FOREIGN	***Burnt by the Sun*** (Stalin spoils bolshie hero's party by having him arrested; 1995 Oscar for best foreign pic), ***A Gentle Woman*** (widower struggles to understand wife's leap from Paris balcony; vid premiere of 1971 French New Wave gem).

THE RACY LOOK

If you want to be on fashion's fast track this spring, buy a racing-style jacket. Available in hot colors with stripes, zippers and other energetic details, these jackets have waist-length blouson shapes that work day or night. While some designers mix fabrics (such as nylon and mesh or leather and poplin) for added style and durability, others are going the solo route. Hugo/Hugo Boss has a black zip-front racing jacket in ultra-soft calfskin with quilted arms and white leather trim on the collar ($795). Nautica's cotton model in bold blocks of navy, green and yellow has flag embroidery down the left sleeve ($145). Shiny gray fabric makes the rain-resistant, zip-front racing jacket by DKNY a particularly stylish standout ($250). CG Design focused on fit and fabric in creating its sophisticated short jacket. It's made of nylon mesh over cotton twill and has an aerodynamic look thanks to its close-to-the-body shape (about $100). And Diesel has named the gray and black nylon racing jacket pictured here Vrooom, and spells it out—in contrasting leather—down the right sleeve (about $310).

HOMEWARD BOUND

They have your body, now they want your home. Many top menswear designers are turning their artistic impulses to sheets and soupspoons. Calvin Klein brings a minimalist view to home decor with luxurious Egyptian-cotton and Italian-linen bedding in neutral colors as well as stoneware and flatware that are sleekly styled yet solid enough for a man's hand. At the other end of the design spectrum is Gianni Versace's German porcelain china, a gilded baroque extravaganza that includes his signature Medusa head. With a recent introduction of interior paint, Ralph Lauren has home decor covered. We especially like his new sheets, which come in denim, seersucker, cotton jersey knits and waffle weaves. Guess Home Collection adds texture to bedding with prewashed cotton jersey and muted chambray sheets. There's also Guess furniture. And finally, Joseph Abboud has taken an "apparel approach" to his home-furnishings collection. It includes bed and bath components that mix and match in the same fashion as the designer's suits, shirts and ties.

HOT SHOPPING: SAN ANTONIO

Shoppers, forget the Alamo. Instead, take advantage of the mild weather and hop a trolley to Southtown, a cool, redeveloped area nestled in the historic King William district. Dos Carolina (707 S. St. Mary's): Look for slouchy linen suits, serape bomber jackets and variations of the Mexican wedding shirt. • Little's Boots (110 Division Ave.): This premiere boot fitter offers custom sizes in all kinds of designs, and great belts, too. • The Guenther House River Mill Store (205 E. Guenther St.): Spice up your life with this shop's jalapeño-stuffed olives, sweet-and-sour jalapeños and margarita barbecue sauce. • Piñatas y Mas (957 S. Alamo St.): Bring a photo of anyone or anything and they'll construct a piñata of it. But you have to stuff it yourself. • Blue Star Art Space (116 Blue Star): A showcase for local artists.

CLOTHES LINE

The ultrabronze **George Hamilton** (who co-hosts the syndicated *George & Alana Show* with his attractive ex) says his life revolves around his wardrobe. But in truth, his favorite Donna Karan suits, Lorenzini shirts and Hermès and Ferragamo ties revolve around him. "Three large rooms at home have a motor-driven rack system that's computerized," says Hamilton, "so I phone for an outfit by number and it arrives preaccessorized." Hamilton also wears Prada shoes and a Daytona Rolex, and admits to committing only one fashion faux pas: "I wore a Nehru jacket on *The Ed Sullivan Show*." Fortunately, time heals everything.

FACE FACTS

Even with time out for weekends, most men take a razor to their faces more than 200 times a year. To fight that assault, try a soothing, moisturizing shave cream. The top-selling shave product in the U.S., Edge gel, is now available in an Extra Moisturizing formula. For travel, we like Origins Blade Runner, which comes in a tube and has a minty citrus scent. Aramis Lab Series includes Maximum Comfort Shave Cream, a hydrating formula for dry, sensitive skin, which comes in a tube or jar. After a brief hiatus for reformulation, M.A.C Shave is back. Rich in lubricants, it's scented with menthol and wintergreen. And to soothe razor bumps, try Aveeno Therapeutic Shave Gel, which is dermatologist-tested and free of irritants.

MARTIN HOFMANN

STYLE METER

JEWELRY	IN	OUT
CASUAL	ID bracelets, chunky stackable rings and link chains in sterling silver	Leather thong necklaces and bracelets; gold pinkie rings (silver is OK)
TAILORED	Oval or round cuff links in enamel, matte silver or gold; silver watches	Watch fobs; tie tacks, collar bars and chains; lapel pins
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Where & How to Buy on page 155.

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MUSIC

ROCK

CHRISSIE HYNDE may be the finest rock singer working today, and the Pretenders' ***Isle of View*** is her masterpiece. She sets her best songs against a spare rhythm section that brings out the bright, bitter essence of her lyrics. An early song such as *Kid* acquires new depth in this arrangement, while mid-period classics (*Back on the Chain Gang*) along with later ones (*Sense of Purpose*) seem more like standards than recent tunes. This is rock at its most adult, but without a hint of complacency: Hynde mourns her lost youth but never tries to recapture it. Instead, she brings to her music all the passion and problems that middle age has brought to her. And she makes such things seem like no burden at all. —DAVE MARSH

Whenever I listen to ***Boss Hog*** (DGC), I smell spilled beer and fresh sweat. The album sounds way too loud at moderate volume and reeks of skeezy punk clubs full of intelligent young bohemians suffering from attention deficit disorder. Formed from the shards of Pussy Galore, Boss Hog makes lots of noise. But, thanks to tight execution and cool arranging by guitarist Jon Spencer, it chops it up into bite-size fragments. Vocalist Cristina Martinez gets my current nomination for Who Courtney Love Should Have Been.

Be hereby alerted that Ryko has taken on the colossal task of reissuing the works of the extremely prolific Frank Zappa. Lest you be intimidated by the sheer volume of his gazillion albums, Ryko has compiled his more-or-less greatest hits into ***Strictly Commercial,*** which is the perfect place for Zappa neophytes to start exploring. Zappa, a brilliant guitarist and jazz composer with a proclivity for whimsy, sometimes wrote lyrics so satirical that his arrogance overwhelmed his talent. But what the hell—he delivered a lot of laughs, too, such as *Valley Girl*. My favorite song here is the earliest: *Trouble Every Day*, a plea for racial decency and common sense written during the Watts riots. Sometimes you don't need ironic indirection to send a moral message. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

However you feel about legalizing marijuana, ***Hempilation*** (Capricorn) is a gutsy benefit album in the age of Newt. The artists' royalties go to NORML to help reform marijuana laws. Although about half the neohippies and grungers on *Hempilation* sound as if they could use a strong cup of coffee, some do their best work in years. The Black Crowes' cover of Dylan's *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35* is a rollicking gem. Blues Traveler has the balls to take on Sly Stone's *I Want to Take You Higher*, and pulls it off—thanks to John Popper's harp work. Gov't Mule's bluesy kick sounds like Cream, Southern style.

BRIAN TUMINELLI

Chrissie's no pretender.

Eloquent Pretenders, vocalese from Yoko and live stuff from Bonnie Raitt.

There's nothing ambiguous about ***Help*** (Go Discs/London), a benefit album organized by Brian Eno and the cream of British rock to benefit the children of Bosnia. Bands such as Oasis, Blur, Stone Roses and Massive Attack, who've been unable to impress Americans, sound more energized and focused here than on their own records. Perhaps Eno's insistence that everyone record within the same 24-hour period had something to do with the album's immediacy.

—VIC GARBARINI

After Yoko Ono's disastrous 1994 musical *New York Rock*, we can be forgiven for dismissing her as a rich widow. But if you're smart enough to understand that she's always had her own musical gift, you'll be pleased to learn that ***Rising*** (Capitol), the follow-up to *Season of Glass*, was worth the wait. Anchored by Sean Ono Lennon's sparse guitar, *Rising* is Ono's first pop album to make the most of her avant-garde vocals, which the world has finally caught up to. Its best songs are clear, stark, graceful and possessed by the right spirits.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Roachford's ***Permanent Shade of Blue*** (Epic) is the return of this British rocker to the States. He's been successful elsewhere, and *Only to Be With You*, *Johnny* and *Cry for Me* ought to give this talented writer his best shot in America.

—NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

Even as a teenager singing the blues, Bonnie Raitt's hallmarks were realism and pride. These same virtues have now turned her into a worthy middle-aged legend. Raitt has waited too long for stardom to sit on her duff now. Honoring both her second-phase hits and her gutsy, lyrical Seventies songs, the double CD ***Road Tested*** (Capitol) should mollify those who groused that *Nick of Time* and its two studio successors were lifeless. *Road Tested* has both emotional depth and pizzazz. It also has been blessed with some terrific guest performers, including R&B septuagenarian Charles Brown and Hollywood poster boy Bryan Adams. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOLK

Tracy Chapman is seen by many as only a socially conscious folksinger, and her fourth collection, ***New Beginning*** (Elektra), certainly contains material which feeds that perception. But Chapman's greatest gift may be in composing nuanced songs about romantic relationships: *Give Me One Reason* is a tune aimed at a vacillating lover, *Remember the Tin Man* reminds a friend that love can be found and *I'm Ready* is a song whose title sums up her attitude toward love. Chapman's low, straightforward delivery and wholehearted performances anchor all the tracks. There's a warm, husky richness to her voice that's as engaging when she's preaching as it is when she's swooning. —NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

A heartfelt reconstructionist for her entire 20-year career, Emmylou Harris makes barriers fall with ***Wrecking Ball*** (Elektra/Asylum), a dozen disparate songs produced by Daniel Lanois. Harris, who began expanding the parameters of country music in 1977, reinterprets Steve Earle's *Goodbye* as a dirge, while Neil Young's title track becomes a twirling tune of raw desire. But the real winner is her lilting cover of Lucinda Williams' *Sweet Old World*. *Wrecking Ball* offers spiritual country music that country radio won't touch.

Radio has embraced Garth Brooks. ***Fresh Horses*** (Capitol/Nashville) is his first studio record in more than two years. Surprisingly, Brooks is confined by a

back-to-basics approach, recalling his late-Eighties records. There are just two adventurous stretches: Brooks' vivid tenor on *Ireland* (a dramatic ballad about a native son's return to his homeland) and a goofy cover of Aerosmith's *The Fever*. With the exception of *It's Midnight Cinderella*, the rest is predictable.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

RAP

The First Ten Years of Def Jam Classics (Def Jam) celebrates the label's first decade with a four-CD set that starts with LL Cool J's *Can't Live Without My Radio* and ends with the recent number one single *This Is How We Do It* by Montell Jordan. It includes cuts from Public Enemy, the Beastie Boys, EPMD, Slick Rick, Warren G., Domino and, of course, plenty from Def Jam's most enduring artist, LL. This compilation is an essential document of hip-hop.

—NELSON GEORGE

CLASSICAL

Hailed as a work of genius at its 1993 premiere in Vienna, Steve Reich's multimedia opera ***The Cave*** (Nonesuch) has now been released on CD. Reich uses four singers, a 13-piece ensemble and tape sampling to detail the biblical story of Abraham and Sarah. The real achievement of this nontraditional opera lies in Reich's work with the melodies and rhythms of speech. Despite the occasional bombast, he has succeeded in setting forth a new operatic form.

Hanns Eisler was one of Arnold Schoenberg's master students. In the mid-Twenties, Eisler renounced formalism to write music for the masses. ***Dokumente*** (Berlin Classics) is a four-CD set of his historical recordings, interviews and songs. Influenced by Brecht, cabaret and the beer hall, Eisler's singing and writing are lyrical yet aggressively unsentimental.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

JAZZ

John Coltrane's ***Stellar Regions*** (GRP/Impulse) is the archival discovery of the year: a beautiful set on which he fronts a late quartet featuring Rashied Ali, Jimmy Garrison and Alice Coltrane. The title track is a splendid composition, a ballad practically Ellingtonian in its grace and power.

—DAVE MARSH

Finally in possession of the MacArthur grant he long deserved, the fecund jazz innovator Ornette Coleman has returned from a seven-year recording layoff with ***Tone Dialing*** (Harmolodic/Verve). There's Bach on it, tablas and rap. But it still sounds like nothing but Ornette, polyrhythmic and gorgeous.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Boss Hog *Boss Hog*	6	6	6	4	8
Tracy Chapman *New Beginning*	4	6	8	8	7
Various artists *Hempilation*	4	8	7	5	6
The Pretenders *Isle of View*	8	8	9	10	7
Bonnie Raitt *Road Tested*	8	8	8	7	8

FOR SALE DEPARTMENT: The pink house in West Saugerties, New York where the **Band** recorded *Music From Big Pink* is on the market. **Bob Dylan** recorded *The Basement Tapes* there while he recovered from his 1967 motorcycle accident. The current owner says the novelty has worn off.

REELING AND ROCKING: There will be a film bio of **Stevie Ray Vaughan** based on the book *Caught in the Crossfire* by **Joe Nick Patoski.** . . . **Ice Cube** is starring in *Anaconda*, a movie about snakes set in Brazil, and is set to direct *The Players Club*, a script he wrote about the relationship between a gangster and a stripper. . . . **Tricky** is working on a film script. . . . The government of Argentina is making its own movie about **Eva Perón**, because, the producer claims, "Evita was a pioneering feminist, not a prostitute."

NEWSBREAKS: **Julian Lennon** plans to open a club in San Francisco, the first of an international chain called the Revolution. . . . **Kevin Smith**, the director of *Clerks*, has a new deal that, aside from movies, calls for him to start a record label and publish comics. . . . In other comics news: Motown Comix will feature **Boyz II Men, Coolio** and **Bone Thugs-N-Harmony** in a new line of comics. . . . Now that her CD, PBS special and home video are in the can, **Bonnie Raitt** is planning a sabbatical. . . . **Vanessa Williams, Diana King, Robin S.** and **Changing Faces** are among those who have already agreed to record songs for a tribute CD to Motown's great songwriters **Holland, Dozier and Holland.** . . . Sony will be selling everything **Beatles** for the next two years: T-shirts, posters, limited-edition lithographs and reproductions of Sixties collectibles. Is this Beatlemania again? . . . The **Foo Fighters** are back out on the road in a city near you. . . . The seventh annual Pioneer Awards will be announced on February 29 by the Rhythm and Blues Foundation at their do, co-hosted by **Mavis Staples** and **Darlene Love.** . . . **Bob Weir** is writing a musical with **Taj Mahal** about the life of baseball's **Satchel Paige.** . . . **Sting** is currently finishing a new album. . . . **Smashing Pumpkin Billy Corgan** is interested in all the new music technology—"similar to **Chuck Berry** figuring out the electric guitar"—and wants the band to start moving in that direction. . . . Nine musicians who played for many years with **Frank Zappa** are calling themselves **Banned From Utopia** and have released a live CD of Zappa music. They'll eventually record a studio album of other Zappa classics. . . . **Sammy Hagar** cut a live album, but you'll have to go to the gift shop at his resort in Mexico to get it. Hagar is joined by **Van Halen** bassist **Michael Anthony,** drummer **David Lauser** and **Boston's Gary Pihl.** . . . Eventually anyone with a song and a computer may be able to market music without a record company. But for now, it takes too much time, the equipment is too expensive and record companies fear that downloading music on a home computer will create fertile ground for bootleggers. . . . According to a St. Louis disc jockey, the most popular pop songs at nursing and retirement homes are: *YMCA* (the **Village People**), *Paradise by the Dashboard Light* (**Meat Loaf**) and *1999* (**Prince**). Go figure. . . . Three astronomers have named a 100-mile-long asteroid **Garcia** in **Jerry's** honor. . . . We began with real estate. We'll end with it, too. The low-income apartments—Lauderdale Court housing project—where **Elvis** lived from 1949–1953 are being demolished. The current resident of apartment 328 once sold a tourist a piece of insulation from the radiator pipe. *In the Ghetto*, indeed.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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WIRED

BIG BLUE SKY PREDICTIONS

This year marks the 50th anniversary of IBM's scientific research labs. Since the mid-Forties, IBM scientists have been granted more than 10,000 technology-related patents and have conducted research that has led to five Nobel Prizes. For a clue to the future, we asked Big Blue to share info on some important projects in the works. The development of digital libraries, computer-assisted surgical tools and advanced voice recognition topped the list, along with innova-

ROBERT MYERS

tive research into music. The music research, we were told, has produced programs that can "morph" songs, seamlessly melding one composer's work with that of another. Want to hear what Beethoven might have composed for the Seattle scene? Morph the *Moonlight Sonata* with the grunge of Soundgarden. By the way, there's a serious side to these efforts: The tools used to morph music aid in human-computer interactions.

JUST A BEEP AWAY

They're not quite the equivalent of Dick Tracy's wristwatch, but a new generation of paging services will allow you to carry on question-and-answer sessions over wireless telecommunications systems. Say you get beeped while trapped in traffic. Instead of relying on a phone, you simply hit a preprogrammed response on your two-way pager that says "On my way," and the message is instantly transmitted back to the caller. If a pager is turned off or is out of range, the network will store the message and deliver it as soon as the pager becomes active again. Network operators (at a special toll-free number) will also relay messages between two-way subscribers and individuals who don't carry pagers. Sky Tel is offering the first two-way pager ($399, or leased for $15 per month). Created by Motorola, it allows users to receive messages up to 500 characters in length and has a 100-kilobyte memory. It also can be plugged into most computers to download messages or personalize responses. Monthly service starts around $25.

TECHNO STADIUMS

To lure fans away from their big-screen TVs and into stadiums, sports arenas are offering fancy technology of their own. Paul Allen (of Microsoft fame and fortune) owns the Portland Trail Blazers and sees their new Rose Garden as a prototype stadium of the future. Huge (13'x 10') Panasonic Astrovision screens above center court run broadcast-quality video and animation throughout the games. TV monitors are everywhere, offering instant-replay action, and the Garden's acoustics can be electronically fine-tuned for sports or concerts. Large skyboxes offer teleconferencing facilities. And Allen envisions a time when com-

STEVE TURK

puter-networked touch screens are on every seat back. Another technologically enhanced stadium is Philadelphia's Core States Center, which opens in September. Plans include installing computer kiosks, which fans will be able to use to call up stats for teams throughout the league. And Phoenix Suns owner Jerry Colangelo, who's building a baseball stadium for his expansion team, plans to "load the park up" with tech treats.

WILD THINGS

Next time you decide to rid the digital sky of enemy aircraft, get your hand on Suncom Technologies' F-15E Talon (pictured at right). This computer flight stick for IBM-compatible machines is a replica of the handgrips in the F-15E Strike Eagle—the premiere U.S. Air Force fighter jet. The Talon includes 12 fire buttons plus several programming options, and costs about $70. • For basic cursor control, hook up a Touché Touch Pad to your Mac or PC. This $60 alternative to a mouse features a smooth surface that senses finger movement and responds by moving the cursor across the screen accordingly. To select files or to open documents, you can click one of the Touché's two buttons, or you can simply tap on the touch pad to achieve the same results. • A common complaint among audiophiles is that AC power causes noise in an amplifier's signal path. To combat this problem, Technics has come up with a logical solution—a battery-driven amp. The SU-C1000 control amp's special NiCd battery pack provides up to 30 hours of continuous operation and automatically recharges when the power is switched off. It's paired with the SE-A1000, a 70-watts-per-channel power amp. Together, the high-performance companions sell for about $850.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Seymore Butts Interactive II is hard-core cinema verité at its finest. Taking the same humorous approach to adult interactive entertainment as its predecessor, this CD-ROM has you helping Seymore earn the cash for a plane ticket to visit his deported sweetheart, Shane. As you move through the game, you meet a series of nubile strangers and—if you pick the right lines and manage to remember the girls' names later—you may be able to set them up with Seymore's horny friends. The video clips and action are hot and plentiful. (Don't miss the amazing underwater oral adventure.) But if you're looking for politically correct sexuality, you've come to the wrong neighborhood. The vapid cuties on Sphincter Lane are about as demanding as inflatable dolls. (By New Machine Publishing, for Mac and Windows, $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Calvert DeForest (a.k.a. Larry Bud Melman) is more than a phone-company pitchman; he is also a Web stud. On ***Cal's Home Page*** (www.calvertDEFOREST.com), there's a photo of the Letterman-bred celeb surrounded by a bevy of Playboy Playmates.

If you've yet to master Microsoft's new operating system, check out ***Learn! Windows '95: Getting Started,*** a video created by two former Microsoft Windows product managers. Short of a session with Bill Gates himself, you can't get more expertise than that.

A multimedia encyclopedia is the best place to begin building a CD-ROM reference library. But there are at least half a dozen choices, so we tested them all to come up with our two top picks. For voluminous erudition, ***Britannica CD*** overwhelms all comers with 44 million words and 1200 more articles than the venerable books themselves. It's priced sky-high at $495 and avoids multimedia bells and whistles, but it has an excellent search tool, so you get the info you need quickly. ***Compton's Interactive Encyclopedia, 1996 Edition*** is less brainy but far more fun to browse. Music, animation and narration accompany nearly every keystroke, making this disc more like a visit to a world's fair than a library. The disc also features an editing suite that allows you to splice together anything from the encyclopedia into your own multimedia report. With a sound card and a microphone, you can add narration or play Forrest Gump and insert yourself into history. (By Encyclopaedia Britannica, for Mac and Windows; by Compton's New Media, for Windows, $80.)

Tricking up your Mac

Bill Gates and company have gone to the dogs—***Microsoft Dogs,*** that is. This CD-ROM reference title offers a wealth of information on man's best friend, including details on 250 breeds from around the world, 1000 photos and more than 100 articles and video clips, plus practical advice on choosing, training and caring for canine companions. You can also use it to help pick the perfect pooch: By answering a series of multiple-choice questions (such as "Who does your dog need to get along with?" and "How long will your dog be left alone during the day?"), you'll get a list of breeds best suited to your lifestyle. And for mindless fun, Microsoft has tossed in the Poodle Parlor, where you can go to give Fifi a trim, and the Dog Piano, which turns your keyboard into a barking musical instrument. Cute. (For Windows, $35.)

A dog's life

ON DISK

If you want to be on the giving end of some great April foolery next month, check out ***New and Improved Stupid Mac Tricks.*** This guidebook to senseless computer amusement comes with a 3.5-inch disk containing 17 tricks that you can install on your own Mac or—even better—on that of an unsuspecting co-worker. Although some tricks are juvenile (you can make the computer belch), others are wickedly funny. One, outlined in a chapter titled "Sexist Mac Tricks," goes like this: You install a program called Sexplosion onto a buddy's computer, telling him it has some great X-rated action. When he clicks on the icon to get it running, it appears as though the system has bombed. Then when he attempts to click RESTART, the button squirms out from under his cursor. There's also ***New and Improved Stupid Windows Tricks.*** (Both are published by AP Professional and cost $20 each.)

ONLINE

When the Trojan Room Coffee Pot debuted on the World Wide Web in 1991, it was the first site to use a live camera. Created by lazy academics who didn't want to make the journey to the coffee room only to find the pot empty, the site captured images of the coffeepot every 20 seconds, allowing those who wanted a refill to avoid making the trek for naught. It also started a mini Web trend. In addition to the Trojan Room Coffee Pot (www.cl.cam.ac.uk/coffee/coffee.html), you can check out a New York car wash (204.254.224.37/CarWash.html), the corner of Hollywood and Vine in Los Angeles (www.bhi90210.com/cgi-bin/main/BHI/look.html) and Steve's Ant Farm(sec.dgsys.com/AntFarm.html). There are interactive cameras, too, including one that lets you run a model railroad at rr-vs.informatik.uni-ulm.de/rr/ or put a robot to work (tele-robot.mech.uwa.edu.au/). For a list of candid cameras around the world, punch up www.cam-orl.co.uk/world.html.

DIGITAL DUDS

Endorfun: You solve puzzles to New Age music while Stuart Smalley–style affirmations sound in the background: "I am loved." "I can do anything." Yeah, like eject this lame disc.

Great Restaurants, Wineries & Breweries: You'll lose your appetite for reference CD-ROMs if you waste your cash on this poorly made guide.

Beautiful Beautiful Women, Vol. 1: Bad, bad image quality makes this CD-ROM photo gallery of scantily clad babes a bust. Of course, you do get to fulfill every man's fantasy and create your own fashion show.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

TRAVEL

MAKING BOOK ON OFFBEAT TRAVEL

Baedeker and Birnbaum travel guides may get you a good night's sleep, but *Let's Party! Europe* and two naughty phrase books, *Wicked* (Greek, French, Japanese, Spanish, Italian and German editions are available) and *Hot! International* (it combines German, Spanish, French, Italian, Czech, Portuguese and English), provide you with plenty of excuses to stay up late. *Let's Party!* even clues you in on the cultural highlights you missed while drinking and dancing instead of visiting churches and museums. For a domestic form of spice, follow the *Trail of Flame* by Jennifer Trainer Thompson, a look at North American restaurants that specialize in fiery foods. Travelers willing to test more than their taste buds should pick up a copy of *The Big Book of Adventure Travel* by James Simmons, which profiles more than 400 "alternative vacation experiences" such as tracking grizzly bears in Montana, river rafting in Ethiopia and in-line skating through the jungles of Venezuela. Distribooks Inc. of Skokie, Illinois distributes *French or Foe?* by Polly Platt. It's all about "getting the most out of visiting, living and working in France." And if dealing with the French isn't exciting enough, Fielding Worldwide is behind *The World's Most Dangerous Places* by Robert Young Pelton and Coskin Aral, a guide to "high adventure, forbidden lands, nasty things, psychologically questionable activities and all those low-down dirty places you're dying to visit." Sounds like an armchair read to us.

NIGHT MOVES: BUDAPEST

Hungary's capital is actually two cities separated by the Danube River. To the west is Buda, a hilly, primarily residential area with a handful of notable restaurants. On the other shore is Pest, the business and entertainment center. Begin your evening on the Buda side with a shot of Hungary's national drink, *palinka*, at Café Pierrot (Buda I, Fortuna ut 14). Then move to the city's best restaurant, Gundel (Pest XIV, 2 Allatkerti Ut), which is part owned by Hungarian-born restaurateur George Lang (who also owns Manhattan's Café des Artistes). Here, traditional fare is wed with haute cuisine. We recommend the sauerkraut-baked catfish and fish sausage or the goose-liver entrées and chocolate desserts. Reservations are a must. For an after-dinner drink, check out the Kempinski Hotel Corvinus' Pub V (Pest V, Erzsébet tér 7-8), where on Tuesday nights you can stomp to the Juke Box Band's version of American country music or play blackjack in the bar. Budapest's club scene changes weekly, so check out two newspapers, *Budapest Week* and *Budapest Sun*. However, two establishments prevail: Mad Inn Mine (Pest VI, Andrassy ut 112) looks like an underground shaft, and the Hully Gully (Pest XII, Apor Vilmos tér 9) is a bi-level disco with a laser show and single girls galore.

GREAT ESCAPE

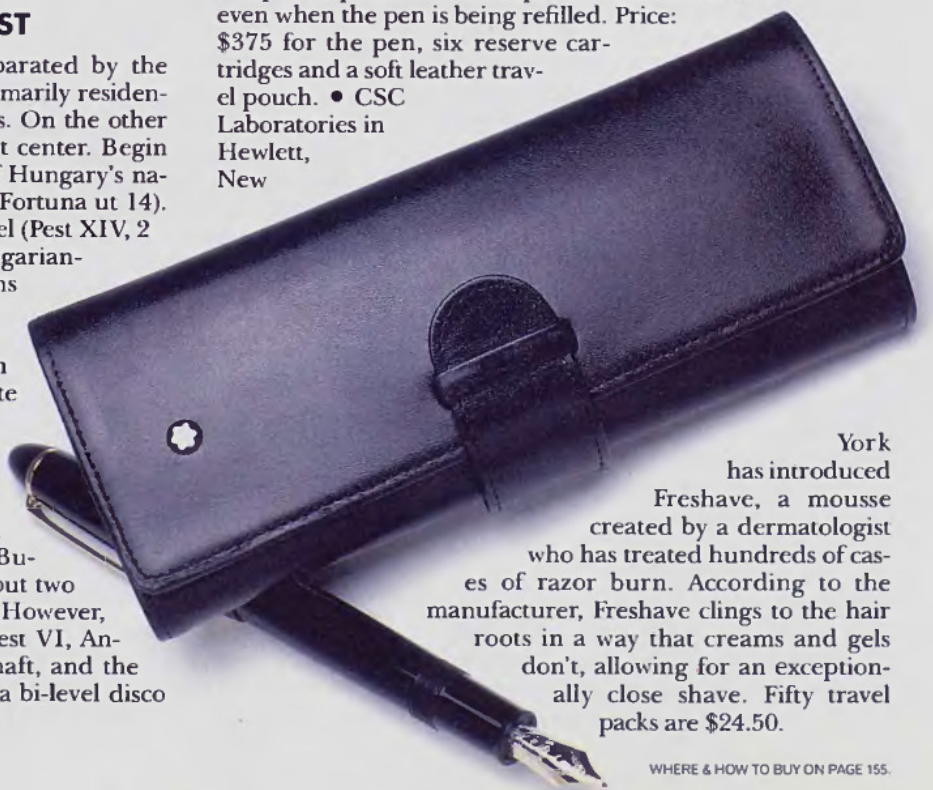
TRAVERSE TALL SHIPS

Passenger schooners have sailed the Caribbean for years. But now the remote islands and windswept beaches of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron can be explored via this romantic mode of travel. The 114-foot Manitou, a reproduction of a two-masted topsail schooner built 100 years ago, departs June through September from Northport, Michigan. The crew is small, with a captain, a cook and four

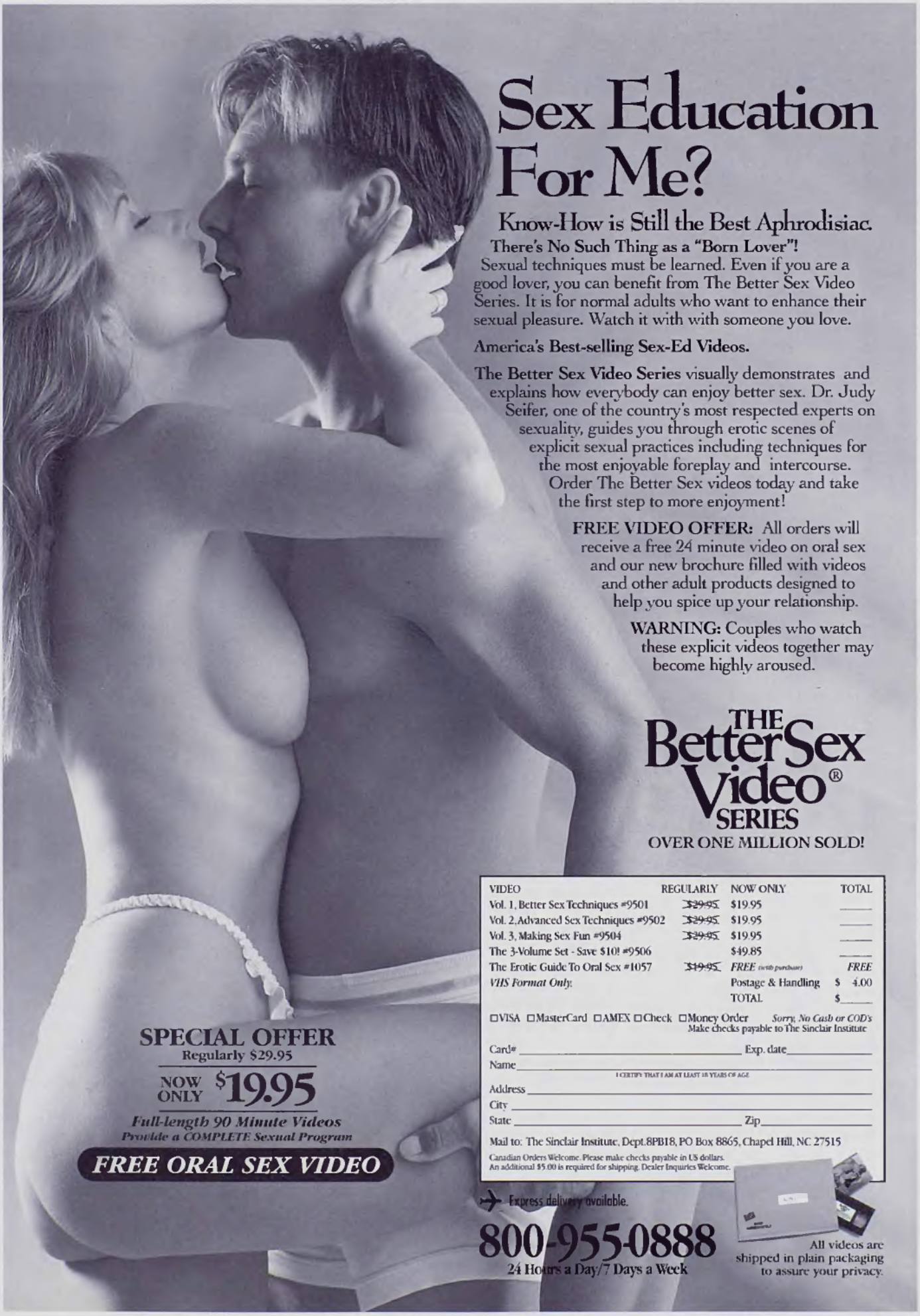
deckhands. The ship's 12 two-person cabins are cozy. Meals are served either in the main cabin or as a buffet on deck. And, yes, you'll find the camaraderie on board is as exciting as the sunsets, for most of the cruises are adults-only. Your ship docks at a new port nightly, freeing you to roam the bars or stay on board and make some waves of your own. Prices per person for three- and six-day adventures range from about $350 to $800. (In August, a North Channel Discovery voyage that ventures deep into the Canadian wilderness costs more.) Call the Traverse Tall Ship Co. at 800-968-8800 to book.

ROAD STUFF

Montblanc's new pen, Le Grand Traveller (pictured here), is a stylish companion that won't leak all over your fingers or clothes, whether you're on the ground or in the sky. The secret is its leakproof cartridge system, which withstands atmospheric pressure. The cap can remain closed even when the pen is being refilled. Price: $375 for the pen, six reserve cartridges and a soft leather travel pouch. • CSC Laboratories in Hewlett, New York has introduced Freshave, a mousse created by a dermatologist who has treated hundreds of cases of razor burn. According to the manufacturer, Freshave clings to the hair roots in a way that creams and gels don't, allowing for an exceptionally close shave. Fifty travel packs are $24.50.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

BOOK PUBLISHERS have noticed that the Internet, with 37 million users, has a circulation considerably larger than that of *The New York Times Book Review*. Book lovers have discovered troves of online information about what's hot in the bookstores, the secrets of contemporary authors and how to find almost any book ever written. Whether you are looking for the *Central Source Yellow Pages* (with 10 million telephone numbers) or the poems of Dorothy Parker, it's out there on the Internet. It may turn out that the supposed electronic threat to pages and print will become the best friend the reader ever had.

Obviously, that's what the creators of the Bantam-Doubleday-Dell Web page think. They offer catalogs of their newest books, itineraries for touring authors and news of the literary world in a lively, well-illustrated format. Here, readers can e-mail John Grisham, Pat Conroy, Sara Paretsky or Elmore Leonard. More significantly, Internet cruisers are invited to read excerpts from the latest bestsellers. The hope is that you will read enough to become hooked and buy the book. Of course, it's possible that a sample may be enough for you to sound knowledgeable over cocktails.

These new Internet sites can be fun. At the Random House site you can click on a map to the island in Michael Crichton's *Lost World*, and you will be taken to the appropriate section of the novel for a bit of the action. There is even a good reference section full of scientific sites about dinosaurs. You can pick up aphorisms from General Colin Powell and then read fuller explanations of the same ideas. Readers can sit in on an interview with Norman Mailer, listen to an audio of A.S. Byatt or find a useful guide to Cormac McCarthy's *All the Pretty Horses* for their book group.

Not every publisher is online yet, though more than 600 publishers are represented. HarperCollins features John Gray's continuing best-seller, *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*, as well as Newt Gingrich's diatribe *To Renew America*. Putnam Berkley has a colorful, dramatically produced site with sections for its major authors, such as Amy Tan, Dick Francis and Patricia Cornwell. Over at the Warner Books Home Page, you can discover sections for Robert James Waller (author of *The Bridges of Madison County*), Ed McBain (with excerpts from several of his 87th Precinct novels) and a seductive feature called Joan Elizabeth Lloyd Goes Wild (with highlights from her book *Nice Couples Do*). Penguin USA has enticing samples from its CD-ROMs, such as the Jack Kerouac *ROMnibus* and Leonard Maltin's electronic edition *Movie & Video Guide 1996*.

GREG MARLEY

Web War: Dueling for readers.

Is the Net a threat to books? Not yet—but there's fascinating stuff to explore.

One of the earliest electronic publishers to develop innovative literary CD-ROMs, Voyager, has a great Web site. Here you can sample from dozens of multimedia packages, such as the Beatles' *Hard Day's Night*, *The Complete Maus*, *Macbeth* and *This Is Spinal Tap*. You can listen to some of the original Mercury Theater productions with Orson Welles, or hear Garrison Keillor read from Walt Whitman. Browse through Voyager's musical criticism section, which is keyed to music CDs you can put in your own CD-ROM player. Or check out the latest issue of *The Paris Review*.

The corporate sites are only a small part of what is available. There are fan pages and discussion groups for almost every major author and form of reading. Most of them are designed and maintained by unpaid individuals. There are fan pages for Jane Austen, Edgar Rice Burroughs, David Eddings, Harlan Ellison, James Joyce, Dean Koontz, Joyce Carol Oates, Thomas Pynchon and Tom Robbins. (Henry Miller's home page opens with a wonderful photograph of the author grinning puckishly behind a nude woman.) Stephen King and Kerouac have many different sites devoted to their works. Anne Rice may even outrank Charles Dickens on the Net.

Areas of special interest, such as mysteries and crime fiction, have attracted international audiences. The Mysterious Home Page from Scandinavia is an exhaustive survey of Web sites about mysteries and mystery writers. The Magnifying Glass Mystery Newsletter carries news of mystery publishing as well as original stories. The place to explore the novels of Robert Parker is Of Bullets and Beer: The Spenser Page, where each novel in the Spenser series is lovingly analyzed and appreciated. There is even an online glossary of hard-boiled prose to help the uninitiated.

Most book-related Internet sites are supplementary, meaning they refer readers to the printed texts. But there are also more than 1800 electronic books you can download or read online. Most are classics in the public domain, such as D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, H.G. Wells' *Time Machine*, Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* and *Thuvia, Maid of Mars* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. But you can also find recent books, such as Bruce Sterling's *Hacker Crackdown*, *The Martin Luther King Jr. Papers Project* and *Zen and the Art of the Internet*. There are even books being written online, such as *Delirium* and *Shadowlands*.

Just because the *Iliad* and the works of Shakespeare are available online doesn't mean anyone would actually want to read them on a computer screen. But add in critical notes and audio and video dramatizations, and computer texts can be useful for students.

For readers who live far away from large libraries or metropolitan bookstores, the Net provides rich access to catalogs and virtual bookshelves that offer an enormous diversity of books. The Internet can take you into the stacks of the National Library of Estonia or the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Dozens of bookstores offer online catalogs, from Barnes & Noble to small specialized shops. Bookfinders International will eventually locate a copy of almost any title ever in print—for a price.

An excellent starting point for literary Web explorers is the Bookwire site (http://www.bookwire.com/), which focuses on contemporary publishing. Here you will find the latest news of the book business, including detailed reports from major industry events such as the American Booksellers Association convention. This site also provides links to all of the publishers online and to 70 multimedia companies that create book-related interactive materials. Critiques of recent books from several book reviews may also be accessed.

Any discussion of literary Web sites, of course, would be incomplete without a mention of Playboy's Web site (www.playboy.com).

MEN

By ASA BABER

I want to examine an important issue without engaging in the political posturing that usually accompanies discussions about it. The issue is domestic violence, and what you read here will be blunt and direct—and totally unacceptable to some people.

In trying to talk about domestic violence in a new way, I know I will be perceived as being insensitive to the tragedy of brutality in the home. I may even be seen as a man who condones the destructiveness of some of his fellow men. But those misrepresentations of my position are a price I am willing to pay to move our thinking ahead. For too long we have been stuck in the mud of gender politics when it comes to this matter.

The conventional wisdom about domestic violence is that men are the sole instigators of abuse and that there are no other contributing factors. If there is violence in the home, men cause it and only men can end it. Men strike out, and virtuous but entrapped women absorb punishment. Until the men who cause the violence are arrested and incarcerated, it is argued, the evils they commit will continue.

You need only listen to the rhetoric that followed the O.J. Simpson verdict to understand how simpleminded the thinking about domestic violence is these days. The cant from the feminist community has been: Men alone are vile abusers; the women they bully are blameless prisoners. Throughout O.J. and Nicole's marriage (and after their divorce), he was nothing but a cad and brute, while she was an angel. Since O.J. controlled Nicole, and since she could not escape his clutches, her murder was inevitable. Complex human interactions? There were none.

It is time for us to challenge this superficial analysis, and I'll start with a personal story.

Years ago I was in a violent relationship with a woman I lived with. Over time she became extremely abusive. Fueled by alcohol and jealousy she attacked me frequently and viciously, using every weapon she could find—scissors, knives, fists, nails and teeth. Her behavior was bizarre in the extreme, and on several occasions she threatened to kill me. "How many times are you going to say you'll kill this guy?" a psychiatrist once asked her. "If you keep this up, you're going to do it."

TWO TO TANGO

Obviously, women can be abusive, too. They are not immune to the siren call of violence. That point should be included in any discussion of domestic abuse, but it is an extremely unpopular proposition today.

The folks who presently lecture us about domestic violence have an agenda that is committed not to solving the problem but to trashing men. That agenda, though popular, will lead us nowhere. It assigns guilt but does nothing to show us a way out.

You may not believe that I was severely abused in my own home. But I am telling you the truth, and let me assure you that in acknowledging a major failure in my life, I am not asking for your compassion or your pity. Instead, I am here to admit to my participation in a deadly tango. I was part of the problem, not just an innocent bystander.

Until I accepted the fact that I was a player and part of the process of domestic violence, I was paralyzed. There was something perversely intriguing about my situation. As if I were hypnotized or drugged, I entered into a daily ritual with my abuser. But I was unwilling to take responsibility for my part in it. After all, she was the one on the attack. She was the aggressor and potential killer. I never hit her, never got physical, so I assumed that I had virtue on my side. It was a tremendously self-righteous position, and it felt good.

The pathology of any abusive relationship includes a victim who is deeply infatuated with the process. That is part of the sickness, and it's one of the reasons the victim finds it so difficult to disengage from the dance. Let's face it: Our deepest infatuations are not easily abandoned.

This is one truth about domestic violence that we do not want to hear: *It takes two to tango.* Domestic abuse is a dance, sometimes a dance of death, and it takes two people to do it.

"Nicole was involved in this dance with O.J. Simpson," the attorney Melanie Lomax said on *Rivera Live* last October 17. "She has to bear her share of the responsibility." Some people will no doubt be offended by this statement and will dismiss it as a classic example of blaming the victim. But her words are accurate. Lomax does not excuse Nicole's murderer and she does not praise brutality. Rather, she explains a crucial part of the dynamic of domestic violence. Until we consider the validity of Lomax' observation, we will never find a way to solve the problem.

Years ago, when I saw that I was a willing partner in my maltreatment, I finally gathered the strength to move far away from my abuser. I left everything I owned, everything precious to me, in order to exorcise the violence that had become endemic to my life. There were no compromises, no excuses, no reunions, no negotiations. And everyone lived, which was my goal.

Having said that, I know there will be readers who assume that in most of these situations the male has the power to leave because the male has the money. I don't think that assumption necessarily follows in this day and age—but allow us to buy it for the moment. Let us say that women are often more trapped than men. But does that really matter when their lives are on the line? I am saying that when the tango turns deadly, it is time to depart, regardless of the financial price.

So I beg you, men and women: If you are involved in an abusive relationship, please get the hell out now. If you do not, it's a decision you will have to live—or die—with.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The other night I awoke to find my boyfriend masturbating. He was sitting in a chair at the end of the bed, watching me, but he didn't notice I was awake. I haven't confronted him about this, but it really unnerves me. Should I say something?—R.S., Memphis, Tennessee.

Many women who catch their men masturbating feel sexually inadequate and suspect the relationship has problems. (Men who catch their women masturbating, on the other hand, can't believe their luck.) Private dancing can be a sign that something is amiss, but since your boyfriend's fantasy involves watching you, this doesn't sound like one of those cases. On the contrary, he probably gets turned on by the fact that you might catch him. So do it. Don't bring it up at breakfast with something confrontational like, "I know what you were doing last night." Instead, get involved. Do a little sleep-writhing. Or wake up slowly, roll over and watch him for a moment. Don't ask what he's doing or why; instead, tell him how sexy he looks. He may feel embarrassed, he may feel relief; he may come all over the bed. Put on a little show: Peel off your T-shirt and panties, roll around, talk to him, masturbate (grab a chair if you want) and describe what you wish he would do to you. Circle his position like a prowling cat but playfully refuse to touch him until he comes back to bed. Your boyfriend may still enjoy touching himself once in a while (many men do, even when they're getting sex regularly), but chances are he'll want you there.

My wife's birthday is approaching and she has been hinting that she'd like to make love in a limousine. I want to make this happen but I don't know where to find a limo service that caters to lovebirds. Any suggestions?—T.R., San Francisco, California.

Any reputable limo company and driver will offer complete privacy. Simply instruct the driver to raise the soundproof partition, and away you go. You don't need a destination; just ask to be driven around. If you're daring, open the sunroof. Love in a limousine can be an interesting, if bumpy, experience, which is why it's often described as "rock-and-roll sex." The volume of your show will depend on how many potholes your driver encounters and how many sharp turns he makes. If you need inspiration, rent the Kevin Costner flick "No Way Out," which contains what the National Limousine Association considers "the best sex scene ever filmed in a limo."

I'm at a club. I see a gorgeous woman talking with her girlfriends. How do I isolate her from the group?—J.L., Atlanta, Georgia.

If you're with a friend, approach in force and position yourself next to your subject as

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

introductions are made. If the women don't seem irritated because you're interrupting their girls' night out, offer to buy a round. You take her order; your buddy handles everyone else's. Take it from there (hey, we can't do everything). Working alone can be more of a challenge. First, attempt eye contact. If she looks your way, flash that winning smile. If she looks again, mouth something like "Can I buy you a drink?" or "Care to dance?" and point to where you'd like to meet her. She may leave the pack voluntarily. If not, make your move. You risk being rejected in front of a group, but so what? Excuse yourself for interrupting, and address everyone equally before showing your interest in her (no reason to be rude). If she responds, don't be surprised if you find yourself alone with her in the crowd. Most women have the sense to fade into the background when a sister lands a cute guy.

I've heard that men in industrialized countries have weaker sperm because of all the pollution. Is that true?—R.T., Cleveland, Ohio.

A study published last year in "The New England Journal of Medicine" reported a decline in the quality of semen among Parisian men over the past two decades. A follow-up editorial, however, pointed out that the men studied were mostly sperm donors preparing to have vasectomies or battling infertility—hardly a representative sample. There also were no controls for age, ejaculatory frequency or abstinence before testing, all factors that can affect semen quality. Abundant evidence does exist that environmental toxins affect reproduction in mice and other animals, so more research into their effects on humans is needed. On a hopeful note, the percentage of Americans who want to have children but can't has remained steady at about ten percent over the past 30 years, hardly an indication that sperm quality is on the decline.

I often fantasize about a lover giving my body his undivided attention. I'm not centerfold material, but I do see a beautiful, curvy woman in the mirror. I want a man to see this as well, kissing and licking me from head to toe while I wriggle on top of him with delight. I want to feel a man's strong fingers caressing my pussy, teasing me. I want to feel my breasts being cupped and my nipples pinched. I want to feel a hard cock slide into me slowly. I want to be kissed hard while I come endlessly. I haven't been with anyone in two months and I'm starting to bounce off the walls. Where can I find a man to fulfill my fantasies?—A.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Hang in there. Any woman who can articulate so well what turns her on shouldn't have trouble finding an enthusiastic partner, especially during a long, cold Philadelphia winter. The next guy you invite into your bed could well be the one who takes the time to listen, especially if he reads the Advisor.

What does it mean when a piece of artwork is sold in a limited edition?—B.C., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

If you're not careful, it could mean you own one in a million. Most states don't have laws requiring sellers to define in print what they mean by a "limited edition," so do your research before you buy. Historically, the number of copies in a run was limited because there was no easy method for reproduction—a wood-block engraving could produce only so many impressions before it wore down, for instance. Because modern technology allows unlimited reproduction, the size of a limited edition has principally become a marketing decision. Always ask for a certificate of authenticity or other documentation before buying, and watch for telltale signs of overselling such as "subeditions" using Roman numerals or an inordinate number of artist's proofs.

My wife and I had some friends over for dinner, and we got into a debate on how you can tell if your partner is cheating. One of our friends said the only way he'd feel certain was if his girlfriend got a sexually transmitted disease he didn't have. I said that there can be dozens of less obvious clues. Do you agree?—T.G., Boston, Massachusetts.

A psychologist at the University of Michigan addressed this question recently by asking 200 college students how they knew if a partner was being unfaithful. The students came up with 170 common clues, including

a mysterious STD. Among the others: a partner who fails to say "I love you" as frequently, smells differently, stops telling you his or her plans, becomes quiet and withdrawn, cuts conversations short, showers you with an unusual number of gifts, questions the value of exclusivity, has less interest in sex or stops being affectionate in public. Of course, these changes could indicate any number of things besides infidelity. Some clues listed by the students, such as a partner who suggests new positions in bed, struck us as signs of commitment—if not to the relationship, then at least to better sex.

Three months ago, my wife and I found ourselves on new ground sexually. It began when we arranged a threesome with a male friend. My wife helped us out of our pants and then dropped to her knees and gave us both incredible head. Our friend came and went, and then my wife and I made love like we never had before. A truly memorable evening. The next day, however, she acted horrified. A sexual drought followed that lasted several weeks. I assumed that I had misread her signals. My confusion really began when the scenario repeated itself completely with the same friend—from modeling to denial—three times. Do I stop asking questions and enjoy the ride, or is there something strange going on here?—P.M., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Your wife's denial may be part of her arousal. Good girls don't do those types of things; bad girls love them. She can't find a comfortable median between the two. Before arranging your next adventure, discuss her past reactions with her. It doesn't sound like she's taking part simply to please you, but if that's the case, drop it. Make it clear that you value the everyday with her more than the sexual holidays involving someone else.

I snore loudly. Normally this is not a problem, but now that I'm dating someone, I'm afraid I'll keep her up. Are there any tips to help kick this habit?—C.G., Rutherford, New Jersey.

Short of having sex all night? Tell her to feel free to push you on your side. The traditional nonimpact remedy is to sew a tennis ball into the rear pocket of your pajamas so you'll turn automatically without waking her. That may not add much to your love life, however. (Is that a tennis ball sewn into your pajamas, or are you just happy to see me?) Because heavy-duty z's are caused by inhaled air vibrating the soft palate and uvula at the back of the mouth, you need to keep your airway clear. If you're overweight, fatty deposits in your throat may be complicating matters. If you're congested, try raising the head of your bed slightly. If you make so much noise that it becomes a wedge in your relationship, consider laser surgery to trim the soft palate and uvula. The procedure is expensive and may not unplug your horn completely, but most men report at least some decrease in volume and frequency. Finally, don't assume you'll keep your lover awake: She may snore louder than you.

I have an ex-girlfriend who keeps in touch. She's still in school, but I've graduated and moved to another city. When she calls, she tells me about her new love interests. She's specific—she tells me whom she kisses and about letting men sleep in the same bed with her. I still want to be friends, but the honesty that I once appreciated is hurting now.—S.M., Denver, Colorado.

If you want to listen to confessions, become a priest. Your ex-girlfriend is calling to get your OK when she finds herself attracted to other men, which she doesn't need and shouldn't be asking for. Let her know that until you've put more distance (emotional, not physical) into the relationship, you'd prefer not to hear about the men she's seeing. If she doesn't get the point, give her some details about the women in your life. (You are dating, right? If not, that could be part of the problem.) While it's possible to be friends after you loosen the bonds of a serious relationship—or even to take a break and later restart the romance—there have to be boundaries or you'll drive yourself nuts.

Does premium gasoline provide any benefit? I have always used higher-octane fuel on the assumption that it improves performance, but a friend says it doesn't make any difference.—G.B., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

If you're using a higher octane than what's recommended in your owner's manual, you're wasting your money and not getting any better performance from your engine. With the exception of BMWs, Jags, Porsches, Mercedes and other cars with high-compression engines, 87 octane is probably all you need. Go higher only if your engine knocks, or if you have an older car that needs extra starting power in the winter.

Help! I'd like to buy a vibrator to use during sex-play with my boyfriend, but I have no idea what to look for. Any suggestions?—T.R., York, Pennsylvania.

Visit your corner drugstore and locate its selection of name-brand personal massagers. While they aren't marketed as vibrators, they're of much better quality than what you'll find in most adult-sex-toy stores. The most popular plug-ins are known as wand vibrators, distinguished by their vibrating heads and slender, flexible necks (they resemble microphones). Quieter alternatives are coil-operated vibrators (they resemble handheld mixers). One drawback of plug-in models is that they give off more heat than battery-powered versions, so be cautious—or have two vibrators so you can trade off. Some people prefer battery models because they're portable and less expensive; however, they also tend to fall apart more quickly.

For the same price that I paid for my first new computer last year, I could now purchase a better model with twice the speed and more features. Is there any way to buy equipment that won't become outdated so quickly?—D.G., Los Angeles, California.

You've encountered the phenomenon known to cynics as planned obsolescence and to geeks as Moore's Law, after Gordon Moore, co-founder of chip-maker Intel Corp. In 1965 Moore observed that with each passing year, computing power doubled while prices dropped by half. The rate has since slowed to about 18 months, but that's still a tight timeline to stay up to speed. The truth is, you don't have to. Your computer is probably capable of running 95 percent of the software fed to it and will be for years to come. Take a deep breath, lay your hands on your machine and whisper, "I accept you for who you are." Then get back to work.

Sometimes my husband and I get adventurous and try a little bondage. He loves it when I tie him up, but I never know what to do with him next. I try to tease him, but I'm looking for something that will really give him a kick.—H.K., St. Louis, Missouri.

Make sure your husband is comfortable and that you've agreed on a "safe word" (if he says it, the game's over). Then surprise him by walking away. Cook an aromatic pasta dish and eat it sensually in front of him. Watch an erotic video that he can hear but not see. Describe what's happening on the screen and what you're doing while watching it. Every third or fifth or tenth time he begs for attention (or whenever the hell you feel like it), wander over to pinch his nipples, tug his earlobes, toussle his hair, take off your clothes, put your clothes back on, suck his toes, kiss his balls, lick his cock. When he's good and aroused, scold him with something like, "I can't believe you think I'm that kind of girl." Spank him for leering at you. Lick his nose like Catwoman. Touch yourself. Rearrange your panty drawer. Call a girlfriend and make small talk while you nonchalantly stroke his erection. The key to his arousal—and yours—is to drive him wild with anticipation without letting him forget who's in charge. When you're ready, make him come.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*

CONFORM...

no citizen has the right to control his own land

The most coercive government sometimes is not the one in Washington, though it tries. It's more likely to be the one next door. These days the greatest threats to your pursuit of happiness come from your neighbors in the form of zoning board bureaucrats, planning commission design cops and pain-in-the-ass regulators.

Want to build a retirement home on that land you bought years ago in the Columbia River gorge? Sorry, your neighbor liked the view as much as you did. You now own an officially designated "scenic area" where you can look but not touch.

Want to park your pickup truck in your driveway? If you live in Flossmoor, Illinois, forget it. Parking pickups in driveways is illegal.

Want to change the color of your living room? A man's home is his castle, unless you live in Coral Gables, Florida, where town fathers charge residents $35 to get a permit for interior paint jobs. Building inspectors patrol the streets looking for painters' trucks parked at homes that have not paid the fee.

Want to write an article in your home office about absurd zoning violations? Better live outside of Los Angeles. The city prohibits freelance writers from working out of their homes in residential neighborhoods, fearing that the tap-tap-tap of their keyboards could devastate the quality of life.

Besides, what are you doing inside your home? You should be out working on your lawn. Pasadena, California tried to ban residents from allowing weeds to grow in their yards, a policy sometimes referred to as crabgrass fascism.

As these and many other recent examples show, local zoning officials across the nation have become petty dictators. Modern zoning laws presume that no citizen has a right to control his own land—and that every citizen has a right to control his neighbor's land.

The abuse of zoning laws began in the first years of the 20th century. A breakthrough ruling by the Supreme Court in 1926 held that zoning laws were justified exercise of the police power of the state. But precedents go back even earlier. Judge Lemuel Shaw, writing in 1851, held that: "Rights of property, like all other social and conventional rights, are subject to such reasonable limitations in their enjoyment as shall prevent them from being injurious." That makes sense. You shouldn't be able to turn just any property into an open-air rifle range. But by 1954, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas proclaimed: "The concept of public welfare is broad and inclusive; the values it represents are spiritual as well as physical, aesthetic as well as monetary. It is within the power of the legislature to determine that the community should be beautiful as well as healthy, spacious as well as clean, well balanced as well as carefully patrolled."

ROBERT KOPECKY

By JAMES BOVARD

While many people conceive of zoning as government acting to prevent sharply conflicting land uses such as an ammunition plant next to a day-care center, these laws have become far more invasive and arbitrary in recent years. Architectural correctness is a particularly tricky standard, yet it's enforced with an iron fist by local bureaucrats. Eleven states currently allow zoning restrictions based on aesthetic criteria alone. Officials in Laguna Beach, California prohibited a family from moving into its new home because inspectors decreed that the house had been painted the wrong shade of white. The Office of Code Enforcement in Alexandria, Virginia sent certified letters to 22 homeowners in June 1993 threatening to condemn their properties unless they touched up the chipping paint on their windowsills and door frames.

There is no statutory limit to the idiocy of zoning and planning boards. Stephen Page of Pacific Grove, California had to spend more than $600,000 and endure five years of bureaucratic hell to get permission to build his house. During one of the endless Architectural Review Board meetings on his request, one board member told Page: "In my former life as a seagull, I was flying up and down the California coastline and saw your house built shaped as a seashell, rather like a nautilus seashell, built out of driftwood and feathers, with the aperture facing out to sea." (We are not making this up.)

Zoning is not simply a question of local bureaucrats coming up with byzantine ordinances (or a community planning vision). The real abuse comes from enforcing those statutes

OR ELSE

but every citizen has the right to control his neighbor's land

with the weight of government.

A store owner in Princeton, New Jersey was threatened with a 90-day jail sentence in 1993 for the crime of having a few barbecue grills lined up in front of his hardware store. Though Irving Urken had put the grills and other goods outside his store for 57 years, a new zoning ordinance banned placing anything in front of the store—except books, flowers, plants, vegetables and newspapers.

East Hampton, New York issued a warrant for the arrest of a food shop owner guilty of an unauthorized exhibition of large orange gourds. Advertising executive Jerry Della Femina, who co-owns a local market, had a few dozen pumpkins stacked in front of his store. Village bureaucrats ruled that the pumpkins were the equivalent of a sign advertising the sale of pumpkins and thus that a sign permit was required.

In Skaneateles, New York the local government responded to one couple's zoning violations by sending in sheriff's deputies to arrest and jail the wife. The city then drove a backhoe through the $350,000 lakefront home, razing it completely. The house, it seems, was "too big." What's more, it had an indoor pool and a three-car garage. The owner, who had fought a seven-year zoning battle, claimed that a former inspector had given permission for the changes.

Malibu, California enacted a new zoning code in 1993 that defined nearly 80 percent of the homes in the city as nonconforming—and required that the nonconforming homes be torn down after 20 years. Hire your lawyer now, but don't get your hopes up.

Perhaps you believe that it is the duty of citizens to familiarize themselves with the law and to seek out clear rulings from regulators. In some cases, even that doesn't help.

In August 1993 Seal Beach, California ordered a homeowner to remove a 30-foot observation dome atop his house—even though the city's Planning Department had explicitly approved the house and dome design three years earlier. (The homeowner had built the dome so that his children could learn about astronomy.) The city council ordered the destruction of the dome because it didn't comply with zoning rules enacted after the dome's construction. (Never mind that 100 other buildings were granted exception from the new rule.) The dome came down.

In 1985 New York City gave a developer permission to build a 31-story apartment building. After the building was up, the city announced that its officials had misread their own zoning maps and demanded that 12 stories be slashed off the building. As a result of the city's ruling, the developer was forced to spend $1 million for a 7000-pound robot to demolish the extra space, floor by floor.

ROBERT KOPECKY

In September 1993 the New York City building commissioner bushwhacked Fordham University. Fordham had received permission from the city to build a 480-foot radio tower on its campus in the Bronx. After the radio tower was almost half finished, the city government reversed its position and revoked the building permit. The government's action cost Fordham more than half a million dollars.

Courts generally side with local government in any challenge, but that is not enough for some town officials. Planning bureaucrats consider their petty edicts to be above challenge. Newtown Borough, Pennsylvania requires citizens to pay a $10,000 nonrefundable fee in order to challenge the constitutionality of a local zoning ordinance.

The reigning principle of legislation in the former Soviet Union was "everything is prohibited which is not specifically permitted." The American Planning Association recommends a similar rule: "It is good practice to include a general 'violations' section in zoning regulations that, in part, says, 'It shall be a violation of this ordinance to make any use of property not expressly permitted by this ordinance or a permit or other approval granted hereunder.'" This is the situation that is already existing in many areas of the U.S. As consultant Dick Cowden observed, "Anyone who buys property and hopes to alter its use is considered, almost by definition, to be in violation of a land use plan."

Perhaps the single most controversial land use regulations at the national level concern wetlands. When the Environmental Protection Agency drafted regulations that closed wetlands to development, environmental groups applauded. Migratory birds, it seems, need a place to rest. What constitutes a wetland? According to the EPA, if a duck crossing state lines on its annual flight looks down and stops to refresh itself, we're talking wetland.

The "glancing geese" test sparked a full revolt. Journalists tell of developers unable to turn farms into a $5 million golf course, of farmers being unable to plant, of homeowners being arrested

for trying to grow grass in their backyards—because their property had been designated a wetland. One couple in Washington State had the bad luck to own a beautiful farm—ash groves and pastures. The state built a highway nearby and a drainage channel backed up and turned the pastures into a bog. The state then added insult to injury by labeling the bog a wetland. Because the land could no longer be farmed, the state canceled the land's agricultural status, recalculated the tax rate and demanded $8000 in back taxes.

The property rights movement has chosen an inspired weapon—the concept of "taking." If the government has intruded onto a citizen's property and interfered with the owner's property rights to such a degree that the conduct amounts to a constitutional taking, the government must purchase the property from the owner. Activists in Washington State pushed for reform that would have forced the state to compensate the property owner for the loss of his livelihood. (Say the feds find a spotted owl in your backyard. If they think the spotted owl is worth saving, let them pay for it.)

The foes of Washington Referendum 48 estimated that such a law would cost local governments from $278 million to $899 million a year, and that ultimate compensation costs would range from $3.8 billion to $11 billion. Darrell Harting, a supporter of the legislation, told the press: "If that's true, what the $11 billion really represents is how much money they've been stealing from individual property owners who were unlucky enough to have the so-called resource they were so concerned about protecting."

Government abuses of zoning laws were clearly foreseen back in 1926 by Supreme Court Justice Willis Van Devanter. While the majority of the Court held that a town could outlaw apartment buildings (calling them parasites on the neighborhood), Van Devanter dissented: "The plain truth is that the true object of the ordinance in question is to place all property in a straitjacket. The purpose to be accomplished is really to regulate the mode of living of persons who may hereafter inhabit the community." As the decision took note of the conflicting interests involved: "That our cities should be made beautiful and orderly is, of course, in the highest degree desirable, but it is even more important that our people should remain free."

Are we still free?

ZONING: 1 FIRST AMENDMENT: 0

how the design police killed free press

Coral Gables, a Miami suburb and the self-proclaimed City Beautiful, decreed in 1990 exactly which type of news racks the city will tolerate on its corners and sidewalks. "News racks shall have gloss brown pedestals, gloss beige sides and door and gloss brown coin box, coated per standard Sho-Rack specifications." The city zoning wizards further decreed: "The height of the cabinet top of all news racks shall be 39 inches above the finished grade level." The name of the newspaper in the box was permitted to be painted on the box in letters that were not larger than 1.75 inches. The ordinance also went into excruciating detail about where each news rack could be placed on the city's sidewalks. The ordinance mandated: "The Public Works Department shall prepare a scale drawing or aerial photograph of each news rack location showing the position and name of each news rack at that location."

Furthermore, the city ordinance proclaimed that one of its purposes was to "maintain and preserve freedom of the press."

In 1991, *Exito*, a new upscale Spanish-language newspaper, placed a handful of news racks in Coral Gables. *Exito* was a tabloid paper, and thus its boxes were shaped a little differently from those used by other newspapers. Worst of all, *Exito*'s vending boxes were bright purple.

The city promptly confiscated six news racks. (The town, with a population of 40,000, has its own news rack project manager.) In response, *Exito* sued, and federal judge Federico Moreno clobbered the city. The judge noted that the earth-tone colors gave the impression that the news racks contained bland publications and that "a uniform color essentially renders the news racks invisible, which is especially detrimental to new market entries such as *Exito*." The judge ruled that it was hypocritical for the city to demand uniformity among private news racks when the city's own trash barrels were multicolored and had much larger lettering than that permitted on news racks.

Coral Gables, unhappy with limits on its power, took Moreno's decision to a higher court. The appeals court upheld the zoning code, proclaiming that "reduction in visibility of news racks is the valid aesthetic interest to be served."

Exito appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. Coral Gables' brief to the Court proclaimed: "The First Amendment's free speech guarantee protects the expression of ideas, not the color of news racks." The Supreme Court agreed.

Within a week of the high court's rejection, 17 city governments contacted Coral Gables to get information on how to crack down on news racks. The Coral Gables news rack regulations epitomize how bureaucrats have become czars of everyday life. The Supreme Court noted in 1878: "Liberty of circulating is as essential to freedom of the press as liberty of publishing; indeed, without the circulation, the publication would be of little value." Nowadays, apparently, all that is necessary to stifle the press is a bureaucrat who cites hysterical fears of visual blight.

—JAMES BOVARD

READER

NAME THAT ZEALOT

We were pleasantly surprised by the breadth and depth of your responses to our request for a new moniker for the religious right ("The Playboy Forum," December). Could it have been the prize? After sorting through the hundreds of faxed, posted and e-mailed dictionary definitions and alluring alliterations, we culled our favorites over Sunday brunch. Here are a few from the top of the pile; we'll publish more and announce the winner next month.

The Morality Militia. I don't usually take a radical stand on issues, but it irritates me when any group thinks it has the right to impose its will. Here in Vermont, people tend to be quietly conservative but accepting of others with different views, especially if they mind their own business. I also admit that I've responded to your contest in a blatant attempt to win the prize and take a Playmate to a church social.

Don Schwartz
Ludlow, Vermont

The Faithmongers, the Brimstone Brigade or perhaps the Doctrinaires ("one who attempts to put in effect an abstract doctrine or theory with little or no regard for practical difficulties"). More to come later, but it's hockey night and we're playing the local Baptists, so I have to sharpen my stick.

Gord Galvin
Sunnyside, Newfoundland

Dextral Phalanx. Dextral means "inclined to the right," while phalanx refers to a close-knit group but also to a digit (as in extended middle finger).

Denzel and Nancy Ferguson
Bates, Oregon

Frenetophobes, which I derived from frenetic ("filled with extreme excitement; frantic; frenzied") and phobia ("a fear that has no basis in reality").

James Murphy
Laguna Niguel, California

Holy Willies, from the Robert Burns character who was a saint abroad and a devil at home. Or Sanctarians, because these phonies think they possess the holy of holies. Well, they can kiss my foot.

H.D. Watts
Waycross, Georgia

The Holy Foamers.

John Morrissey Jr.
Roselle, Illinois

Moralistas.

Bob Kimmel
San Diego, California

Let's call a spade a spade. The dictionary defines fascism as "a political philosophy or movement that stands for a centralized autocratic government and forcible suppression of opposition." If that doesn't sound like the religious right, I don't know what does.

John Milligan
North Hills, California

As it happens, Jesus himself had a name for these kinds of people, and I'm surprised more Christians don't see it: False Prophets.

Art Buffington
Pompano Beach, Florida

The New Pharisees. Like the Pharisees in the Bible, they would like to be religious and civic leaders, enforce a rigid standard of religious orthodoxy, are pompous in their display of "holiness" and, last but not least, they're all whited sepulchers.

James Orchard
Seattle, Washington

God's Older Brothers. This incorporates the "Big Brother is watching" concept along with the assumption of superiority (even to God), rightness and authority that are common in big brothers.

Doug Ward
Bend, Oregon

The Ten Commandants.

Eddie Mugarero
Nashville, Tennessee

The Perdition Coalition.

Dan McGraw
Pittsford, New York

Moral Monopoly Movement.

Jay King
St. Louis, Missouri

The Right-Offs, since they are certainly not right-on and you can write off anything they say.

Robert Reed
Elkhart, Indiana

God's Mob. These folks remind me of those crowds in old Frankenstein movies—the ones with the torches and the cries of "Kill the monster!" To quote Frank Zappa: "You can't run a country by a book of religion."

Alan Tignanelli
North Versailles, Pennsylvania

I think "The Ridiculous Right" (*The Playboy Forum*, December) does the job.

Rob Boyte
Gainesville, Florida

The Fundamental Mistakes.

Dale Miller
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

FOR THE RECORD

TEST PATTERN

"It's not ready. It's cumbersome and it's annoying."

"Basically a nuisance."

"My husband hated it. Instead of getting up and fiddling with it, he just watched sports."

—COMMENTS OF PARTICIPANTS IN A TRIAL OF THE V-CHIP PROGRAM-BLOCKING DEVICE

RESPONSE

Rippies, which could mean any number of things, including Righteous Ignorant Perot Pusher or Reactionary Intolerant Pious Privatizer.

Will Jackson
Los Angeles, California

Salemites.

Gary Bitson
Baldwin, Michigan

The Pious Posse. I can see the Reverend Pat Robertson out front with his Tom Mix hat on, slapping the shit out of his wonder horse Andrea and pursuing all the heretics who have refused to rescind their subscriptions to PLAYBOY! Hot damn!

Paul Burt
Lancaster, California

At last I found a moniker
That even they will really like,
Because it shows they still believe
In a world where things were right.

A time without abortion,
When prayers were said in school,
And you executed flag-burners
And godless heathens too.

When enlightened men empowered by God
Tortured Indians in their missions,
And sex was never pleasurable
Unless done in one position.

When earth was ruled by the faithful
Due to God's decision,
With all respect I nominate
The name Flat-Earth Christians.

Gary Fitzpatrick
Auburn, California

Have you considered calling them the Stonecasters? If you remember your Bible stories, there is a great moral tale about Christ saving the adulteress from the angry mob that was trying to stone her to death. He stopped them when he said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." It's obvious that the real fringe of the religious right considers themselves to be without sin.

Howard Robson
Mary Esther, Florida

The Moral Mafia. I can't think of a more appropriate name for people who say they're pro-life but shoot abortion doctors. As a Christian, I think the Lord wants me to reach out to people rather than to alienate them. Someone wrote to *Time* magazine a while back and said, "The church should stick to being a spiritual guide and stay out of politics." Amen.

Craig Hill
Dayton, Ohio

The Religiously Constipated, which is an accurate reflection of their inability to move beyond a certain level of religious and moral thinking.

Larry Sankey
Chicago, Illinois

In the early Fifties I joined a handful of people dedicated to introducing award-winning foreign films to U.S. audiences. I soon found myself in a 15-year battle with the followers of Joe McCarthy, the Legion of Decency and the wild-eyed John Birch Society. I called them the Fright Wing, and that still seems appropriate today.

James Selvidge
Las Vegas, Nevada

Bigots With Bibles.

Justin Dubin
Sunrise, Florida

The Thou Shalt Nots.

R.M. Hines
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

The Religious Blight.

J. Gibbs
Freeport, Illinois

If you are looking for a bumper sticker, how about I DON'T SUPPORT THE RELIGIOUS SPITE. I am an ordained minister who daily battles the ignorant, cruel and mean-spirited pharisaical ramblings of a minority of Christians. Believe it or not, many pastors hope that the problems facing this country can be solved in a much more grace-filled way than the Christian Coalition can imagine.

(Name and address withheld by request)

(concluded on page 43)

SCENE STEALER
Hugh M. Hefner's long-standing interest in cinema and censorship prompted his $50,000 backing of *The Celluloid Closet*, a wry, insightful documentary by Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman about gay images in Hollywood. A hit at the Toronto and New York film festivals, the picture aired on HBO in January, followed by a theatrical release this month.

FOUNDING FATHER FAKERY

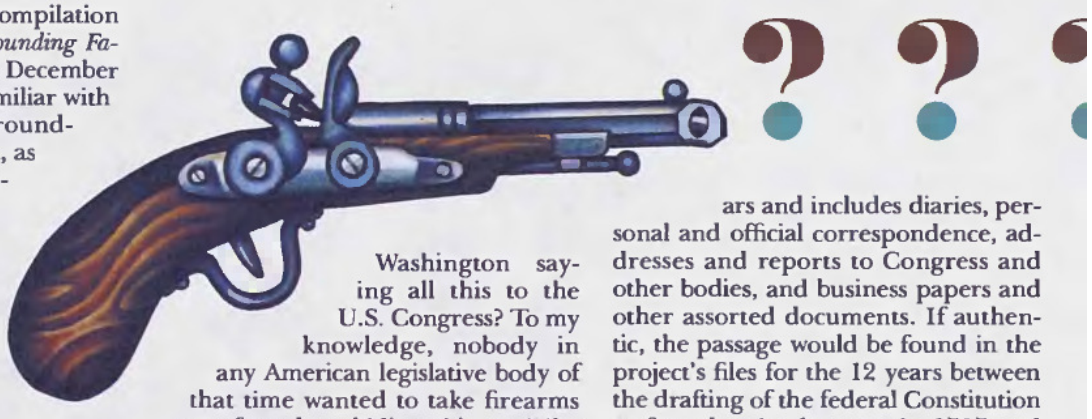
Editor's note: In the December Forum we published a quote that we attributed to George Washington in his address to the second session of the First U.S. Congress:

"Firearms stand next in importance to the Constitution itself. They are the American people's liberty teeth and keystone under independence. The church, the plow, the prairie wagon and citizens' firearms are indelibly related. From the hour the Pilgrims landed to the present day, events, occurrences and tendencies prove that, to ensure peace, security and happiness, the rifle and pistol are equally indispensable. Every corner of this land knows firearms, and more than 99 and 9⁹⁄₁₀₀ percent of them by their silence indicate that they are in safe and sane hands. The very atmosphere of firearms anywhere and everywhere restrains evil influence. They deserve a place of honor with all that's good. When firearms go, all goes. We need them every hour."

•

I note with interest the compilation *Once and for All: What the Founding Fathers Said About Guns* in the December *Forum*. Though passingly familiar with the modern literature surrounding the Second Amendment, as well as with original documents, I am unable to recall the quote attributed to George Washington in which he extols the paramount virtues of firearms possession. It's a wonderful quote—so wonderful, in fact, that I am surprised I hadn't run across it before. There are a number of things about the quote that excite my curiosity: First, could George Washington actually have used the phrase "prairie wagon" in any speech to anyone? The first citation in the *Oxford English Dictionary* of this type of wagon is from the *New York Tribune*, June 7, 1858. I could be mistaken, but if Washington were talking about wagons, he would have mentioned the Conestoga wagon, which was common from 1750. This larger wagon was succeeded by the smaller prairie schooner or prairie wagon in which many of our ancestors migrated westward before the establishment of the railway. If nothing else, the editors of the *OED* would be glad to have such an early printed usage of a phrase first cited some 70 years later. Second, would George Washington have talked about 99 and 9⁹⁄₁₀₀ percent of anything? This is so reminiscent of an advertisement for Ivory soap that I am, again, somewhat suspicious. Ivory soap first used the phrase "99 and 4⁴⁄₁₀₀ percent pure" in an advertisement in December 1882, and I know of no precedent for the phrase. Third, if the happy phrase "safe and sane" originates not with Thomas Lansing Masson (1866–1934)—who was talking about the Fourth of July—but with the father of our country, I am sure that the editors of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* would be delighted to hear of it.

There are other problems with language, sentence structure and whatnot, but nothing that I could with certainty say George Washington could not have said, only that he just didn't talk like that anywhere else. And nobody else of that time did either. Anachronisms aside, why is George Washington saying all this to the U.S. Congress? To my knowledge, nobody in any American legislative body of that time wanted to take firearms away from law-abiding citizens. Why is he talking as though someone did?



Perhaps it is merely my suspicious nature, but I have found in the past that anything too good to be true often is. Should this quote prove bogus, would you be so kind as to publish a clear notice to that effect? In such a charged political arena, many proponents of Second Amendment rights will eagerly seize on a clear, incontrovertible expression of legislative intent by one of our nation's great leaders. If the quote is not genuine in all respects, those who cite it will make fools of themselves and unwittingly harm the cause so dear to them.

David Lance Goines
Saint Hieronymus Press
Berkeley, California

The quote in one form or another has been around for at least ten years, which does not, we learned, mean it's accurate. The first citation we found was a 1985 "Guns & Ammo" editorial by Fred Kavey (we could not locate the author). Syndicated columnist Walter Williams and legal scholar Dan Schultz have passed along parts of the statement. Guys who stage clay-pigeon shoots with AR-15s use the quote. Mark Koernke, self-professed patriot and militia organizer, waves an AK-47 in the air and calls it "liberty teeth." We published a longer version taken from "The Gun Quote File" by Charles Curley, who pieced it together from sources on the Internet. Unfortunately, repetition does not make something true. We called Jack Warren, an assistant editor of the Papers of George Washington project at the University of Virginia and a specialist on the Washington presidency. Here's his expert opinion:

"This quotation is either a complete fabrication or a case of misattribution. No evidence that George Washington ever wrote or said anything remotely like this has been found among the nearly 140,000 Washington documents collected by the project. The project collection consists of copies of every Washington document known to scholars and includes diaries, personal and official correspondence, addresses and reports to Congress and other bodies, and business papers and other assorted documents. If authentic, the passage would be found in the project's files for the 12 years between the drafting of the federal Constitution (referred to in the text) in 1787 and Washington's death in 1799. A keyword search of the project's computer files for these years has failed to turn up any use by Washington of the word firearms as such. Washington followed the preferred usage of the day and usually wrote, simply, 'arms.' Other searches have failed to produce examples of Washington's use of the phrases teeth and keystone, prairie wagon, rifle and pistol, every corner of this land and need them every hour. Moreover, the rhetoric bears little resemblance to Washington's usual restrained style. The attribution of this passage to Washington's address to the opening of the second session of the First Congress is indisputably wrong, but that address holds a key to understanding

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY MC DONALD

what Washington thought about the role of arms in a free society. In that address, presented on January 8, 1790, he wrote that 'a free people ought not only to be armed but disciplined; to which end a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite.' He was anticipating the consideration of a militia bill by Congress and wanted to make sure that the law ensured the subordination of militiamen to properly constituted national authority. From his experience during the Revolutionary War, Washington regarded militias with distrust, and this view was reinforced by an armed uprising in western Massachusetts in 1786 and 1787, which confirmed his belief that armed citizens, without proper leadership and discipline, were just as likely to subvert lawful governments as to defend them.

"The conclusion to this address leaves little doubt that Washington considered the right to bear arms, like many other rights, subject to prudent limitations imposed by a freely elected government weighing the needs and circumstances of society. 'Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness,' he concluded. 'To the security of a free Constitution it contributes in various ways: by convincing those who are entrusted with the public administration that every valuable end of government is best answered by the enlightened confidence of the people; and by teaching the people themselves to know and value their own rights; to discern and provide against invasions of them; to distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority; between burdens proceeding from a disregard to their convenience and those resulting from the inevitable exigencies of society; to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the first, avoiding the last and uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance against encroachments with inviolable respect to the laws.' Although Washington never seems to have commented specifically on the meaning of the Second Amendment, he would probably regard the regulation of gun ownership by modern government as a 'necessary exercise of lawful authority' resulting from the 'inevitable exigencies of society.'"

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 41)

The Religious Reich, which suggests tyranny and intolerance by association with the Nazis, though I'm not sure this isn't too much of a stretch. I wanted to stress righteousness but also to differentiate from Biblical righteousness, which is characterized by humility, generosity, honesty and forbearance.

Rocky Frisco
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The Chosen Frozen. Like all zealots, they believe only they know best, so they are chosen. They also believe the best year this country ever had was 1955, and they would like to freeze that year for eternity.

Patrick Prescott
Albuquerque, New Mexico

The Geese of God. The goose is a surly bird that is prone to attack and squawk obnoxiously at the slightest provocation.

Mark Lee
Lamy, New Mexico

The Parrot Patrol, since they all say the same thing over and over, without thinking.

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas

The Oral Minority.

Lee Heglar
St. Petersburg, Florida

Chiliasts. If you say it fast a couple of times, it begins to sound even more foreboding.

Cloyde Brown
Fort Worth, Texas

Virtuecrats, because they're blind to the fact that moral action is impossible unless individuals have the ability to choose.

Steven Rosile
Lawrence, Kansas

Weno Betterists.

Brad Martin
Durham, North Carolina

The simplest word is theocrat, defined as "a person or persons who favor a theocracy." To quote Ralph Reed, leader of the Christian Coalition, "What Christians have got to do is to take back this country, one precinct at a time, one neighborhood at a time and one state at a time."

Thomas Stubbs Jr.
Temple Hills, Maryland

Fundamentists. Widespread acceptance of this term would be likely for quite a while, especially among those who never crack a dictionary and who would assume "fundamentalist" is the same thing. Fundament can mean the buttocks or anus.

Doris Bryant
Fredonia, Kansas

One old method of casting aspersion is to merge the current political parties with unattractive aspects of the enemy. Thus the Smuglicans.

Feudi Pandola
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Preacher Creatures.

A. Duncan
San Jose, California

Halo Heads.

Joan Rosati
Woodstock, Illinois

The Self-Righteous Punority, since the pun is the lowest form of humor and they use the lowest form of rhetoric.

A.K. Cardinal
Amity, Oregon

The Wee Right.

Rick Fox
Buena Vista, Colorado

Eleanor Clift offered an appropriate label during a session of television's *The McLaughlin Group*. She called them Shiite Republicans.

Steve Slivka
Carol Stream, Illinois

Why not a game to name left-wing zealots? They have many crazy ideas to take my hard-earned money, to tell me how to live my life and to control my private property, and they force me to support those who refuse to educate themselves or to work. Be fair, as PLAYBOY claims to be.

Jack Jacox
Columbus, Ohio

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

RUBBERNECKING

NEWARK—*A New Jersey air-traffic controller took it upon himself to keep the airways clean when he refused to let a plane towing a condom advertisement fly over*

the Meadowlands, the Giants' stadium in East Rutherford. A civil liberties group called the ban a clear violation of free speech. The FAA admitted that "agency policy on access to airspace is not based on an advertiser's message" and said it would investigate. A spokesman for Ramses, which commissioned the flight, called it a safe-sex promotion aimed at an ideal audience of young football enthusiasts.

PC MANIA

WALWORTH COUNTY, WISCONSIN—*Local authorities were obliged to permit the Ku Klux Klan to hold a rally, but a Lake Geneva resident expressed misgivings about labeling the KKK a "hate group." Agreeing that the term showed bias and insensitivity, the county board drafted a policy resolution covering demonstrations by "unhappy groups," urging any protesters to conduct themselves peacefully.*

RX ABORTION

IDAHO—*In Idaho, only four communities (out of 44 surveyed) provide abortion services. Rural physicians polled there cite personal objections to abortion, or say they fear community pressure. But half of the doctors prescribe the morning-after pill, and 25 percent said they would consider suggesting RU-486, the abortion pill, if it were to become available in the U.S.*

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO—*Randy Jorgensen, owner of some 80 Adults Only Video stores, announced that his nationwide chain would join the White Ribbon Against Pornography Week campaign. Jorgensen's stores want to distribute fact sheets on the deleterious social effects—or lack of them—of pornography, erotica and obscenity. Organizers of the event denounced the unexpected support as a publicity stunt.*

JURY SUPREME

ARIZONA—*Did you ever find yourself screaming at the TV during the O.J. trial? Did you think you could have asked better questions than Marcia or Johnnie? Now, if you live in Arizona, you may have the chance. Henceforth, Arizona jurors will be allowed to submit to a judge written questions for witnesses and request judicial permission to discuss evidence during the course of civil trials. Also, jurors can be furnished notebooks containing material relevant to the case.*

GAY SOLDIERS

LONDON—*A Queen's Bench decision ruled that England's armed services retain the authority to discharge known homosexuals whose activities, though decriminalized under civil law, are deemed a violation of military discipline. The ruling, not unlike the awkward U.S. policy of "Don't ask, don't tell," puts the British somewhere between the Dutch, who tolerate gays as senior officers if they forgo sex within their units, and the Germans, who accept no admitted homosexuals as army regulars.*

HIV RISKS

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*The transmission of HIV from men to women is nearly ten times greater than that of women to men. Findings from a University of California study indicate that almost 20 percent of the female sex partners of HIV-infected males became HIV positive during the ten-year study, while only two percent of male partners of HIV-infected females contracted the virus. Associated risk factors were lack of condom use, number of sexual contacts, a history of sexually transmitted diseases in the female partner and injection drug use by the male.*

BABES, BRAS & BOSSES

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA—*A group of women employed at a mortgage company got a dose of the double standard when they filed a sexual harassment complaint against their bosses. The women stated that their supervisors—who were all female—got into explicit anatomical conversations about their bodies and those of their employees. One worker said she was made to lift her blouse in front of a mirror to compare chest size with her boss. The presiding judge ruled that, though the workplace resembled a "bawdy sorority," the environment did not threaten their jobs and that the sexually suggestive comments did not have the same hostile impact that statements by male bosses would have.*

DEMON DEBS

INDIANAPOLIS—*When it comes to demon rum, school officials and the Parent Teacher Organization of North Central High School evidently believe in the power of a preemptive strike. The 1000 or so students who showed up for the annual homecoming dance found themselves herded into long lines to undergo Breathalyzer tests. The results confirmed that the students were, in fact, sober. So much for the presumption of innocence.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have cerificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!"*

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for $29.95 and send it to:

JOHN WRIGHT
Dept. 230
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.
Suite 3065
Santa Monica, CA 90405

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa, MasterCard or Discover—be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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Tank-mounted speedo provides maximum readability with minimum clutter.

1500 CLASSIC

Sure, it could hang in a museum. But the Vulcan™ 1500 Classic wasn't built to stand still. Not with the biggest production V-Twin on earth just begging to be unleashed. And a ride that's signature Kawasaki, made liquid-smooth by a crankshaft balancer and low-maintenance shaft drive. True, you could just sit there and stare, but we suggest you crank it up, turn it loose and let it do what a cruiser's meant to do.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

© 1996 Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A. For the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-661-RIDE. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and proper apparel. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. Specifications subject to change. Availability may be limited.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN TRAVOLTA

a candid conversation with hollywood's comeback kid about family, loyalty, taking risks and the difference one good film can make

As John Travolta saunters through the clubhouse of the Mountain Gate Country Club near Brentwood, California, there's no mistaking his star wattage. Celebrities are as common as sunny days in southern California, and, with few exceptions, barely warrant a turned head. But no one in the snack shop even pretends not to notice Travolta. "Tom Cruise has no idea of the kind of stardom John Travolta has experienced most of his life," says "Pulp Fiction" director Quentin Tarantino.

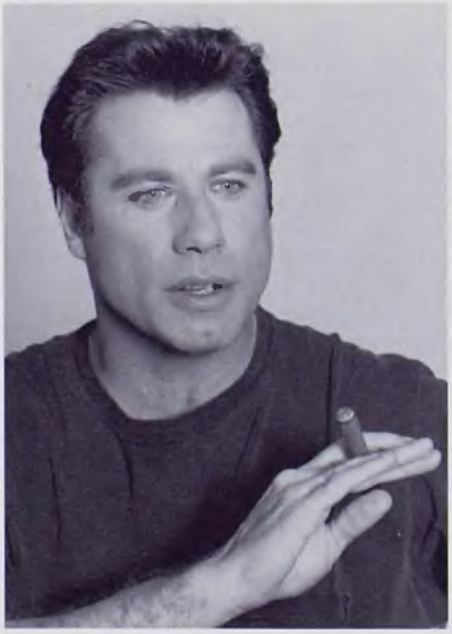
Dressed head-to-heel in black, he joins his foursome at a table. He's been shooting action sequences for "Broken Arrow" at night and losing a lot of sleep in the process. His hair stands in a variety of tufts and cowlicks, and the famous cleft chin is covered by two days' stubble. When a member of his group asks him about a rumor that he's been offered $10 million for his next picture, Travolta lowers his head as if embarrassed, his voice dropping to a whisper. "My son," he says, "is going to be really rich someday."

There's talk in Hollywood these days that Travolta will be nominated for an Oscar for his performance in "Get Shorty" as the confident and charming Chili Palmer, a small-time Miami hood who becomes enamored with the possibilities of a second career in the movie business. Based on the Elmore Leonard novel, the movie is a comic fable about the promise Hollywood holds for anyone who dreams of reinventing themselves. No one personifies that theme more than Travolta, who in 1994 returned from professional oblivion in the surprise hit "Pulp Fiction." In one year he rose from playing second banana to a pair of talking dogs in "Look Who's Talking Now" to an Academy Award nomination.

This month Travolta will redirect his career again with the release of the action thriller "Broken Arrow," directed by Hong Kong legend John Woo. Co-starring with Christian Slater and ex–football star Howie Long, this time out Travolta gets to play the heavy—an Air Force major and stealth bomber pilot gone bad, who steals nuclear warheads in an extortion plot against his own government.

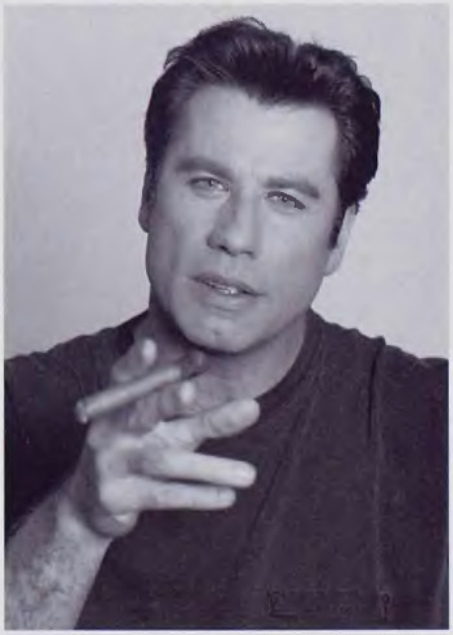
It's another unpredictable turn in the career of Travolta, who was born 42 years ago in Englewood, New Jersey, the youngest of six children, several of whom also entered show business. (His sister Ellen appeared on the long-running TV comedy "Charles in Charge.") He recalls his childhood as a profoundly happy time, and the closeness of his large family has remained the cornerstone of his adult life. His mother, Helen, was an actress and drama teacher who encouraged her son's interest in the performing arts. Salvatore, his father, a semipro football player and co-owner of a tire store, built a miniature stage in their basement, where the children could put on their own shows. With his parents' blessing, Travolta dropped out of high school at the age of 16 to pursue an acting career in New York City. Although he was initially satisfied to find work in summer theater, off-Broadway productions and commercials, his manager, Bob LeMond, believed Travolta was destined for greater things on the West Coast. Between stints in the road company of "Grease" and the Broadway musical "Over Here," Travolta went to Hollywood, where he landed numerous guest roles on prime-time dramas. He graduated to teen-idol status as Vinnie Barbarino on the hit comedy series "Welcome Back, Kotter." Twenty years later, the Seventies sitcom is still running in syndication.

During the filming of a TV movie, "The Boy in the Plastic Bubble," Travolta, then 22, became passionately involved with Diana Hyland, the 40-year-old actress who played his mother. They were together a year, until she became ill with cancer. She died in his arms in 1977. Their relationship, and the circumstances of her death, became a favorite topic for the tabloids. As a result, the usually personable star became wary of all



"When you fly jets, you know what you're dealing with. You'd be an ostrich if you pretended it wasn't potentially life-threatening. But I don't think about people I love being there. I'd rather it would be just me."

"When I get up, my hair is in a thousand cowlicks and I look puffy. One morning, I walked in and Gene Hackman was shocked by how bad I looked. He said, 'Oh my God, makeup and hair do wonders for you.'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I never defended Scientology. The word defend means you have to justify it. I never felt it needed to be defended, because it was too great ever to be defended. I feel more of an urge to enlighten others about it."

press and progressively withdrew from the public eye.

Travolta's career as a film actor can be divided into three stages. After a supporting role in the teen thriller "Carrie," his rise came in a series of signature films from 1976 to 1980. As Tony Manero in "Saturday Night Fever," Travolta became a central figure of the disco era, and earned an Oscar nomination for his convincing blend of teen angst, raw sexuality and compelling dance routines. From there, he moved to light musical comedy in "Grease," a relatively uninspired adaptation of the Broadway hit that became the phenomenally successful Hollywood musical. Travolta's roll continued as the hugely successful "Urban Cowboy" ushered America from disco to country.

But with the success came pain in his personal life. Two years after Hyland's death, Travolta's mother passed away from cancer. He relocated to an isolated ranch north of Santa Barbara, California, where he indulged his enthusiasm for exotic cars and aircraft; he studied French, flying and art history, took violin lessons and traveled the world.

The second stage of his career was a case of overnight failure. Between "Urban Cowboy" and "Pulp Fiction" he made 12 pictures, all duds, the biggest hit being "Staying Alive," the critically hammered sequel to "Saturday Night Fever" directed by Sylvester Stallone. Almost as depressing as the bombs were the missed opportunities—movies he was offered but turned down, such as "American Gigolo," "An Officer and a Gentleman," "Prince of the City," "Arthur" and "Splash."

He sold his California ranch and moved to Spruce Creek, Florida, a "fly-in" development—luxury homes built around a private airfield—near Daytona Beach. He fell in love again, this time with actress Kelly Preston, his co-star from "The Experts." They were married in Paris, by a Scientology minister in a private ceremony in 1991, and have a three-year-old son, Jett.

The only career bright spot was the popular success of the lowbrow romantic comedy "Look Who's Talking" and its progressively less-charming sequels. Travolta has a piece of the profits in the modestly budgeted trilogy, and his share has reached into the millions of dollars. But the promise of his early years seemed broken. In the view of a new generation of Hollywood executives, the actor once ordained by "New Yorker" critic Pauline Kael as the next Brando was now on a par with John Ritter and Steve Guttenberg.

Then came stage three, from "Pulp Fiction" to the present. As Travolta says, "One movie can make you, and one movie can remake you." Capitalizing on his comeback, he worked nonstop for 15 months, completing four films in that period: "Get Shorty," "White Man's Burden," "Broken Arrow" and the upcoming fantasy "Phenomenon." Additionally, he's committed to "Lady Takes an Ace" (with Sharon Stone) and a political thriller, "Dark Horse." According to published reports, his combined salaries for these pictures exceed $40 million. Spurred by the runaway success of "Get Shorty," his asking price for the Nora Ephron comedy "Michael" has escalated to $21 million.

In a more obscure if telling measure of Travolta's resurgence, film critic Gene Siskel, who, in March 1978, purchased the white suit the actor wore in "Saturday Night Fever" for $2000 at a charity auction, sold the suit last summer for $145,500—about the same amount Travolta was paid to appear in "Pulp Fiction."

We sent freelancer **Judson Klinger,** *who interviewed Travolta for us in December 1978, to find out if stardom is sweeter the second time around. Here's Klinger's report:*

"When I arrived at the set of 'Broken Arrow' on the Fox lot, I hadn't laid eyes on Travolta in more than ten years, and the sight of the bulked-up actor in military hair and fatigues took some getting used to. But as anyone who's been around John for more than five minutes will tell you, there isn't a nicer human being in Hollywood. He's a better person than he is a player. And in that sense, he's the same friendly, charming guy I met in the Seventies.

"Back in those days, he used his sizable charm as a defense mechanism, masking the fact that he was a bit overwhelmed by the circumstances of his life, both good and bad. This time around, despite an intense work schedule, he was always relaxed—an expansive storyteller brimming with confidence, who frequently displayed a self-deprecating sense of humor. These qualities have been exhibited in his recent performances.

He deserved to have a hot actor. But they couldn't talk Quentin out of it. He said, "Either you do it with John, or I'm not doing it."

"Our opening sessions took place during the production of 'Broken Arrow,' in his trailer and at various locations around Los Angeles. We wrapped up the interview during a weekend at his vacation home on a small island in Maine's Penobscot Bay. The secluded 20-room château, surrounded by acres of pines, overlooks the ocean and comfortably accommodates up to 50 guests. He bought it because Christmas is his favorite holiday, and he wanted a place big enough to house his extended family. When time allows, he loves to decorate the place for the season; two years ago, he put a Christmas tree in every bedroom.

"The importance of family is his favorite topic, and in Maine he can downshift and become a doting dad and husband. He seems to enjoy nothing better than cracking a plate of lobster for dinner, followed by good conversation and a fine Cuban cigar. He smokes them, he says, not because it's become fashionable in Hollywood circles to do so, but because they remind him of his father."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with a question you probably haven't heard before. How does it feel to be back?

TRAVOLTA: [*Laughs*] Actually, about seven years ago, when *Look Who's Talking* opened, that was kind of my comeback.

PLAYBOY: The *Look Who's Talking* trilogy has been enormously successful from a financial standpoint, but it can't compare with the one-two punch of *Pulp Fiction* and *Get Shorty*.

TRAVOLTA: Those films have greater credibility, artistically. With *Look Who's Talking*, I got as warm a reception, it just wasn't on a serious level. It was more like, "Oh, it's good to see you up there on the screen, and you're very funny." But it would be foolish of me to pretend *Look Who's Talking* doesn't exist. It actually brought a lot of joy to a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: As we recall, when *Pulp Fiction* premiered at the Cannes Film Festival, you were hailed as if you were a conquering hero.

TRAVOLTA: I've said it before and I meant it: The reaction to me in *Pulp Fiction* from journalists, the critics and the public warmed my heart. I didn't realize how much love and support and goodwill there was out there. I was blown away.

PLAYBOY: So you are sensitive to what the press writes about you?

TRAVOLTA: Of course. There was an article in the *Los Angeles Times* in which film critic Pauline Kael was asked about me. This was before *Pulp Fiction*. She said something like, "He's so essential and valuable to American cinema that he's sorely needed." For me to hear that, especially when the chips were down, made me feel like, "Oh my God. I better do something good. I better live up to this!" It made me feel that people were glad I was alive.

PLAYBOY: We'll talk more about *Pulp Fiction* in a bit. You also got raves for your follow-up film, *Get Shorty*. What appealed to you about the premise of a Mafia wise guy who metamorphoses into a movie producer?

TRAVOLTA: I liked the idea that Chili Palmer was gifted, but in the wrong profession. He was a good loan shark, but he was really better suited for the movie industry. I also liked his childlike interest in film.

PLAYBOY: Were you an Elmore Leonard fan before you made *Get Shorty*?

TRAVOLTA: No. I was introduced to the book by Quentin Tarantino and Danny DeVito. I think Quentin had optioned a couple of Leonard's books that haven't yet been turned into films.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Tarantino had to talk you into taking the part?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. I read the script and there

was something incomplete about it. Then Quentin and Danny said, "You have to read the book." They were right. The book was the essence of what they were trying to do, and that made me realize what had to be done to fix the script. I said, "Elmore's dialogue is so fabulous, but in the script it's been paraphrased. You've taken off the edge." Then I gave them an example by reading a whole scene from the book, then from the script. Scott Frank, the screenwriter, got what I was saying immediately. He said he'd go back through the script with my notes. Afterward, it was spot on.

PLAYBOY: You have an interesting chemistry with Rene Russo, who plays a B-movie actress in the film. Had you met her previously?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. In fact, she screen-tested for *Urban Cowboy*. She was adorable then, and I've always liked her. She has a great sense of humor. She's down-to-earth, very smart and perceptive. She knows who she is.

PLAYBOY: She looks great in the film, and they also gave your character quite a stylish look—for a Miami loan shark.

TRAVOLTA: [*Laughs*] They really lit me well and dressed me sharply. It's quite a contrast to what I usually look like.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I'll usually take a shower the night before shooting so I can get up and go right to the set. But when I get up, my hair is in a thousand different cowlicks and I look puffy. One morning, I walked into the makeup trailer, and Gene Hackman was in there, and he was just shocked by how bad I looked. He said, "Oh my God, makeup and hair do wonders for you."

PLAYBOY: Was he joking?

TRAVOLTA: He was dead serious. He took a long look at me and said, "John, in movies, you should always wear hair and makeup." I said, "Well, Gene, I wouldn't go looking like this." We laughed.

PLAYBOY: Earlier in your career, you did more leading-man roles. But with *Pulp Fiction* and *Get Shorty*, you're in ensemble situations. Is it easier when you know you don't have to carry every scene and that the success of the movie doesn't rest solely on your drawing power?

TRAVOLTA: I don't mind being responsible for a whole movie. If you know your character and you believe in your character, you already have freedom, regardless of the responsibility. But it's always more fun to act with other people you admire. Psychologically you think you're gonna be better with them, because you're getting to play on par. You get to play with the big boys.

PLAYBOY: Your latest film, *Broken Arrow*, in which you and Christian Slater play Air Force pilots, has been described as "*Speed* on a bomber." It's your first full-on action movie. How grueling were the action sequences?

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TRAVOLTA: They weren't, except for the cockpit scene. We were in tight quarters and Christian and I had to fight. We had some good laughs, but it was hard.

PLAYBOY: You two have similar backgrounds. For instance, both of you come from acting families.

TRAVOLTA: We do have a lot in common. Christian and I probably have more similarities in our backgrounds than any other two actors in town. Both child actors. We both had the New York thing going. And, as a kid, he was in a musical on Broadway. No one knows that. He did the remake of *The Music Man*.

PLAYBOY: There is one significant difference: Although you both achieved success at an early age, you managed to sidestep the drug–booze–rehab cycle.

TRAVOLTA: That's because I had Scientology on my side. Who knows what would have happened to me if I hadn't?

PLAYBOY: Didn't you say that without it you wouldn't have lived any longer than John Belushi?

TRAVOLTA: I think I would have found a way of destroying myself. Not his way, but my own way.

PLAYBOY: You sound convinced.

TRAVOLTA: Yes. How can I put this? I was too empathetic to the human condition ever to have made it without the help of something that helps people get through rough times. I can walk into a room and, like a magnet, I'll find the person who is bummed out. Now, I can actually help someone. But before I would have empathized and felt like there was no hope.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Scientology was a substitute for getting involved with drugs and alcohol?

TRAVOLTA: Not that the other stuff wasn't interesting, it just never made me feel particularly good. It never bailed me out of anything. I realized that addictive things would bring me south, whereas everything in Scientology is designed to bring you north. If anything, that was more intriguing to me because I kind of knew where the other stuff would lead.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about how Scientology courses work. Do you have to go every day?

TRAVOLTA: It depends. Next week I'll do a certain aspect, and that'll be every day for ten days. I was on one course for a couple years because I did it part-time. I could get to it only two or three times a week. Other times you're free and you can go every day until you finish the course.

PLAYBOY: What subjects do the courses deal with?

TRAVOLTA: One time you might be interested in dealing with something about your family. The next time could be finances or administration. There are so many different courses that you could spend years entertaining yourself. It all depends on what you want to deal with, or advance yourself in, or create more ability in.

PLAYBOY: Do you attend many of the gala events at the Hollywood Scientology center?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, I do. If I'm in town, I'll go to a function. There are usually a dozen a year, and I might make about four or five of them.

PLAYBOY: What goes on at those parties?

TRAVOLTA: There'll usually be some great piece of news, say about how Scientology has helped people get through the bombings in the Middle East. Scientologists are all over the planet trying to help people, so at these events you'll hear news of a breakthrough where they successfully helped in some situation. Take the Oklahoma City bombing: Scientologists were all over that place—trying to help people out of the building, trying to help people recover from their injuries. They were given some merit for contributing on a stellar level. You don't go just to yap at one another.

PLAYBOY: Since you've been involved, has Scientology reached a higher level of public acceptance?

TRAVOLTA: Oh, totally. The difference between now and 15 years ago is amazing.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend less time defending it from attacks in the press?

TRAVOLTA: I never defended Scientology. The word defend means you have to justify it. I never felt it needed to be defended, because it was too great ever to be defended. I feel more of an urge to enlighten others about it.

PLAYBOY: Enlighten us now about *Pulp Fiction*. How did you first meet Quentin Tarantino?

TRAVOLTA: I was told he was a big fan, that he wanted to work with me. I knew he was really a hot item at the time, and I thought, Isn't that refreshing? There's some new talent who feels that way about me. Someone other than Pauline Kael is interested in my surviving in the cinema. This is good. [*Laughs*] Then, after watching *Reservoir Dogs* I thought, Hmm, what am I in for here?

PLAYBOY: What did you think of that movie?

TRAVOLTA: I was startled by it. It scared me. Yet I found myself attracted to Michael Madsen's character. Then I wondered why I found him so compelling, when he was doing such awful things. It made me want to meet Quentin. So we had lunch at the Four Seasons Hotel, and then we made a second appointment. At this point, there was no job or reason to get together. I would be doing something to make a serious fan happy, which was playing board games with him. [*Laughs*] I was basically making a dream come true for Quentin Tarantino.

PLAYBOY: We've heard the story of how he got you to play the *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *Saturday Night Fever* board games. What would the Quentin Tarantino board game be?

TRAVOLTA: The categories would be movies, television and fast food. It would depend on how much movie and TV trivia you knew. If you could name the character in *Rio Bravo* who did whatever, you would move forward. That would be the Quentin Tarantino game.

PLAYBOY: Where did you play?

TRAVOLTA: At his house. And the strange thing is that when I got his address, I recognized it. It was the address of an apartment building in Hollywood that I had lived in. I thought, Wouldn't it be amazing if he were in the same apartment? When I got there, I knocked on his door and said, "Before you say anything, let me tell you something about the apartment you live in. You have maroon and pink tile in your bathroom. Your refrigerator is on the north wall. You have an oddly designed window in the bedroom." I named about a half-dozen things. He went nuts! He said, "How do you know that?" I said, "I used to live in this apartment. I was cast in *Carrie* and *Welcome Back, Kotter*—two of your favorites—in this apartment, and now you're living in it." We couldn't get over that.

PLAYBOY: You're sure it wasn't the premeditated working of an obsessed fan?

TRAVOLTA: No. At least I don't think so!

PLAYBOY: In a city with thousands of apartments, that's quite a coincidence. Is that when he talked to you about *Pulp Fiction*?

TRAVOLTA: No. All he said was that he was working on a script, but that it wouldn't be the one for me. When I left, he even said, "I don't know when I'll have something for us to do, but one day. . . ." I said, "Well, that's fine. It was fun meeting you. I didn't come here thinking I was getting a job."

PLAYBOY: The next thing you know, he sends you the script in Vancouver, where you're making the third installment of *Look Who's Talking*.

TRAVOLTA: When I read it, I liked it. And the way he made it sound was that if I liked it, I could do it. But then I thought, Wait a minute. This is a little too good to be true. It's very sweet that he called me and wants me for this, but he'll never be able to get me in it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

TRAVOLTA: At that point I wasn't exactly an A-list star, according to the studios. I knew people were going to try to talk him out of casting me, especially when I heard there were five people who were hotter than hell who wanted the part.

PLAYBOY: Can you name names?

TRAVOLTA: No. I just thought Quentin would be talked out of casting me. And I wouldn't have blamed anyone, because he deserved to have a hot actor in that part. But they couldn't talk Quentin out of it. Finally he said, "Look, either you do it with John, or I'm not doing the movie."

PLAYBOY: He put the entire project on the line for you?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, and don't think I didn't

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feel the pressure the first two weeks of filming. I thought, Oh God, man, here I am. Not only did Quentin have to fight for me, but how do I show them that he made the right choice?

PLAYBOY: Were you uncertain?

TRAVOLTA: I never lack confidence in my acting. But I worry that others won't get it until they see the whole performance. I'm a peculiar actor. I don't make your average choices, so I can't give you the totality of a performance in one scene. I'm just going to give you that scene and be honest to that scene. But Quentin knew what I was doing, because he saw it in rehearsals.

PLAYBOY: But you were worried about Tarantino getting phone calls from panicky studio executives.

TRAVOLTA: Yes, and in fact, I'm sure there were such phone calls. But I couldn't panic and go, "OK, I'm going to give you my whole performance in the first two scenes because you're impatient." I had to say, "OK, I'm going to do what we rehearsed and they'll have to see the performance unfold when it's all done." Even Quentin didn't know the level of performance I gave until it was all done.

PLAYBOY: Explain.

TRAVOLTA: Sometimes the things I do are subtle and you don't always catch them on the set. You just see them on-screen. Quentin kept getting excited about what he discovered in the editing room.

PLAYBOY: What is it like working with Quentin?

TRAVOLTA: He's a film enthusiast. And you're safe, because he wants you to do well. Then add in that you're, like, his favorite actor. So there's little you can do wrong. I was free to create on a level I wasn't even aware of. I was in a zone unprecedented in my experience.

PLAYBOY: Quentin is also an actor. Did that make a difference to you?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. I love directors who are actors, especially if they can actually act. If there was ever a line that I didn't agree with, or didn't like, I could say, "You do it." He'd do it and say, "You're right. It doesn't work. Let's change it." I was the only one who felt like we could change things. Everyone else treated that script like it was the Bible. I didn't feel that way. I added a line here and there, or even a word or two, which changed the whole tone of my character.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

TRAVOLTA: Like when Marvin's head blows up in my face. As it was written, there was more of a dramatic reaction to that. I added, "I shot Marvin in the face," like I'd stepped on his toe. I knew if I didn't say that, it wouldn't be funny. If I had to do something that gross and not expect the audience to get grossed-out and leave the theater, I had to put a twist on it. So I thought, The nature of man is to lessen the bad things he does. He shoots this guy's head off and it's like, "I shot Marvin in the face," like it was nothing. And add to it, "You must have hit a bump or something." [*Laughs*] It was so clear there was no bump. Sam Jackson says, "I didn't hit no bump!"

PLAYBOY: You're saying that the black comedy of *Pulp Fiction* worked well to mitigate the graphic violence.

TRAVOLTA: Yes. And all the people who Quentin cast are inherently funny. Sam Jackson, Bruce Willis, Harvey Keitel, Rosanna Arquette. Eric Stoltz is hilarious. We're all actors who look for humor, even in dramatic characters.

PLAYBOY: John Woo, the legendary Hong Kong filmmaker who's directing *Broken Arrow,* is an idol of Tarantino's. Did Quentin encourage you to do this movie?

TRAVOLTA: No, John Woo actually pursued me with two different scripts, and allowed me to choose which one I wanted to do. Knowing that Quentin loves John Woo helped me. He introduced me to Woo's movies. In one way or another, Quentin is probably responsible for three movies I've done since *Pulp Fiction*—movies he would give his seal of approval on, if he were managing my career. Which, until he got busy, he was.

PLAYBOY: He was your de facto manager?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. He loves me in the true sense of the word. It's the coolest thing anyone has ever done in my life. I've never seen such selflessness. Generous is too easy a word. All he wants is to see me do well, but on his terms. I mean, he's specific. And it doesn't mean a hit movie, by the way. All it means is good movies.

PLAYBOY: It must be comforting, in Hollywood, to have a person behind you who isn't promoting some personal agenda.

TRAVOLTA: He's amazing. This is quintessential Quentin: He calls me from Stockholm. *Pulp Fiction* is at the height of its success, and he's talking to me about how he arranged a screening for 200 people to see *Blow Out* the way it should be seen, on an 80-foot screen. He went into depth about every scene that he liked—for 30 minutes he went on about a performance of mine that was 15 years old. Not about our mutual success with *Pulp Fiction,* but about a screening of *Blow Out.*

PLAYBOY: He seems to live and breathe movies 24 hours a day, with almost no other interests. How long do you think he can go without being distracted by anything else in life?

TRAVOLTA: A long time, because it's what keeps him alive. For me, outside of acting—which is my favorite thing to do—aviation is the juice that keeps me alive. I've never lost interest in flying since I was five years old. Filmmaking is that way for him.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you once considered giving up show business to become a commercial pilot?

TRAVOLTA: No. But it's true that I wanted to become a commercial pilot, just because it would be cool to say I was one.

PLAYBOY: How do you think people would react if they boarded a plane and heard the flight attendant announce, "Your captain for today's flight is John Travolta"?

TRAVOLTA: I think they'd like it. I mean, I'd like it if I heard Mel Gibson was the pilot. That'd be cool.

PLAYBOY: How many jets do you own?

TRAVOLTA: Three. A Vampire (a British fighter), a Lear and a Gulfstream II.

PLAYBOY: Do you own any propeller planes?

TRAVOLTA: No. I used to have fabulous propeller planes. I had two airliners at one point: a Constellation—a four-engine propeller—and a DC-3—a twin-engine propeller airliner.

PLAYBOY: Do you always fly your own jets, or do you have other pilots?

TRAVOLTA: I have a full-time copilot and a part-time copilot, both of whom are also captains. On the Learjet I travel with a copilot. Sometimes on the Gulfstream I'll travel with two extra pilots, depending on the length of the trip. If I'm going to Europe I might want to switch seats with somebody.

PLAYBOY: Do your jet ratings go beyond those of professional airline pilots?

TRAVOLTA: It's a luxury to have a jet rating of any sort. But when you start to get multiple jet ratings it's rarer. An airline pilot is checked out on a 727 and a 747, let's say. Two separate ratings. Well, add five or six more to that and you get quite a portfolio.

PLAYBOY: About three years ago, you experienced an electrical power failure on a night flight from Florida to Maine. Did you know where you were when everything began to go wrong?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. I was near Washington. There was intermittent light coming through the layer of weather, so you could see there was a big city below. But when we lost electric, we lost every system. We had a series of seven consecutive failures that were contagious. Since then, all that's been corrected.

PLAYBOY: How did ground control know you were in trouble?

TRAVOLTA: We reported it before the radio went out. We had three minutes left on backup, which is the battery, basically. It drained everything.

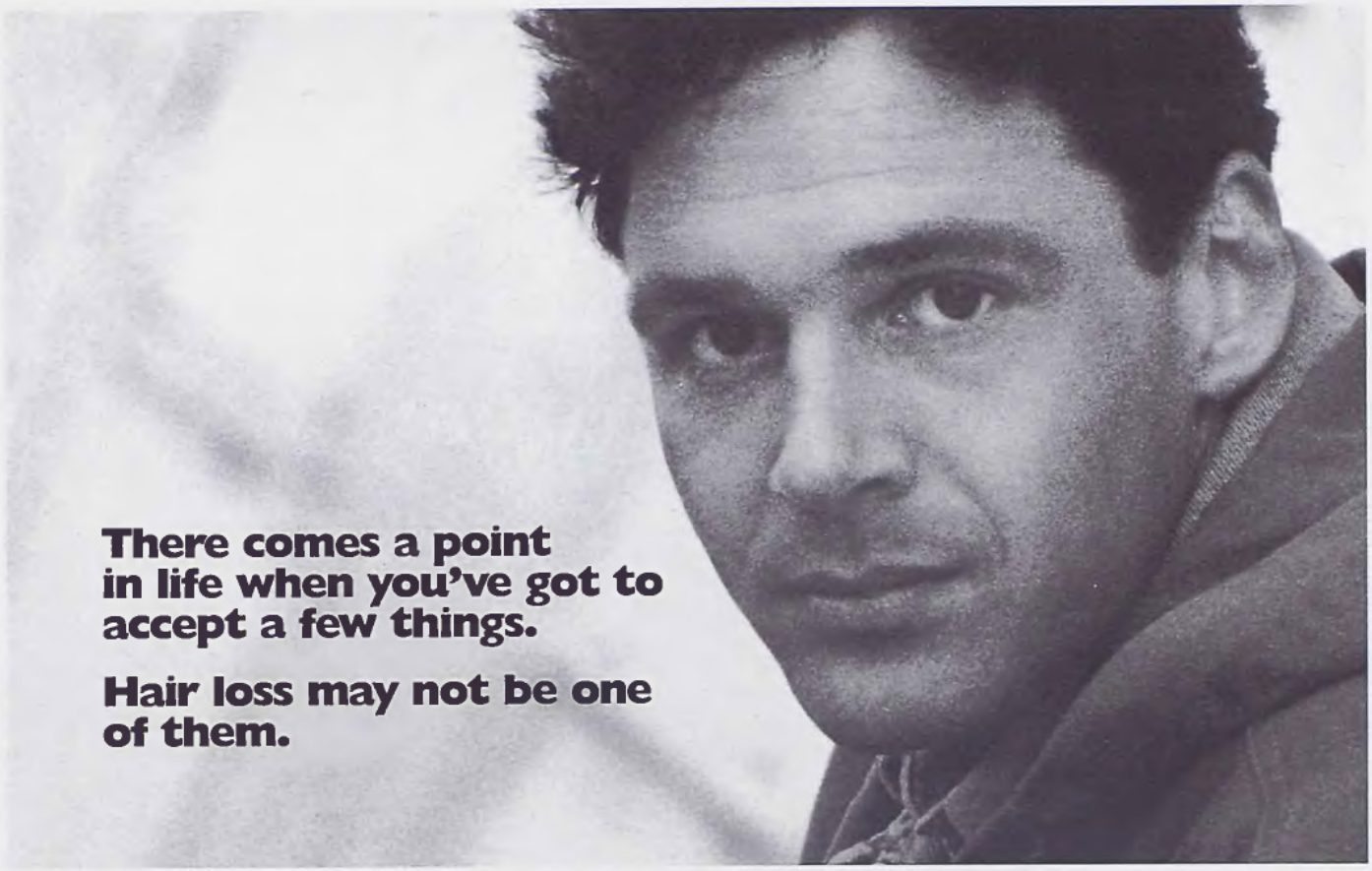
PLAYBOY: How fast were you flying?

TRAVOLTA: We were probably going close to 600 miles an hour at 39,000 feet. Then we descended to 10,000 feet, which was just above the cloud layer. I found a hole in a cloud and did a series of circular turns down below the clouds.

PLAYBOY: A story in *The Orlando Sentinel* reported that while you were coming down, the control center directed a nearby commercial airliner to fly by and look for you.

TRAVOLTA: I don't know about that. I wouldn't have been able to see him anyway.

PLAYBOY: Was it true that they closed several airports?



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Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those on the placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

So why act like there's nothing you can do about your hair loss? Call **1-800-607-2255** right now and ask for your confidential free Information Kit. We'll get it in the mail to you immediately. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine*,** we'll also include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon. It's something you *can* accept... with our compliments.

Call now for your Free Information Kit and a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

1-800-607-2255

Or visit our World Wide Web site at http://www.igroup.com/rogaine

Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

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Rogaine TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 U.S. medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 25% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 U.S. medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 56% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 44% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. A temporary increase in hair shedding may occur 2 to 6 weeks after starting treatment with ROGAINE as some hair follicles shift from the resting phase to the growth phase (as new hair grows in, old hairs are released). An increase in shedding should not last more than a few weeks. If it does, your physician will need to rule out other causes. Successful hair regrowth can only be evaluated after continuous, twice-daily treatment for 4 months or longer.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it, if you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution (with no minoxidil). You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events involving the skull, no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common on the minoxidil-treated patients than on placebo-treated patients.
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis – 7.36%. **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis – 7.16%. **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting – 4.33%. **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness – 3.42%. **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains – 2.56%. **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases – 1.53%. **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity – 1.27%. **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain – 1.2%. **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo – 1.17%. **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vaginal discharge/itching – 0.99%. **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis – 0.85%. **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms – 0.47%. **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue – 0.36%. **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia – 0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema, hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth), local erythema (redness), pruritus (itching), dry skin/scalp flaking, sexual dysfunction, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity), increase in hair loss, and alopecia (hair loss).

Can ROGAINE Topical Solution cause unwanted hair growth?
Facial hair growth has been reported with the use of ROGAINE, particularly by women. The cause is unknown but may be related to continuous, unintentional exposure of the face to the medicine or to hair follicles on the face that are extremely sensitive to very low levels of medicine absorbed from the scalp. To minimize the chances of hair growth on the forehead or temples, wash your hands after applying ROGAINE and be careful not to transfer the medicine from your scalp to other parts of your body.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related, that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down, a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-6-S

TRAVOLTA: They closed National in Washington. But then there was a plane that landed before us and I saw it, so it makes me think that maybe they didn't close National. There are many conflicting stories.

PLAYBOY: Did you think you might die?

TRAVOLTA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been that scared before?

TRAVOLTA: I wasn't scared. I was pissed off because my wife and my child were in the back. When you do something like fly jets or skydive or skin-dive or ski, you know what you're dealing with. These are all dangerous things in certain situations. If you're well educated, you're prepared for the danger. But you'd be an ostrich if you pretended they weren't potentially life-threatening. I know that. But I don't always think about people I love being there. I'd rather it would be just me.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

TRAVOLTA: We were about 1000 feet above Washington, and I was looking for an airport, hoping it was Washington and not Baltimore or something, where the buildings are taller. I noticed the Washington Monument on my second turn around the area, and I knew National Airport was near.

PLAYBOY: The way you're telling it, you make it sound as if it wasn't really a critical situation.

TRAVOLTA: Well, there are very few scenarios that could be worse, other than an actual crash. But when you get out of an emergency, there's no incident. You landed safely and that's the end of the story. You were up there, you potentially could have crashed, but you landed safely. So all your schooling, all your knowledge as an aviator, paid off.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel once you'd landed?

TRAVOLTA: I thought, I can't believe we made it through this.

PLAYBOY: What happened once you were on the ground?

TRAVOLTA: People came down from the offices at National to congratulate the pilot who brought that plane in safely. They had no idea it was John Travolta. [*Laughs*] Then I sent for my Learjet—it was in Florida—and we went on to Maine. Then I called all my friends who had planes like mine and said, "OK, now listen: You've got to get this done and that fixed." It's a great airplane, don't get me wrong. It's a terrific airplane. It's just that there were certain aspects of it that needed to be modified.

PLAYBOY: One assumes that a star of your prominence has probably been to the White House often. Since *Saturday Night Fever*, how many of our presidents have you met?

TRAVOLTA: Hmm. I met Carter, Reagan and Bush. I haven't met Clinton.

PLAYBOY: Politics aside, what were your personal impressions?

TRAVOLTA: This is very interesting. No one's ever asked me my opinion of people I've met. Let's see. Reagan had the most charm, maybe. I mean, these are just my impressions, one to one. Carter was the sweetest. I was very young when I met Carter. He invited me to the White House for a private dinner, because he wanted to please his daughter. I thought he was impressed with my ability, but also I thought that it was sweet that he went to that extent for his daughter. Reagan had the movie-star thing going. But I felt Nancy was more of what he was about. Meaning that Nancy held the PR front.

PLAYBOY: You connected more with Mrs. Reagan than with the president?

TRAVOLTA: Totally. Nancy was the real item compared to Ronald.

PLAYBOY: Did you sense that with Reagan, maybe it just wasn't that thrilling for him to meet film stars?

TRAVOLTA: [*Smiles*] Yeah. I think that he'd had his fill of it.

PLAYBOY: And George Bush?

TRAVOLTA: I was impressed with Bush because when I came up behind him, he put his hand out because he was talking to someone and he didn't want anyone who was behind him to interrupt that conversation. I thought that was awesome, because he knew that was the well-mannered thing to do. I actually got to talk to him about some issues of education that I was interested in. I felt like I had a real exchange there. He danced with my wife, I danced with Barbara. I don't know anything about politics really, so I wouldn't begin to pontificate. But I liked Bush because I didn't feel he was on autopilot. Which surprised me.

PLAYBOY: Do you find, in spite of your celebrity, that you're easily awed by famous people?

TRAVOLTA: I'm just a decent fan of people. Meaning, I don't hold back my enthusiasm. I react to what they've achieved in life, and who they are to me. If you asked who I admire the most as a human being, I'd say Harry Belafonte. He has personal conviction as well as professional integrity. It's real for him. He has no doubts or reservations about what he wants to accomplish for mankind. [*Pauses*] I told you about my call to Hugh Hefner, didn't I?

PLAYBOY: No, but go ahead.

TRAVOLTA: I was in Monterey at a house I rented for a year on a fairway at Pebble Beach. I'm watching TV, and I see this documentary about Hugh Hefner called *Once Upon a Time*. It was so good. At the end of it I thought, Wow, what a life! What a guy. I have to call him. So the next day I got a number and called him. His wife, Kimberley, answered, and didn't believe it was me, and therefore said something very polite but ended the call. Then, after a series of calls, they realized it was me. The next morning, I wake up to this phone call [*imitating*

Hefner]: "Hello, John? Hugh Hefner." And I said, "Hugh! Oh my God, you called me back!" He says, "I'm sorry about last night. My wife didn't believe it was you. And, you know, we get a lot of people who call. Anyway, I'm, uh, very thrilled and honored that you called. I've been reading all about you—you won the Cannes Film Festival, the Palme D'Or. Very exciting. Congratulations. Can't wait to see the film."

I said, "The reason I called is because I'm so impressed with your documentary. I admire that you've come full circle. You've gone this whole interesting route in your life and you've come back to the basics again. I love it. I'd like to meet you one of these days." He said, "Well, any time you want to, come to the mansion. Every Sunday we have a brunch and a few people over. You'd be more than welcome to come." Anyway, it was about a 20-minute conversation, with Hugh Hefner!

PLAYBOY: Now it's easy for you to get someone like Hugh Hefner on the telephone. What about back in the Seventies? Did you have any memorable encounters then?

TRAVOLTA: I was in New York City, and I was going to move into this apartment building on Central Park West for the duration of *Saturday Night Fever*. James Taylor and Carly Simon were living in the apartment. Prior to James and Carly, it was Mick Jagger's apartment. Prior to Jagger, one of the Beatles. When I came in, Carly was in the hospital having a baby, and James answered the door. At that point he was my favorite singer. He said, "I love your TV show so much, I can recite the last soliloquy of *Welcome Back, Kotter*." I tested him, and he did it. I was impressed. He said, "You've got me on the happiest day of my life, because my wife just gave birth to our son, Ben." He showed me the apartment and said, "You'll be really happy here. It's a great place to live. We're moving upstairs, so we'll get to visit with you." Meanwhile, I can't believe I'm in the same apartment as James Taylor, and he's reciting my last scene. A week later, Carly Simon came down with their new baby boy. I was dazzled by her. I'm dazzled by both of them, to be perfectly frank. Shortly after I got there, my girlfriend, Diana Hyland, whom I was very much in love with, passed away from cancer. I was very sad. I went up to visit with them, and Carly and James sang to me in their kitchen.

PLAYBOY: What did they sing?

TRAVOLTA: They sang a duet they were putting on an album. Then James wrote me a little song called *My Name Is Barbarino But My Good Friends Call Me John*. And because I was having trouble sleeping, Carly wrote me a lullaby and put it on tape, to put me to sleep. If someone had said, "What's your ultimate dream?" in the Seventies, it would have been to be befriended by these two people, sung to

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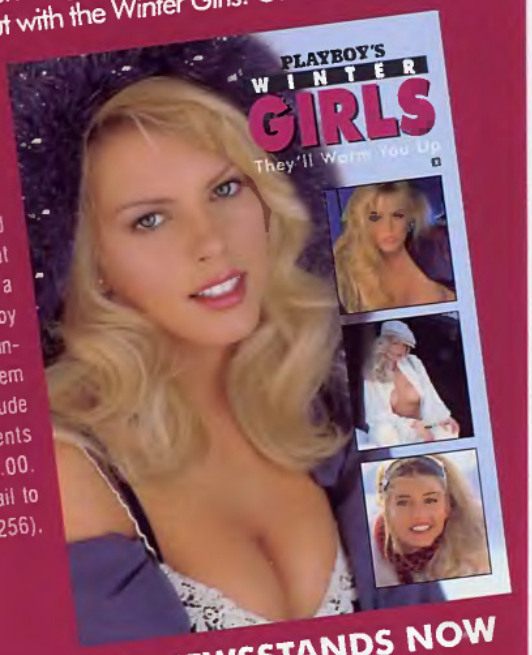

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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by them, and have songs written for me by them. I could have died, joined Diana, and it would have been just fine.

PLAYBOY: One of our definitive memories of the Seventies is the white suit you wore in *Saturday Night Fever*. How did you feel when you heard that Gene Siskel sold it for $145,500?

TRAVOLTA: It was his suit and he could do whatever he wanted with it. I never owned it.

PLAYBOY: But that suit was a part of you. Surely you must have felt something.

TRAVOLTA: At the Golden Globes, Gene pulled me aside and said, "Look, I'm having a real moral dilemma. I have an opportunity to make a lot of money on your white suit. But if you feel that it would hurt your feelings, I won't sell it." I said, "Gene, it's not my suit. It's your suit." Then I said, "What are you going to do with the money?" He said, "Well, there's a little cottage I want to buy in the country," and I'm thinking, How much can he make from this suit that he's going to buy a cottage? I said to him, "I think you should have the cottage in the country. And besides, it's not my suit." Later on, I found out he knew how much the suit was worth.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for being generous toward your friends. Is it true that you frequently pull together a group of people and fly them off for a vacation in some exotic locale?

TRAVOLTA: I've done that. We went to Africa. Went to the Caribbean twice, to Mexico three times. The truth is, I wouldn't have any life with my friends if I didn't do that, because my life and their lives go in separate ways. If I didn't grab everybody together, I wouldn't see them. And it doesn't happen very often.

PLAYBOY: How long was the trip to Africa?

TRAVOLTA: Three weeks. Two weeks in Africa, then a week in Switzerland for Christmas. It was a great trip. The next year was the Caribbean; the year after that was Mexico. The trips get shorter and smaller.

PLAYBOY: Was this something you were more apt to do before you got married and started a family?

TRAVOLTA: No, I still do it. But it's like weekends instead of a whole week. I took the guys down to Cabo San Lucas one weekend. That's real close, you see—like an hour-and-a-half flight.

PLAYBOY: Your life sounds like the conventional idea of a movie star's lifestyle.

TRAVOLTA: No one can argue that I don't have somewhat of a clichéd movie star's life. I don't mind having it. I like certain things about it. And it's not like I have a choice, if I like to do things.

PLAYBOY: What's the story behind your friendship with Tom Hanks?

TRAVOLTA: Ten years ago I called him for a recommendation of a director. His manager at that time told him never to divulge information about people he worked with. He didn't agree with it, yet he acted aloof with me. But he also felt bad for not just giving it over. Then I saw him in 1991 at a George Bush party at Jerry Weintraub's house, and he said, "Do you want to have dinner?" I said, "Yeah, I'd love to," but we never got in touch. Cut to three years later. We're at the Golden Globes and I wrote him a note that said, "What about that dinner we were supposed to have three years ago?" Then I saw him a week later and he said, "Well, do you want to do this dinner before the Oscars or after?" I said, "Before, because right now we're even-steven and I like that." I was kind of rooting for him in an odd way, because I loved him in *Forrest Gump* and he broke my heart. Besides, it's hard for me to root for myself. I was just banking on everyone else rooting for me. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Was it tough to attend all those award shows—the Golden Globes, People's Choice, the Oscars—and see Hanks win every one, right down the line?

TRAVOLTA: Hey! I won some. I won the Los Angeles Film Critics, the London Film Critics Circle, the Stockholm Film Festival.

PLAYBOY: But Hanks won the televised awards.

TRAVOLTA: Yes, that is true. I won the nontelevised ones, and he won all the televised ones.

PLAYBOY: So eventually you had dinner and became friends.

TRAVOLTA: I love spending time with Tom Hanks. I love every minute of it. I don't get to see him a lot, but since our January dinner, I must have seen him half a dozen times—which, by Hollywood standards, is a lot. I think our hearts are in similar places as far as life is concerned. And he's fun to be with. He's a funny guy, and I think he finds me entertaining. It's difficult to make Tom laugh, and I can make him laugh with certain characters I do. That gives me an enormous charge.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. You seem content with married life. Is that something you always wanted?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. I was ready to get married and have kids when I was 14.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't marry until you were 37. What took you so long?

TRAVOLTA: I was with a girl from 14 until I was 19. We were engaged at one point, theoretically. Then we broke up—she broke up with me, actually, when I was on the road with *Grease*. From 19 until 22 I was still in that mode. The right girl could have grabbed me and married me, and I would have had kids. But once the megastar thing happened, and I left the nonfamous world, it took many years to get back to where I was emotionally at the age of 19.

PLAYBOY: Did you put your career ahead of your personal life?

TRAVOLTA: I was married to my career for a while. And I didn't take the other stuff too seriously. I took my relationship with Diana Hyland pretty seriously, and I probably would have married her if she had lived. But after she died, I went into shock for a few years. Nothing seemed the way it used to be. It became about trying to keep an enormous career going, and juggling family and friends. I moved out of town, and I was living in a mansion by myself in Santa Barbara. Life changed. My mother died. All sorts of things happened that kind of took the bloom off the rose of those teenage "want to get married and have kids" years.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a bittersweet time for you. On the one hand, you were 24, wealthy and a huge star. But on the other hand, the two most important women in your life died within a two-year period.

TRAVOLTA: It always seems to have been that way for me, though. My mother died shortly after my first Oscar nomination. My dad died shortly after the second Oscar nomination. It just seems that when something good happens to me, well, I never get the good without penalties.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, actress Kelly Preston, seems to be an out-and-out good thing. How did you meet?

TRAVOLTA: During a screen test for *The Experts*. Shortly after she was cast in the part, we went to Canada on location and spent three months together.

PLAYBOY: That was in 1988. Was the attraction immediate?

TRAVOLTA: We started rehearsals and got intimate right away because we had to do this erotic dance. I hardly knew her.

PLAYBOY: And what were your first impressions?

TRAVOLTA: I thought she was quite beautiful and very sexy. When I got to know her, I realized her heart was in the right place. However—big however—she was married at the time. I asked her if she liked being married, and she said she did. She liked it and she was happy.

PLAYBOY: And it was several years before you saw her again, at a party at Kirstie Alley's house, correct?

TRAVOLTA: I was living in Florida and was only coming out to Los Angeles once in a while for business. Kelly was engaged to Charlie Sheen at the time. Kirstie said, "I don't know why you and Kelly aren't together," and I said, "Frankly, neither do I, but it's too late now." Kelly came over to say hi, and it seemed she was very much in love with Charlie. That was at Christmas.

PLAYBOY: So how did you finally manage to get together?

TRAVOLTA: Well, the following summer, she was filming a movie called *Run* and I was filming *Look Who's Talking Too*, and we were in the same hotel the whole summer. I was unattached and she was unattached. We went out to dinner a few times. After probably the third dinner, I said, "What do you think about trying to

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create something here?" We kind of played it by ear and tried not to make anything too heavy. That whole summer was nice.

PLAYBOY: So you were consciously trying not to let it get too intense too fast?

TRAVOLTA: That's exactly it: If it gets intense fast, then it's nowhere after a while. And I knew that hadn't worked for either of us in the past. I thought we had real potential for a long-run type thing. She's not going anywhere, and I'm not going anywhere. We were both in a place where it seemed like we could give it time to evolve, and we did. It's nice not feeling frantic about a relationship. Not feeling like if I don't do something now, it's going to go away.

[*Travolta's wife, Kelly, enters the room.*]

PLAYBOY: [*To Kelly*] We were discussing your courtship. May we ask you a question? Is it true you had a premonition when you were a teenager in Australia that you were going to marry John?

PRESTON: Yeah. I was about 15. I went to a theater that had the *Grease* poster outside the door, with Olivia Newton-John and John. I stopped by it, and I had this feeling. I didn't say I was going to marry him. I said, "I'm going to be with him—be with him forever." I wasn't even an actress then. Years and years later, we screen-tested together, and the rest is history. [*They hug and kiss.*]

TRAVOLTA: You know, if you were a Sixties wife, you'd get us something.

PRESTON: I would get you some what? Some fucking what?

TRAVOLTA: Something cool to drink.

PRESTON: Don't you love how he asks? Instead of saying, "Darling, would you get me some ice tea?" he says, "If you were a loving wife——"

TRAVOLTA: No, I said, "a Sixties wife," because there was a lot of chauvinism going on then.

PRESTON: Lovey, what would you like? Ice tea? Perrier? White wine?

TRAVOLTA: Ice tea is fine.

PRESTON: OK.

[*Kelly leaves.*]

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your courtship, we heard you flew Kelly to Switzerland and proposed on New Year's Eve. That sounds romantic.

TRAVOLTA: I wasn't there to propose. Switzerland was based on an urge to have Christmas there. I took 25 people with me. I was planning to propose, but I was giving myself six more months. Then I thought, Why do I think it's going to be any different six months from now? It's not. You've made your decision. Ask her tonight. So I went to a jewelry shop, and they had the most exquisite ring. I bought it. On New Year's I proposed to her. Sally Kellerman was with us. She didn't know that I was proposing, and she kept tapping me on the shoulder in the middle of my proposal. I'd say, "I have something to ask you, Kelly," and then I'd get this tap on my shoulder, every time I was about to do it. It was like an *I Love Lucy* episode. She kept on tapping me: "John, I've been meaning to tell you how great this evening is." She interrupted me like four times. I finally said, "Shut up! I'm trying to propose to Kelly!" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Your father passed away recently. Describe his impact on your life.

TRAVOLTA: He had a big impact. From the time I was about six years old until I was 15, he would do projects with me. He really did them all the way. Every Sunday we worked on some project together, whether it was a go-cart, an airplane, building a new basement, a new attic, a new fence, building a deck around the pool, building a barbecue. We always had a project to do. We were partners in creating a better atmosphere in our house. It normally had to do on some level with carpentry, because that was his hobby. Some of these projects would take a year, because we'd only get to work on them one day a week—his day off. Mom would kind of get mad because I would take him away from her on the day off.

PLAYBOY: In what ways do you take after your father?

TRAVOLTA: I'm fairly even-tempered like my dad. When I was a kid he thought I had a temper, but it was because I could vent my temper only on him. My parents had a high tolerance for their children. They didn't get mad easily at us—they just were true mensch in that way.

PLAYBOY: You're one of six siblings. Your parents must have loved kids.

TRAVOLTA: My dad said that his life didn't start until he had us. He couldn't even remember his life before us, because it didn't seem that important to him.

PLAYBOY: To which parent did you feel closest?

TRAVOLTA: Emotionally I felt closer to my mother, but intellectually I felt closer to my father. I could discuss things with him on an analytical level. The good thing about my dad was that whatever his responses were, they always made me feel secure and confident. My mother made me feel loved in a kind of tactile way. She just adored me.

PLAYBOY: What made you want to become an actor?

TRAVOLTA: I felt good when I performed. My whole family was in the business, so I was kind of set up for it. It felt good to express myself and it felt good to be genuinely received.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to support yourself by acting once you left home?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. I knew I had to in order to prove to the folks that it was viable. And to myself. I didn't want to be fooling myself, either.

PLAYBOY: Fortunately, you were successful right away in musical theater, joining the national road company of *Grease* when you were 18. What was it like to be so young and on the road for months at a time?

TRAVOLTA: At first it was exciting. But just prior to getting that first road show, it looked like I would be cast in *The Last Detail*—it was between Randy Quaid and me for that role. Then I got cast in *Grease* on the road, so it was kind of anticlimactic. I enjoyed it, but——

PLAYBOY: It wasn't co-starring in a film with Jack Nicholson.

TRAVOLTA: Right. My manager didn't want me to do *Grease*. He said, "I would rather you stay in California and become a film star." That was unreal. Just because I almost got in *The Last Detail* didn't mean I was going to be a movie star. So I was going to go back and do what I knew best, the stage. I did that for two years, and it drove him nuts.

PLAYBOY: Was this Bob LeMond?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. He had a much keener insight into where I was going as a film actor than I did.

PLAYBOY: How long were you together?

TRAVOLTA: Twelve years.

PLAYBOY: Then you abruptly fired him.

TRAVOLTA: If I had that to do over again, I wouldn't have. I was asked to do *An Officer and a Gentleman*, and I opted to go to American Airlines' jet pilot school instead. That upset him.

PLAYBOY: That's understandable. Were you still under obligation to Paramount Studios at the time?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. That was the movie that would have paid them back, and I didn't do it. What Michael Eisner [then president of Paramount] was saying was, "If he's not going to do *An Officer and a Gentleman*, then we're going to have him do a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*." Well, I didn't necessarily want to do that either. Nine months went by and I couldn't do a movie at another studio because I was under contract to Paramount. And Paramount wouldn't let me do anything except the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*.

PLAYBOY: But Eisner had already let you out of *American Gigolo*, hadn't he?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. It went like this: *American Gigolo* was replaced by *Urban Cowboy* plus one more movie—that was the deal—which would have been *Officer and a Gentleman*. That turned into *Staying Alive* because I kept on postponing it to live my life. So it wasn't my manager's fault that all this happened, it was mine.

PLAYBOY: You personally were making decisions that fostered the decline of your career?

TRAVOLTA: I'm the one who was saying no and then wanting him to fix it. There came a point where he called me and said, "There's nothing I can do. He won't let you out of doing the sequel." And I said, "Well, if you can't fix this, then why am I paying you 15 percent? This is something I need you to fix." He said, "I'm sorry, I can't do it." I got really mad, didn't think and let him go. It wasn't fair, because I had made every move to get myself in that predicament.

(continued on page 146)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He is a connoisseur of the best things in life. He knows the new jazz club and where to scuba dive in the Caribbean. He knows that cigars and cuff links are back in style. Naturally, he's up to date on his wines. PLAYBOY readers consume more than 100 million glasses a year. One in four are dedicated oenophiles. When selecting a vintage, he picks the best—one with excitement, body and vigor. That's why PLAYBOY is his favorite magazine. (Source: 1995 Spring MRI.)

FIVE YEARS AFTER WE DECLARED VICTORY OVER SADDAM HUSSEIN, THE CASUALTY LIST KEEPS GROWING. A REPORT ON THE GHASTLY MYSTERY CALLED "GULF WAR SYNDROME"

THE CURSE OF DESERT STORM

article by KATE MCKENNA

COLONEL Herb Smith was baffled by the sight before him—hundreds of dead camels, sheep and birds splayed out across the Kuwaiti desert. Smith, a Green Beret, a veterinarian and an expert on contagious diseases, was the U.S. Army's health liaison to the Kuwaiti government during the showdown with Saddam Hussein's Iraqi forces in late 1990 and early 1991. He was charged with helping to prepare American-led coalition forces for every possible chemical, biological and nuclear threat. When Bedouin tribesmen claimed that U.S. forces had killed the creatures by using them for target practice, Smith investigated. But there were no bullet holes, no visible injuries, no apparent causes of death. Some carcasses were covered with insects, but the insects were also dead. Field manuals had warned soldiers that such a scene was a sign of toxic poisoning, evidence that the enemy had used chemical or biological weapons or both. The top command denied that any such weapons had been used. The other signs, according to the manual, were symptoms of illnesses that defied diagnosis. But Smith had no such symptoms as he gazed at the dead creatures.

Such sights were familiar during Desert Storm, along with the ringing of chemical-weapons alarms, attacks by Iraqi missiles and nearly 600 oil-well fires. The fires sent plumes of benzene and other toxic chemicals hundreds of feet into the air, blotting out the sun. Soldiers were covered with black oil and soot for weeks at a time. They spit up what resembled fuel oil and sneezed what looked like axle grease.

"It was like Dante's *Inferno*. It was just unreal, like a movie set," said Smith, who spent five months in the war zone. "I sat there by the oil-well fires when the smoke was so bad you couldn't tell the sun from the moon—and that was for six weeks. I sat there for 16 days with my skin so black, you couldn't

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

make out my black watchband. And when I did get a shower, I had to put the blackened clothes right back on. I took the pills, I got the vaccines. I was sprayed with insecticide. I heard the chemical alarms, I watched the Scuds explode overhead every night and I saw the dead animals. Who knows what it was? It could have been anything."

"It" is whatever ruined Smith's health. Shortly before he went to the Gulf, Smith, then 52, strapped on a 75-pound backpack for a 12-kilometer march to pass a Special Forces physical fitness test. But after a few months in the war zone he developed swollen lymph nodes and flu-like symptoms. A few months after his return he began to have trouble walking and often fell down. Within two years, Smith was in a wheelchair, and now suffers from an appalling array of ailments: organic brain disease, heart, blood and bone disorders and muscle degeneration that is, according to his doctor, "indicative of exposure to a toxic compound." Smith is also in the early stages of autoimmune disease, having developed antibodies to his own DNA, a condition his doctor has linked to toxic exposure.

What made him sick? He believes the culprit was the unique circumstances of the Gulf war with the certainty a shooting victim can say he was wounded by a gun. And Smith is not alone. Thousands of Americans went to Desert Storm healthy and afterward developed a variety of debilitating ailments. No single illness unites them. Together they are known as the victims of Gulf war syndrome. At latest count nearly 80,000 Gulf veterans are sick or worried enough to have signed up for special medical examinations under programs established in 1992 and 1994. As illnesses flare up in the near future, that number is expected to increase to more than 100,000, to include one out of every seven U.S. Gulf war veterans.

Meanwhile, hundreds of veterans in Canada, Australia and the U.K. have begun to clamor for official investigations of their own medical complaints.

The Gulf war has always been portrayed as a clean, swift—if aborted—victory. When it was over, it was over. There were no lingering sequels, except for the small number of wounded and bereaved. Or so it seemed. Now it is clear that the casualties of Desert Storm are still coming in.

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Reports began to accumulate in 1992 of a mysterious illness among those Americans who had served in the war. Symptoms ranged from headaches and fatigue to tumors.

Gary Zuspann of Hewitt, Texas was a healthy petty officer when he shipped out to the war aboard the USS New Orleans. Zuspann recalls that various petrochemicals were so pervasive aboard his ship that he could taste them in his food and water. Such complaints have been heard before, but Zuspann also obediently ingested his pyridostigmine bromide pills, an experimental antidote to nerve gas that had not been previously used on large populations. Zuspann is now 100 percent disabled. He returned from the war with a chemical sensitivity that makes him react to everyday chemicals. These attacks have resulted in damage to his heart, lungs, muscles, liver and nervous system. He now lives in a sterile environment, a heated, glass-enclosed chamber that a local church constructed for him outside his parents' home. The oxygen he breathes is purified and the enclosure's paint is milk-based. Zuspann, who is 36, may spend the rest of his life in the chamber.

Another veteran who is 100 percent disabled is Brian Martin, a 33-year-old former paratrooper from Niles, Michigan. Martin also took pyridostigmine bromide, and the pills made his vision "jiggle." He was exposed to several apparent chemical attacks. Martin suffers from memory loss, chronic fatigue and a diarrhetic condition that has damaged his spine. He, too, is often confined to a wheelchair.

Martin's wife Kim has also reported disturbing symptoms, including a softening of her skull and an intense burning pain whenever she comes in contact, internally or externally, with her husband's semen. Kelli Albuck suffered the same sort of pain. (Her husband, Lieutenant Troy Albuck of the 82nd Airborne, developed several troubling symptoms after he returned from the Gulf, including purple lesions where his semen had touched his skin.) Other military wives had the same problem with sperm as Kim and Kelli did and called it "shooting fire." The military suspects a rare condition called HSP (hypersensitivity to seminal plasma). But veterans insist their exposures to toxins during the Gulf war are the cause.

Meanwhile, hundreds of other wives and family members of ailing veterans continue to report mysterious symptoms and birth defects in their children. Research has focused on Goldenhar syndrome, a rare and sometimes fatal condition in which children are born with deformed faces and spinal columns. The National Birth Defects Registry in Orlando, Florida has listed 59 cases of Goldenhar in their database. Eleven of those involve children of Gulf war vets.

It is surprising that Desert Storm has created a health controversy, because poison was a strong concern of U.S. commanders before the war. Saddam Hussein had used nerve gas a number of times during the Eighties, against Iran and against the Kurds. In one Kurdish village after an August 1988 air attack, U.S. human rights groups found residues of both mustard gas and sarin, an odorless liquid known for its cumulatively toxic effects. Amnesty International reported that one Iraqi chemical attack had killed 5000 Kurds in less than an hour.

Of course, U.S. intelligence had been well aware of Iraq's interest in such weapons—partly because American and European companies sold Iraq the various chemicals. In the Eighties, the American Type Culture Collection of Rockville, Maryland, a U.S. exporter of toxins, shipped quantities of pathogens and other biological materials to Iraq. Members of U.S. intelligence knew that Hussein's shopping list included anthrax, botulism, E. coli and several reported shipments of brucella.

By 1990 CIA sources also reported that various manufacturing plants in Iraq were capable of producing thousands of tons of nerve and blister agents. Hussein had the blister agent mustard gas, the neuroparalytic soman and the highly toxic sarin.

Confronted with the prospect of facing these weapons, the U.S. military dug into its medicine chest. Desert Storm soldiers received the usual inoculations that troops get before going overseas, including shots for tetanus, typhus, influenza and diphtheria. Then they were given an assortment of chemical and biological antidotes. One was aimed at anthrax; another was an experimental antibotulism compound. The anthrax fighter was FDA-approved, but the botulism vaccine was not. Most of the botulism vaccine supply was more than 20 years old, raising questions about its efficacy and safety. Even in 1973, when the vaccine was fresh, the Centers for Disease Control had considered withdrawing it because it caused a large number of negative reactions.

Meanwhile, commanders also prescribed pyridostigmine bromide for all troops; it was touted by its developers as a shield against nerve gas. PB is a form of nerve agent that for years has been used to treat a neurological condition known as myasthenia gravis. The drug had never been approved for healthy people. Department of Defense tests on small groups produced decidedly mixed results. Furthermore, the tests excluded anyone who had been exposed to pesticides, as well as anyone who had asthma or hyperthyroidism. No study analyzed the effects, on a general population, of long-term

"Are you sure this will make people eat more spaghetti?"

exposure to the drug.

In December 1990 the Pentagon received a waiver from Food and Drug Administration Commissioner David Kessler to allow the distribution of the drug to 697,000 combatants in the Gulf war. Almost immediately, soldiers flocked to infirmaries, suffering from nausea, headaches and dizziness. The ailments were dubbed Saudi flu.

In the desert the troops received other forms of protection: gas masks, antichemical body gear, nerve-agent antidote kits and chemical-weapons detectors. But although the detectors were proclaimed to be highly sensitive, some U.S. military planners worried that the devices were too clumsy for the job. Army records show that the alarms wouldn't sound until troops already had been exposed to hazardous levels of chemical weapons, specifically sarin. The manufacturer of the M8A1—an alarm deployed in the desert—acknowledged as much, but only in 1994.

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Well before the shooting war began, there had been environmental problems. To keep the sand from blowing everywhere, diesel fuel was sprayed in great quantities. Even so, helicopters and windstorms whipped up the talcum powder–like sand, which made its way into the noses of the troops. Fuel oil was burned with human waste. Tent air was thick with leaded fuel lit to keep troops warm. Petrol leaked into drinking water and into showers. Soldiers made jokes about "nuclear coffee" and dried sleeping bags with vehicle exhaust. Some of these factors are common to any military operation. What was unique in the Gulf was the profusion of various chemicals.

Insecticides thickened the mix. Deet and permethrin, which are typically used lightly as insect repellents, were slathered on by soldiers to ward off scorpions and leishmania-carrying sand flies. Soldiers were told to coat their bodies and the "entire uniform exterior until it looks wet." At night their mosquito nets were soaked in permethrin.

Chemical-Agent Resistant Coating, a toxic paint, was used frequently. Depleted uranium, used in antitank munitions, was another threat. The decontamination agent used against the uranium was itself a hazardous chemical that is known to cause reproductive abnormalities.

In fact, at least 20 toxins linked to reproductive and sexual dysfunctions were in the air.

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In mid-January 1991 the two sides began slugging it out, trading air strikes and missile attacks before the ground war started in late February.

Sergeant Willie Hicks raced to his bunker with the 644th Ordnance Company after a loud explosion in the first few hours of the air war. A fellow soldier fell down near him and Hicks' face began to burn. A few days later Hicks found blood in his urine and became increasingly ill. Of the 110 soldiers in his unit, 85 now report Gulf war syndrome symptoms.

PFC Kristie Schuermann, who served with a forward aviation-support battalion, was regularly awakened by predawn Scud attacks. "It's probably the worst feeling in the world to wake up with someone standing over you wearing a gas mask," she said. "You don't have time to wonder, How much of this stuff have I ingested?"

During one chemical alert Schuermann and the rest of her unit donned their gear, only to be given the all-clear signal a few minutes later. For at least five minutes they waited in trenches without any protection. Then, said Schuermann, the officers "came back and said 'We screwed up, put everything back on.'" After another five minutes the order came to remove their gear. When it came to chemical alerts, the soldiers quickly lost faith in their commanders.

On January 19, three days after the air war began, an unexplained explosion took place over Jubail, a Saudi port. Members of one mobile naval battalion six miles away reported that chemical alarms followed the blast. Some witnesses immediately felt a numbness on their tongues, lips and faces and a burning sensation on exposed skin. Nearly 100 members of the unit developed symptoms such as swollen lymph nodes, blisters, rashes, aches and memory loss. Many of them remain seriously ill.

American, French and British forces detected nerve and blister agents in the air after several similar explosions. Czechoslovakia's Chemical Detection Unit, whose equipment and training were considered the best in the world, reported detection of mustard gas and nerve gases—sarin and tabun—on many occasions in the early days of the war.

After seven days of receiving those Czech reports, U.S. commanders suddenly and inexplicably sent word to disregard them. Meanwhile, U.S. air strikes apparently exposed U.S. troops to serious hazards. Central Command logs tell the story clearly. One report cites nerve gas and says "that hazard is flowing down from the factory storage bombed in Iraq. Predictably, this is going to be a problem."

Air Force weather reports and satellite imagery confirmed the presence of smoke plumes, otherwise known as fallout, after the bombing of chemical-weapons plants and storage depots in Iraq. Those plumes moved with the weather over coalition troops throughout the war. A French officer reported that such contamination was "a little bit everywhere." Some Canadian and British forces reported a variety of symptoms. One analyst familiar with the battlefield described how U.S. efforts to knock out Saddam Hussein's chemical threats brought chemical menace to American soldiers. When intelligence identified sites in Iraq where sarin was made or stored, those sites became targets for U.S. air strikes. But sarin does not burn, and the U.S. used incendiary weapons against the sarin facilities. "We bombed late at night," the analyst said, "with the temperature about 40 degrees, very foggy, with the weather moving down over our troops. The sun came up the next morning, and when the ground fog finally cleared, down it came, and the chemical alarms started going off."

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By 1992 the Gulf fighting force was starting to sound like a bunch of old people, complaining of headaches, muscle pain and memory loss. Military doctors prescribed aspirin and Prozac, and ascribed the symptoms to posttraumatic stress disorder.

Senator Don Riegle (D–Mich.) was starting to hear from veterans whose unexplained maladies followed apparent chemical or biological attacks in the Gulf. As chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, Riegle began an investigation into the U.S. companies that sold Iraq the chemicals and biological pathogens used against Desert Storm soldiers. His investigators, chiefly James Tuite III, interviewed more than 1000 veterans. The investigation detailed eyewitness accounts and wartime detections of apparent chemical and biological exposures. The veterans' "unexplained" health problems began to lose some of their mystery when the symptoms were shown to be consistent with exposure to chemical agents and toxins.

Despite congressional hearings and protests from more than 4000 sickened Desert Storm veterans, the Pentagon's official line remained that there "is no persuasive evidence" of any chemical or biological exposures. Defense Secretary William Perry and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General John Shalikashvili have regularly maintained there was no proof that poisonous weapons were used.

(continued on page 138)

MEET TRACY HAMPTON

an o.j. juror tells her story

EVEN NOW, five months after the verdict was announced, everything about the O.J. Simpson murder trial remains controversial. Publishers have spent more than $14 million for books to be written by trial participants, and Simpson himself has attempted to make numerous deals. While the trial was still under way, O.J. collaborated on a book entitled *I Want to Tell You*, in which he answered letters from well-wishers and tried to *(text continued on page 133)*

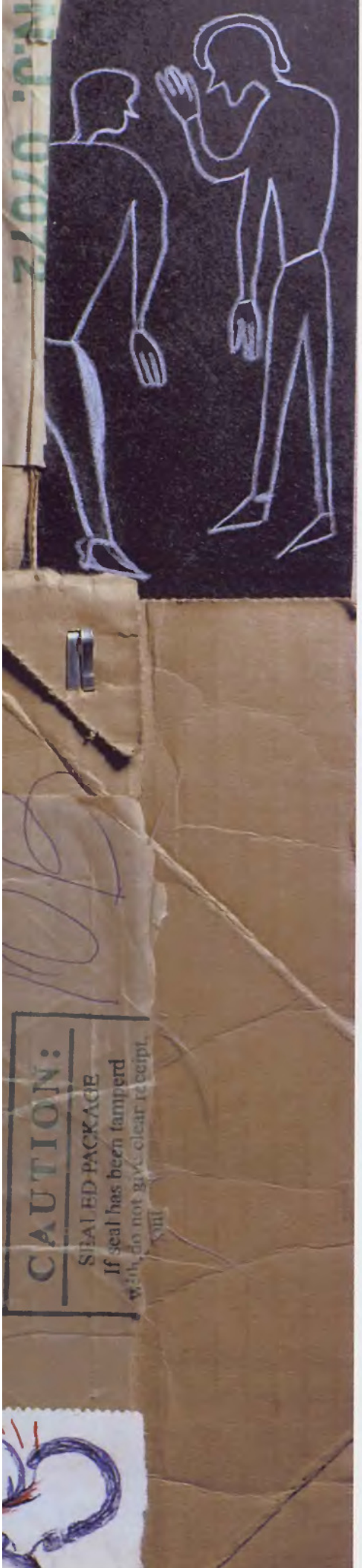
When the jury notice arrived in the mail, flight attendant Tracy Hampton was eager to serve, regardless of the case. She soon learned the agony of being sequestered on a high-profile trial, and asked to be dismissed from the jury after four months. She heard the trial's outcome when it was announced by a pilot during a flight. The not-guilty verdict amazed her, but the jury's action didn't come as a surprise.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"I wasn't involved in a romantic relationship while I was on the jury," says Tracy, "and that was a real problem when it was time for conjugal visits. My main contact with men during those four months came from talking sports with the men on the jury. Luckily, I'm a sports fanatic. I was a tomboy as a kid and I'm still a big Lakers fan. When I do find the right man, he'll have to be a Lakers fan."

"One juror described me in his book as strongely shy. I don't think I'm shy at all," says Tracy. "If I were shy, I couldn't do my job as a flight attendant, greeting the public every day."

PACKING LIST ENCLOSED



BOXES

the scam looks foolproof and the money's the difference between health and broken bones— but can he say goodbye to his last chance at a new life?

fiction by PAUL GRINER

ALL NIGHT I didn't sleep. My shins were bruised and my throat tasted bloody and I kept picturing Willie holding my mouth open under the faucet, saying I had a week to get his $1700. I lay on the bed sweating from the heat, a baseball bat beside me, afraid he would come back. In the first blue blur of day I could see the calendar tacked to my wall: the months crossed off in different colors, the days I'd exercised boxed in black. For nearly a year I'd been straight, and then Willie showed up. I'd worried this might happen since my days in the halfway house.

The sun rose, striping the pavement between houses with shafts of yellow light and turning the leaves an almost transparent green. I rolled off the bed and looked in the mirror. My eyes were pink and sunken and a red weal circled my throat. It was still tender, and I pulled on a turtleneck to hide it. I pushed the chair away from the door and stepped into the kitchen where broken plates lay scattered over the counter and chairs. Black coffee was pooled in the shards of a yellow cup.

"I hear you went straight," Willie had said, folding his knife away. I nodded, looking up at him from the floor, holding my bruised legs. I couldn't see his eyes because his face was hidden by a hooded sweatshirt. He never liked people to look at him. He picked up one of the plates I'd bought at a discount store and inspected it. "Lots of good it done you," he said, and smashed the plate on the counter. He moved to the door, kicking debris aside, and paused in the frame, filling it like a huge albino cork. "You'll be back," he had said, and left.

The remains of last night's dinner were still on the table—a neat pyramid of chicken bones and a hunk of

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

good bread, some lettuce and a green bottle of olive oil—the only part of the room that didn't look like a train wreck. After eating I'd sat for a while in the dim, cool room with the last of the day's sunlight high up on the walls, enjoying the taste of grilled chicken and olive oil lingering in my mouth. For a long time I had gone without such simple pleasures, and the world had felt bled dry of color and taste.

I had taken a walk in the early dark before cleaning up. When I returned, there was a new smell in the apartment, a tangy mixture of sweat and weed. It was familiar but not immediately so. By the time I realized it was Willie, he had grabbed a fistful of my hair and smashed my face against the counter. Most of the rest of the beating blurred over. But just looking at the sink made my throat ache.

I decided to get something to eat on the way to work. I turned the key in the ignition and nothing happened. I kept pushing until the key dug into my palm and the engine began to turn over, slowly. I had about $700 in my account, saved up from six weeks of work. That left me nearly a thousand short. If I sold the car I couldn't get to work, and besides, I'd be lucky to get $500 for it because the electrical system was shot. I floored the accelerator, put the car in gear and, wondering if Herb might write me a loan, backed out the driveway over some branches, which scraped against the undercarriage. I doubted it, but I didn't have many options.

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I got to work early. Creech and Gortney and a few others were hanging around the Dumpster at the back of the lot, drinking coffee. They wouldn't wave hello. I'd been costing them a lot of money, not going along with their system. Before I started working they each used to make an extra few thousand a year stealing TVs. When I drove up, Gortney dumped his coffee on the gravel and headed into the warehouse, his shirt already untucked.

Stepping out of the car was like having someone wrap me in a hot, damp towel: The heat clung to my skin. The side of the warehouse glowed white in the sun, and I had to look away. I ducked inside through a small door cut into the larger, rolling one, and my stomach clenched from the paint and diesel fumes. I always noticed them first thing in the morning, then forgot them until the next day, which seemed to define my life recently. I needed to relearn the same lessons almost daily—to be patient, to be responsible, to eat well, not to dwell on the past. At least, that's what I'd been thinking until Willie reappeared. Now, I wasn't so sure what I was supposed to learn.

The air inside felt cool, almost chilly, but it wouldn't stay that way for long. By 11, with the sun beating on the tin roof, we'd all be baking. Reemer, my foreman, stood by the clock, gripping his clipboard. He smelled faintly of talc. "You look like shit," he said.

"Everyone has their days," I said, punching in, the puncher echoing like a shot in the quiet warehouse. I didn't want to talk, but I didn't want to make Reemer nervous either, so I caught his gaze and held it to show I wasn't coked up. He knew Jones had hired me under special circumstances, though just how much he knew I wasn't sure.

"Someone give you a hickey?" He pointed his tagger at my neck. "No other reason to wear a turtleneck in this weather than a hickey."

"Wild night." I poked his shoulder. "You couldn't guess the half of it."

I headed down an aisle of stacked boxes to Reemer's office. Outside the door, in a blue tray, were the day's work orders. There weren't any trucks in the loading docks yet, but I could get started, shifting boxes onto pallets and then moving the pallets up the concrete ramps with a forklift. Reemer followed me from the clock. I sorted through the orders, aware he was watching me, then set to work. It was mindless labor, but I was glad to have it. I ached all over from the beating and if I had time to think I would get scared.

My job was to count the boxes twice, first when I put them on the pallets and then again with the trucking foreman. Once we agreed on the count, we signed the shipping forms together. That way, no one could put extra boxes on the truck to sell on his own. At least theoretically. If I cheated and the trucking foreman cheated, we could put down whatever number we wanted and sell the rest, which is exactly what Creech and Gortney had been doing for years. That's why Reemer gave me this job; he didn't trust Creech or Gortney but couldn't fire them on suspicion, and they were too careful to get caught. From time to time, Reemer took over the loading, but he had too many other jobs to pay close attention to this one for long.

"Every one of these boxes is yours," Reemer had said, resting his big palm on a box gently, as if it were the head of a child. "Make sure you don't lose any."

I recognized the God-and-country speech. I'd given plenty like it to workers when I owned my own company, and it had always embarrassed me, but I found it reassuring to be on the receiving end. It was a sign I had a defined place in the world, when for so long I had been floating. I also liked that Reemer trusted me. He was the first one in months.

I set to work, counting, shifting, lifting. After an hour and a half I had two trucks' worth of pallets stacked and waiting, close to a thousand boxes. Winded, I rested my head against one stack and breathed in the dusty smell of the cardboard. It's not something you would ever think you'd get attached to, but I looked forward to going to work each day and smelling the smells of work. Sometimes I raked my thumbnail down a box just to bring the smell out more. There were other things I'd come to like, too: the way I fell asleep each night within minutes of going to bed, the soreness in my shoulders at the end of each day. I felt as if I'd been strapped into a harness. It was a satisfying type of ache. Willie's wasn't, and thinking of him I shuddered.

Creech whistled to get my attention and waved to let me know they were ready to load, and I nodded and sped toward him on the forklift. He headed into the dark interior of a trailer, disappearing so quickly and completely it was like he'd fallen down a hole.

I shifted the lift's arms into place, picked up the first pallet and bumped slowly off the ramp into the trailer, where Creech and Gortney were waiting for me in the dark. The engine's rumble echoed in the hollow interior. It sounded like a fleet of lifts was following me, even though I knew I was alone. I wasn't sure how far to go, so I went slowly until I picked out the pale shine of Creech's bald spot near the back wall. The first two times I'd driven into a darkened truck I lost my sense of direction and crashed into the sides. Creech and Gortney had imitated me for days, swerving their lifts like they were drunk, and had nicknamed me Amelia Earhart. Now, their dim figures were shadows in the dark until my eyes grew adjusted and their features emerged, as if they were being molded while I came closer.

Gortney had a thin, sharp face with small black eyes and a stiff mustache; he looked as if his mother had mated with a rat. Creech had a body like a Chicano car, a real low rider. Both of them were still giving me the silent treatment and I maneuvered the pallet

(continued on page 80)

"You have reached 911. Please stand by until one of our operators is available to assist you."

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

N.Y.C.TV

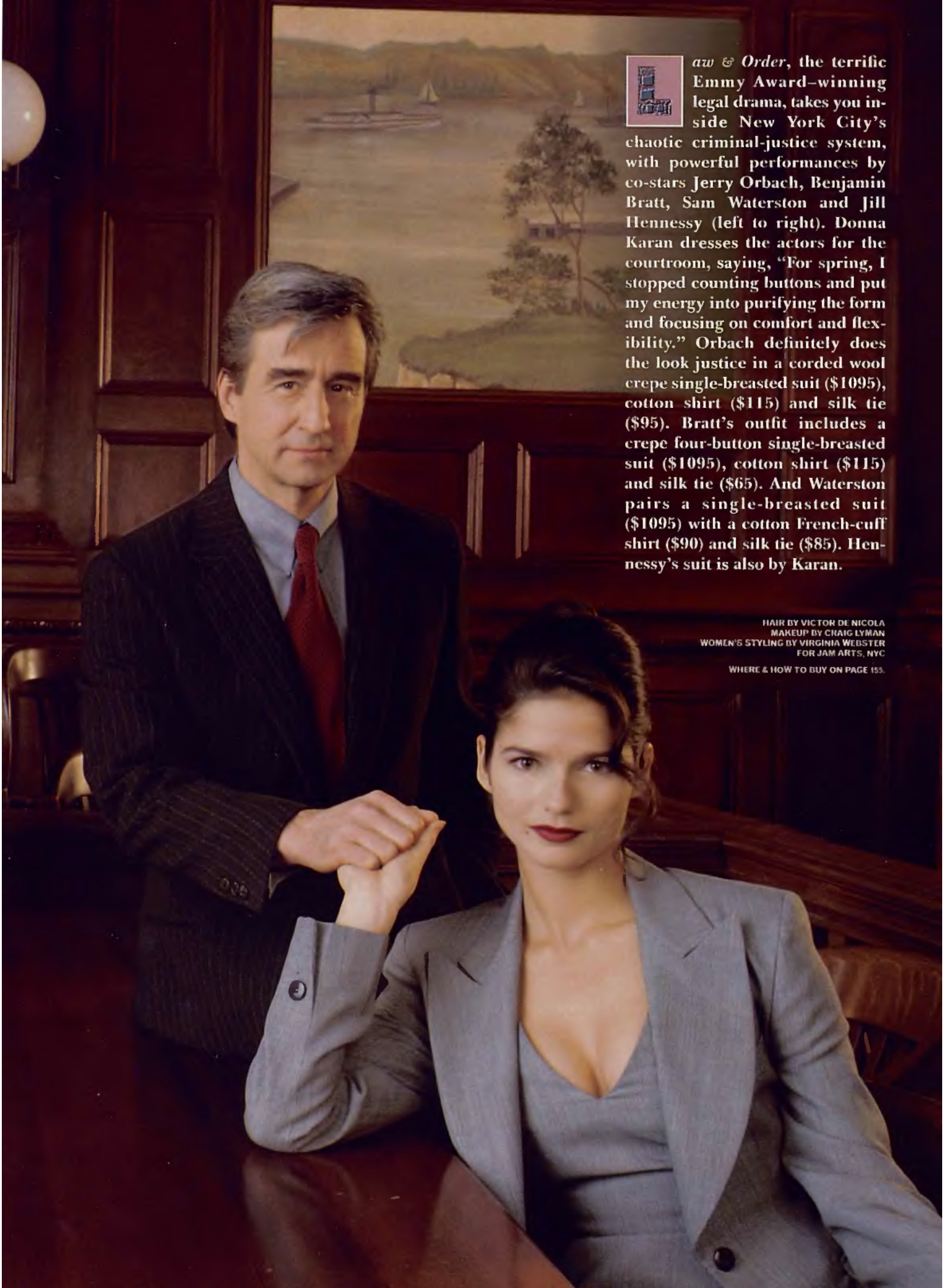
playboy teams new york fashion and video to bring you the hottest styles of spring

The Big Apple is home to enough tension, mayhem and greed to plot all of prime-time television. And it has a style all its own, typified by three of America's top designers: Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan. What could be more street-smart than to offer a selection of spring looks from this trio, modeled by cast members of *New York Undercover*, *Central Park West* and *Law & Order*? Klein describes clothing from his current collection (shown here) as "modern with a sexy edge." The same could be said for *New York Undercover*, a critically acclaimed cop series on Fox that co-stars Lauren Velez, Malik Yoba and Michael DeLorenzo. At center, Yoba combines a rayon, mohair and acetate three-button sports jacket with two besom pockets ($675) with cotton-and-linen trousers ($325) and a silk-and-nylon short-sleeve camp shirt ($265), while DeLorenzo wears a deerskin peacoat ($1250) with a pair of rayon-and-cotton cigarette pants ($275) and a linen short-sleeve camp shirt ($225). Velez' outfit is by Nicole Miller.

HAIR BY DARREN HOSTLER
MAKEUP BY AMRITA FORD

Whereas *New York Undercover* depicts the grittier side of Manhattan, *Central Park West* is all about glamour. Created by Darren Starr, the man behind *Melrose Place* and *Beverly Hills 90210*, *CPW* went on a brief hiatus last fall but is back—and steamier than ever. Looking appropriately chic in Ralph Lauren fashions are three of the nighttime soap's sexy co-stars (left to right), John Barrowman, Michael Michel and Justin Lazard. Lauren says his spring line "is about the glamour of old Hollywood. I love the mix of classic cream and beige clothing worn with easy, casual sportswear." So do our *CPW* actors. Barrowman combines a three-button single-breasted silk sports jacket ($795), wool flannel trousers ($250) and a silk buttondown shirt ($165) over a striped linen-and-silk crewneck sweater ($135). Lazard's ensemble includes a linen three-button sports jacket with notched lapels ($695), linen trousers ($175), a long-sleeve silk shirt ($165) and a linen knit crewneck sweater ($197). Michel's outfit is also by Ralph Lauren.

HAIR BY DAVID GARDNER FOR FORD IMAGE2, NYC
MAKEUP BY B.J. GILLIAN FOR LOUIS LICARI



Law & Order, the terrific Emmy Award–winning legal drama, takes you inside New York City's chaotic criminal-justice system, with powerful performances by co-stars Jerry Orbach, Benjamin Bratt, Sam Waterston and Jill Hennessy (left to right). Donna Karan dresses the actors for the courtroom, saying, "For spring, I stopped counting buttons and put my energy into purifying the form and focusing on comfort and flexibility." Orbach definitely does the look justice in a corded wool crepe single-breasted suit ($1095), cotton shirt ($115) and silk tie ($95). Bratt's outfit includes a crepe four-button single-breasted suit ($1095), cotton shirt ($115) and silk tie ($65). And Waterston pairs a single-breasted suit ($1095) with a cotton French-cuff shirt ($90) and silk tie ($85). Hennessy's suit is also by Karan.

HAIR BY VICTOR DE NICOLA
MAKEUP BY CRAIG LYMAN
WOMEN'S STYLING BY VIRGINIA WEBSTER
FOR JAM ARTS, NYC

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

BOXES

(continued from page 72)

Willie was serious about what I owed him, and he had been tried once for murder.

into the far corner without waiting for directions.

Their silence went back to the end of my first week, when Creech had asked me to put some extra boxes on a truck. I wouldn't. I didn't know what he meant at first, though he thought I was just playing dumb. "What?" I had said. "I can't. I have to count every one."

"So miss one. It's worth $25 to you, every time." Creech counted the boxes, running his hands over them like melons. I couldn't bear to watch this, and I pushed them just out of his reach.

Gortney slapped me on the back. "Come on, Amelia. It's a cardboard box. In the course of a lifetime, who's going to miss a few?"

When I realized what Creech meant, I just stared at him, then continued loading. I counted each box out loud and let it drop with a thud. Somehow Reemer found out about it, because he shook my hand at the end of the day and Gortney saw it. I knew Gortney and Creech thought I blew them in, but I didn't care. Later, Reemer told me Creech and Gortney had flipped everybody who'd held my job, and then turned two of them in—to make it look like they weren't doing the stealing. Once I knew that, I was even more glad I hadn't listened to them.

I goosed the throttle to disengage the sticky lift and Creech looked up at the sound. Even knowing they might turn on me, I thought of asking if they still wanted help running their scam. Willie was serious about what I owed him, and he had been tried once for murder. A witness said that Willie had brought another dealer out on a deserted road to the salt marshes, shot him through the ear, tied weights around his ankles and wrists and then rowed out to dump the body in the tall weeds. None of the jurors believed the witness. He had come forward eight years after the supposed incident, and no body had been found. But after last night, I was willing to believe anything about Willie, and rolling the dice with Creech and Gortney seemed a lot less deadly.

Still, I thought my best bet would be the bank. I shifted to reverse, the warning bell sounding, backed the lift out and headed for another pallet, listening as I left to the rising murmur of Creech and Gortney's voices. Loading took half an hour. They didn't speak to me once.

•

Just before lunch Reemer grabbed my arm and yanked me into his office.

"What's up, Johnson?" He closed the office door.

I rubbed my neck to let him know I didn't think his method was the smoothest, but he didn't seem to notice. He leaned forward and looked me over as if he were waiting for me to start tweaking at any moment, which just showed how little he knew about drugs. Cocaine cravings aren't like that. Your mouth gets dry and your stomach cramps and feels heavy, like you've swallowed a fruitcake whole, but no one else can tell.

"Nothing," I said, but I couldn't meet his eyes. I looked at the small desk overflowing with papers, the notices pinned to the corkboard walls, the glass windows crossed by steel bars. The light coming through the windows was dim, like we were underwater.

"You can tell me." Reemer laid his hand on my shoulder. The skin on his knuckles was cracked and scabbed. It looked painful, but I'd never seen him shirking. "I know it must be hard for you."

I thought about it for a long time. Reemer's voice was understanding and his face seemed honest, but I remembered Jones, his boss. When I had been interviewed, my counselor had sat with a file in her lap—my recommendations from the halfway house and from my other counselors—while Jones stood by a window, rising up on the balls of his feet and then dropping down on his heels while he thought it over. I watched his heels going up and down, knowing that my chances rode on how he finally decided: up, down, up, down, the physical manifestation of his mental gymnastics. I had done a lot to bring myself to that point, both good things recently and bad things earlier, but the decision now was out of my hands.

Finally he came down for a last time, harder than the others, as if he'd reached his decision and meant to seal the lid on it with his heels. In one quick glance he took me in, then turned to Carol and said, "All right." He kept talking to Carol, as if he were a teacher addressing my parent. "But if his past comes into work in any way, he's gone."

He sat down and began signing papers. He didn't shake my hand. I couldn't blame him. For all the recommendations I had in the folder there were other papers, accounts of what I'd done or of how much I'd fallen in debt or of how I'd run a business into the ground, and there was the sentencing report too, where the judge said he didn't agree with the plea bargain because he didn't believe I'd really changed, but was bound to go along with it.

How could I explain to Reemer that I owed $1700 to my ex-dealer? I wasn't supposed to go near him, and I hadn't, but nobody would understand that. They'd fire me, and I'd never get another job and the judge would revoke my probation.

I tried to think of a lie to tell Reemer. I had gotten out of the habit since I went straight and even if I thought of one, I wasn't sure I could pull it off. I read from a list of regulations posted on the wall. NO SPEEDING ON THE FORKLIFT. NO SWEARING ON THE FORKLIFT. NO JOUSTING WITH FORKLIFTS. Those were all because of Creech. NO SLACKING. That one was probably directed at Gortney, but I doubt that he'd ever bothered to read it. NO DRUGS! That was mine.

"It's nothing," I said. "Sometimes I have sleepless nights, you know?"

That was true enough, as far as it went, and it seemed to satisfy Reemer. He stared at me unblinking, the skin under his eyes shiny with sweat in the heat. This time I looked back until a ledger slid off a pile of papers, startling me. Finally he nodded.

"OK. Just make sure that's all it is."

"I have to leave early this afternoon," I said, before he could tell me to go. "On business." I didn't think he would mind because I'd never asked before. But when he didn't say anything I added, "It's important to me."

"Is 2:30 OK?" He flipped a page over the back of his clipboard and studied the next one. "You should be done with your orders by then."

"That's fine."

"Good." He ran his pen down the line of names printed under the schedule and I started to go.

"And Johnson——"

I turned around, holding on to the door. I knew what he was going to say: This job was my last chance.

He wrote something next to one of the names and then spoke without looking up, the pen poised above the paper. "You're doing good work. I tell

(continued on page 140)

As one of New York's foremost advertising and glamour photographers, Pete Turner excels at selling fantasies. When we asked him to capture his own private daydreams on film, he eagerly rose to the challenge. *Pete Turner's Turn-Ons*, a pictorial published in our January 1973 holiday issue, sizzles with erotic imagery—from a beautiful garter-belted lady reclining on a big chrome motorcycle to this high-kilowatt shot of model Robin Leslie. Talk about good vibrations.

TERROR STALKS THE BIG EASY

there's a carnival in new orleans— a jamboree of bloody crime and bad cops

TRUE CRIME

BY ANDREI CODRESCU

Melancholy, exultation, dejection. A naked man on a balcony. An ex-virgin still holding the plastic cup that held her first hurricane. A funeral wreath around a mule's neck. Two tired drag queens hiding from the light in a jasmine-choked portico. Another body found shot dead on the levee. Stories stacking up like coins in a street musician's sax case. Another New Orleans night is done.

But the night of March 4, 1995 in New Orleans was unusual, even by our deviant standards. At one A.M. policewoman Antoinette Frank ate supper at the Kim Anh restaurant on Bullard Avenue, where she moonlighted as a guard. Two children of the Vietnamese family who owned the restaurant, Cuong Vu, 17, and Ha Vu, 24, cooked her meal. Frank left, and then, about an hour later, returned and knocked on the locked door. Ronnie Williams, 25, another police officer who worked as a guard there, let her in. Frank, 23, was not alone. An 18-year-old named Roger Lacaze was with her.

Frank and Lacaze didn't waste any time. Williams was killed with a bullet to the back of the head at short range. Two more shots were then fired into him, for insurance. The two children, who had stayed to clean up, begged for their lives. Cuong was a junior in high school. He played football and was an altar boy at St. Brigid Church in eastern New Orleans. He wanted to be a priest. His sister Ha wanted to be a nun. When they were shot, they were on their knees in prayer. Cuong was pistol-whipped, then shot six times. His sister took three bullets.

Frank and Lacaze robbed the restaurant and left the massacre scene. Frank then returned to the Seventh District police station, picked up a police car and went back to the crime scene in uniform, in response to a 911 call. It was swarming with cops by the time she drove back. Among them was Richard Pennington, the new chief of police, who went to the restaurant as soon as he heard that a police officer had been shot. Frank walked confidently into the blood-spattered scene, which was where her luck ended. Two of the victims' siblings had been hiding in a cooler and had witnessed everything. Chau Vu heard her brother's and sister's last prayers. She pointed out Frank as the killer. The policewoman was arrested at the scene.

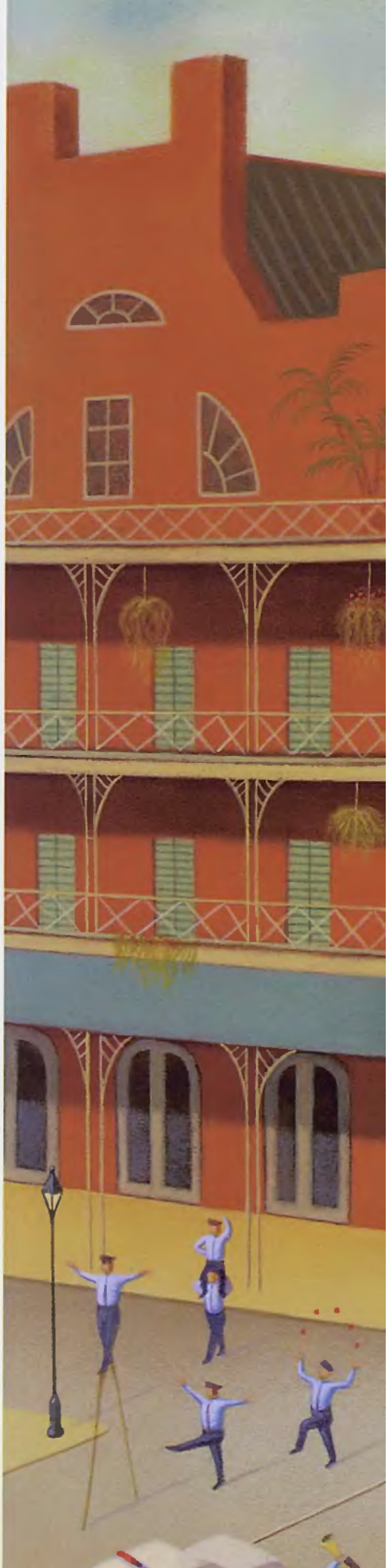


ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS SCIACCA

666
HOTE

The triple murder committed by an NOPD officer at Kim Anh was the most spectacular case of 1995, but it was only one of a long series of revelations of crimes committed by members of the police department. Citizens' complaints against the police, ranging from rudeness to brutality, had reached an all-time high at the end of 1993. The following year New Orleans would become the murder capital of the U.S., with 421 killings. Over the past two years, four officers have been charged with murder. Since 1992 more than 30 others have been charged with felonies. The rest of the crimes, of course, were committed by criminals.

After a searing *60 Minutes* report on the NOPD on October 30, 1994, the young new mayor of New Orleans, Marc Morial, promised tough reforms. He appointed Pennington as police superintendent and Pennington promised to stomp corruption and brutality and deal with complaints and low morale. It didn't look like things could get any worse. But they did.

Something truly evil came screaming out of the swampy ground. A serial killer, it turned out, had been operating in New Orleans for four years. On August 27, 1995 *The Times-Picayune* published the available photographs and biographies of 24 young women and men who could have been victims of the murderer since 1991. It seems the NOPD had known for some time that a serial killer was out there but had kept it quiet so as not to unsettle already jittery citizens. One victim was a money changer at Harrah's temporary casino near Congo Square. She was seen leaving the casino late with her boyfriend, Seventh District patrolman Victor Gant, who has denied any wrongdoing. He provided blood and sperm samples to the FBI and the investigation is proceeding. Gant has not been charged and is currently assigned to desk duty at the Seventh District.

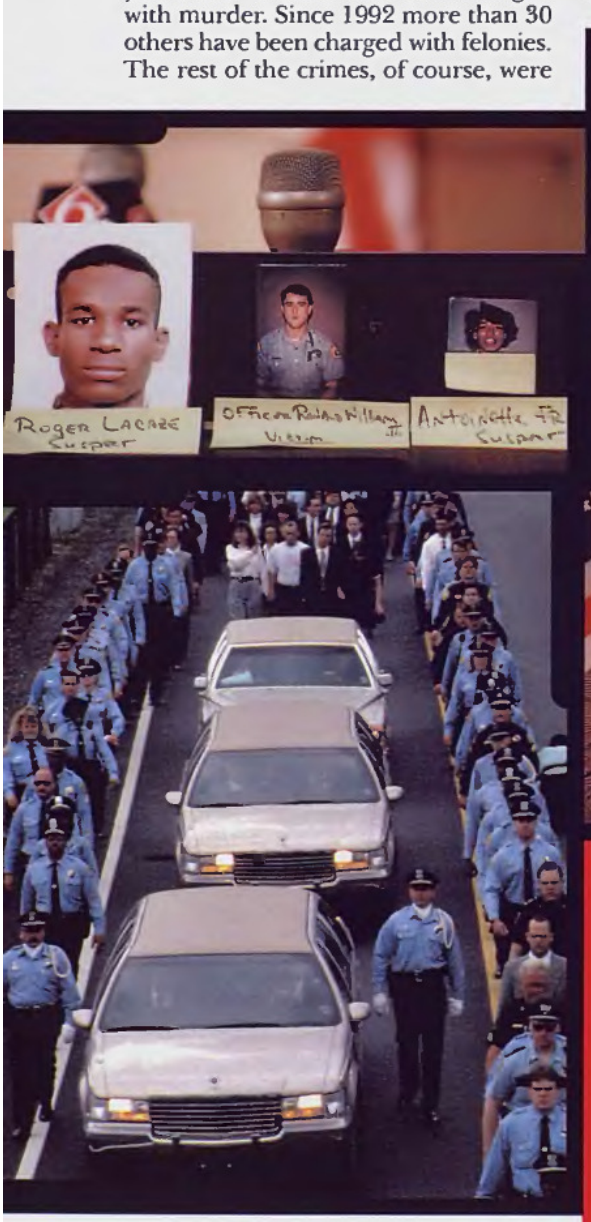
•

New Orleans is an island, like Venice, that floats on the brackish swill of its complex past and emanates an intoxicating scent of decay and promise. Here is the pudendum of North America, the last stop of the Mississippi River before it surrenders its flow to the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi is not a happy river: It sings the blues of toxic pollution, of the shackles put on it by the Army Corps of Engineers, of the pain of levees and dams. Above all, it sings its sad story of frustrated love for the swift and young Atchafalaya River. The Mississippi has been attempting for a century to join up with the Atchafalaya, but the Corps has prevented that with the biggest locks in its arsenal. The joining would shorten the Mississippi's path to the Gulf by 120 miles, but its new course would leave New Orleans high and dry. New Orleans without the Mississippi? Unimaginable. But what old man river wants, old man river eventually will get, and in the end nothing will stop it. This is one more sorrowful piece of knowledge that gnaws at the unconscious of the natives. Like Venice, this is a doomed city.

Tourists come to New Orleans to get drunk, to get weird, to get laid. They also come to eat and, some of them say, to dance and hear le jazz. Sometimes they also get rolled and killed. Sometimes they get arrested for running red lights and are put in jail with thieves and killers. You can't ask for anything better in America. To get all those thrills separately you would have to go to Belfast, to Bangkok, to Haiti and Paris. And you would still have to come to New Orleans for the music.

When the rich, the famous, the bored, the odd or the fugitive fantasize about disappearing, they think of New

(continued on page 148)



Over the past two years, four cops have been charged with murder. Since 1992 more than 30 police officers have been charged with felonies.

Cops in Trouble (counterclockwise from upper left): Police display after the Kim Anh restaurant shoot-out showing homicide victim Ronnie Williams (center) and suspects Roger Lacaze (left) and police officer Antoinette Frank (right, with identification covered); Williams' funeral in March 1995; Mayor Marc Morial with police superintendent Richard Pennington announcing the arrests; Frank, who had failed a psychiatric exam but became a cop anyway, looking pensive during her murder trial.

GREETING CARDS
RY
MISSING YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
GREAT LAY
GRADUA
Interlandi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Priscilla Takes Manhattan

she can make it here, she can make it anywhere

MISS MARCH is on the phone from Miami. Despite repeated interruptions from call waiting (the efforts of an ex-boyfriend whom she says she's ignoring), she merrily tells her story. "I was in a beauty pageant when I was 15 or 16," says Priscilla Taylor. "When the emcee asked me who I would be if I could be anyone in the world, I said 'Cleopatra.' 'Why?' he asked. And I said, 'I just want to rule!'" The audience, perhaps expecting Mother Teresa in a bikini, was shocked. "I think I blew the personality part of the contest right out of the water," she recalls, laughing. Although Priscilla lost a crown that day, she did go on to win the title of Miss Orange Blossom in her home state of Florida. She's been blowing people out of the water ever since. Confidence. Priscilla has two scoops of it. Whether she's braving TV auditions with her quick wit or just digging into junk

food on a shoot while other models nervously nibble crudités, she has the poise of a woman on the move. Recently, the 24-year-old landed a part on *Baywatch Nights* and, having conquered the world of modeling in south Florida, was leaving Miami Beach to live in New York. It's the latest stop in a lifetime itinerary that includes Aspen, San Francisco and Fort Lauderdale. "I've lived everywhere," she says. "I was always the new kid in school, but I had no trouble making friends. In fact, moving a lot made it easy."

New York should be no different, and a few weeks later at the Royalton Hotel—her favorite midtown hangout—her best qualities are on display. As she dines, her sense of purpose and style—a rather slinky style—attract attention, even among the jaded crowd. You might think our sun-kissed siren chose this hot spot for its beautiful people, the excellent food or the fashion-industry power brokers in the rear booths—but no. "Actually," she confesses, "I love the way it looks." That is an informed

remark. After high school, Priscilla studied interior design, but she left her chosen field after only a few months on the job. "I did well, but I decided it wasn't for me," she says. "I think I'm too creative for most budgets." Now she is content to decorate her own pad—budgets be damned. She has two Andy Warhol prints and 12 Roy Lichtensteins. Perhaps her favorite possessions are her pet miniature Dobermans, the perfect high-flying accessories for when she goes on casting calls. She wants a full-size Doberman, too, the better to help her conquer New York.

Yes, hurricane Priscilla can be destructive. Witness the broken hearts left in her wake: "Here's what happens," she says. "I meet a strong guy with a great big, um, ego. I like that—my boyfriends have been real cocky, kind of self-centered or snotty. But after we've been together for a while, they just turn into women. I can't make a move without them saying,

"This will probably sound corny," says Priscilla, "but I always match my lingerie when I go to bed. Lacy shorts and a top, or just matching underwear. I'm not a flannel person—even in New York. When it gets cold, I still wear my little things but I just throw on a big robe."

Priscilla can boast of diverse credits. Lucky Southerners might have seen her hasting the fashion show *Trend TV;* the rest of us can take solace in the video *Sorority Girls of Spring Break.*

'Wait—where are you going?' All my friends ask, 'Where's your wife?'" It's easy to imagine and easier still to sympathize—with the guys. She has an irresistible look in her eyes, one that seductively dares, "Are you man enough for me?" It's the kind of fire that makes a man hit redial, hoping she'll finally take his call. "I'll tell you a secret. All three serious boyfriends of mine have wanted us to be together forever, get married, you know. I have always played along with it. But it's the furthest thing from my mind. In fact, I would like all of them in the same house with me, living happily ever after." Then she turns serious. "But what I really want to do is own a modeling agency." She looks up and gazes at an empty power booth. Suddenly, she could be Queen Cleo eyeing her next throne.

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Triscilla Lee Taylor

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 8·15·71 BIRTHPLACE: Miami, Florida

AMBITIONS: To run my own modeling agency. To be very famous, very successful and very in love.

TURN-ONS: Secure, confident men with dark hair, strong bodies and even stronger personalities.

TURNOFFS: Laziness and rude comments.

NOTHING COMES BETWEEN: Me and my mexican food — authentic Mexican is by far the best.

I DON'T LOOK GOOD IN: Turtlenecks — they look horrible! I dread New York winters.

I'D LIKE TO: Shake the hand of the person behind the Absolut vodka ads. I've framed every one.

FAVORITE BOOK: "The Shallow Man" by Coerte V.W. Felske. It's about a very shallow man and his involvements with models.

MY APARTMENT: It's like a giant game room on the ocean.

In the beginning...

Ken meets Barbie

Sssmokin'!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On his way home from a sales meeting, a New Yorker spotted a farmer in a field pulling on a calf's leg that was protruding from a pregnant cow. The traveler stopped and offered to help.

Getting a few words of instruction, the city slicker grabbed the leg and after a great deal of yanking and pulling managed to free the animal. "Thanks," the farmer said. "What can I give you for your help?"

"You don't owe me anything. But there is one thing," he said. "Just how fast was that calf going when it hit the cow?"

What's a quartet? The Havana Symphony Orchestra after a European tour.

After being with her all evening, the man couldn't take another minute of his blind date. He secretly arranged to have a friend call him to the phone. When he returned to the table, he lowered his eyes, put on a grim expression and said, "I have some bad news. My grandmother just died."

"Thank heavens," his date replied. "If yours hadn't, mine would have had to."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The man surveyed the hotel bar patrons, picked out the most attractive woman in the place and took a seat beside her. He reached into his pocket, took out a small white box, set it on the bar and removed a frog. "How cute," the woman said. "Is that a pet?"

The man smiled. "Yes, and he does some tricks, too."

"What kind?"

"He eats pussy. Come upstairs and I'll prove it to you," he said.

Once in his room, she stripped off her clothes and lay on the bed. The man placed the frog between her legs. The frog didn't move. After several moments, the woman looked at the immobile frog and finally said, "Well?"

The man shook his head, picked up the frog and said, "OK, bozo, I'm only going to show this to you one more time."

Worried about his condition, a man went to see his doctor. After conducting a brief examination, the physician quickly spotted the problem. "Arthur, I can't explain this," he said, "but you have marijuana growing out of your nose."

"Did you say marijuana?" the bewildered patient wondered.

"No wonder you're concerned," the doctor soothed.

"Yeah, no kidding," Arthur said. "I planted poppies."

The missionary had brought his religion to the remote village and had sternly instructed the natives on the virtues of monogamy.

One day, however, a young wife gave birth to a white baby. The chief stormed into the missionary's hut. "You have taught us about the sanctity of marriage," the chief said, "and yet today N'Dawa gave birth to a white child. As you are the only white man here, the people say you are the father. They are angry."

"Chief," the missionary replied, "the baby is not mine, it's an albino. See the black sheep there?" he said, pointing to a herd of otherwise white sheep. "It's a fluke of nature, something that just happens."

Shifting nervously from foot to foot, the chief cleared his throat. "Say no more, Father," he mumbled. "I won't tell them about N'Dawa if you won't tell them about the sheep."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What's the difference between Divine Brown and Johnnie Cochran? Cochran succeeded in getting his most famous client off.

Bob stood over his tee shot for what seemed an eternity. He waggled, looked up, looked down, waggled again, but didn't start his backswing. Finally his exasperated playing partner asked, "What the hell is taking so long?"

"My wife is up there watching me from the clubhouse," Bob explained. "I want to make this a perfect shot."

"Good Lord!" his companion exclaimed. "You don't have a snowball's chance in hell of hitting her from here."

My God! What happened to you?" the bartender asked Kelly as he hobbled in with a crutch, an arm cast and bandages.

"I got in a tiff with Riley."

"Riley? He's just a wee lad," the barkeep said, surprised. "He must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," Kelly said. "A shovel it was."

"Dear Lord. Didn't you have anything in your hand?"

"Aye, that I did—Mrs. Riley's tit," Kelly said. "A beautiful thing it was, but not much use in a fight."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Hot damn! Am I glad you invented <u>that</u>!"

MYSTERY DANCE

ROCK IN THE SEVENTIES

after the meltdown of the sixties, it was either frye boots and country roads, or platform shoes and heavy metal

AS USUAL, *Time* magazine was late, but for once it was almost right. The Band was on the cover of its January 12, 1970 issue, which proclaimed the arrival of country rock. Much else was going on in rock and jazz, too, but after the ugly meltdown of the Sixties and with the war in Vietnam continuing to eat up bodies, many rock performers—and their fans—decided to go hide in the country. Or to sing about it, anyway.

Again, Bob Dylan, and his former backup group (known both modestly and pridefully as the Band), defined this new direction. Dylan started with hints on 1968's *John Wesley Harding*, on which the onetime angry amphetamine poet shamelessly rhymed moon and June and spoon. On 1969's *Nashville Skyline*, cut with Nashville session men, Dylan sang a shaky duet of *Girl From the North Country* with Johnny Cash and adopted a more laid-back vocal style.

So the hip city beatnik had embraced shit-kicker country music, which seemed to offer a needed retreat from acid tests and the days of rage. Walking the edge had become too hard for a lot of people, including Dylan and the Band.

Bob Dylan (top) has been the Miles Davis of rock, changing the music again and again. In the Seventies, Dylan and the Band (above) took rock into the country, making auspicious music that sounded like timeless folklore.

Dylan's 1966 motorcycle accident on a hill outside Woodstock put him out of commission during the flower power days of San Francisco acid rock. He lured the Band up to their Big Pink house in West Saugerties, New York. They lived near one another in the Catskills and goofed off in retreat, making what eventually became *The Basement Tapes*.

The Band has been rightly considered the most American of late Sixties and early Seventies rock groups. But while their best music sounds like timeless American folklore, everybody but Levon Helm came from Canada.

But as Barney Hoskyns points out in *Across the Great Divide*, his history of the group, the members all had one thing in common: WLAC from Nashville, Tennessee. WLAC was a revelation to white kids in the Fifties. It was a 50,000-watt radio station that on a clear night could be heard across a large segment of North America. Disc jockey John R broadcast for Randy's Record Shop and White Rose Petroleum Jelly, and played

ARTICLE BY DAVID STANDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

Some rock in the Seventies moved toword heavy metol decibel levels that could blow out your stote-of-the-art speakers. But such groups os Crosby, Stills, Nosh & Young (signed guitor, right) provided a gentler post-folkie sound that morked the oscendoncy of mony singer-songwriters.

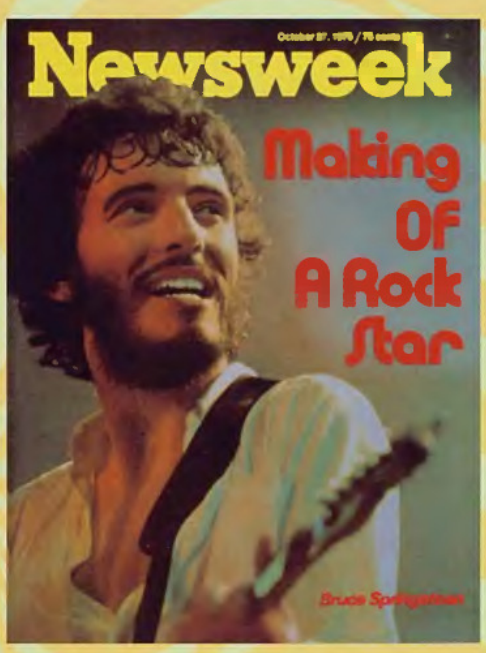
wonderful urban blues—Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker—that you weren't likely to hear on other radio stations of the time. You listened to WLAC late at night under the covers when you were supposed to be asleep.

And these kids in Canada—and Helm down in Arkansas—were listening. They came together as the backup band to Ronnie Hawkins, a Southerner who had found a niche as an exotic hillbilly in Canada. Hawkins knew the importance of having a good band.

Robbie Robertson started out in Toronto as an ambitious 15-year-old bassist for Hawkins and the Hawks. He graduated to playing lead guitar in Hawkins' backup group, which

DON'T IT ALWAYS SEEM TO GO/THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GOT TILL IT'S GONE?/THEY PAVE PARADISE, PUT UP A PARKING LOT

—JONI MITCHELL



It wosn't simply a slow week for news when Bruce Springsteen appeared simultoneously on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* (obove). Singers ond guitarists of every stripe crowded the charts in the Seventies, from the earnest wimp-rock of Jomes Taylor to the blues of Duane Allmon, who wos too soon gone.

Bette Midler and Elton John (albums right) brought camp to rock, while Carole King's *Tapestry* (right) brought a new feminism thot kept the album on the chorts for nearly six yeors. The Eagles (below left, next to Toylor) provided a nice, peaceful feeling before things storted going sour in the Hotel Californio. Soulful mystic Von Morrison moved his ottention from *Gloria* to his brown-eyed girl. CSN&Y, in varying configurotions, filled stadiums and Jackson Browne (front ond center) told us we were runnin' on empty. Saint Willie Nelson (next on right) was discovered by rock oudiences when he let his hair grow. Duane Allman (to the right of Willie) had gigs playing guitor with Aretha Fronklin ond Eric Clapton's Derek & the Dominos. Bruce Springsteen (far right) was proclaimed the future of rock and roll. Even doubters agreed: He was remorkable in concert.

gradually came to include everyone in the Band—drummer Helm, bassist Rick Danko, tormented piano player Richard Manuel and keyboardist Garth Hudson (who was also the music professor of the group). Robertson had mainly learned from Hubert Sumlin, Howlin' Wolf's masterful lead guitarist, whose self-effacing licks Robertson took to heart.

Robertson, Manuel, Hudson, Danko and Helm had split from Hawkins and were touring as Levon and the Hawks when Dylan noticed them. During his 1965 tour of the U.S., they were his anonymous backup group.

After the group retired to the Woodstock area following Dylan's motorcycle accident, they became the Band and made the 1968 LP named after their sweet, ugly house. *Music From Big Pink* was followed a year later by *The Band*, and these two albums established them as a group in a league of its own.

Robertson fell in love with the South and wrote enigmatic songs in which he aimed for a "woody, thuddy" sound that drew from many eras and musical styles. He emerged as the group's chief songwriter and gradually took over as leader from Helm—which created bad blood between them. But on record, at first anyway, this was truly a group, with three lead singers and an arsenal of instruments, thanks especially to Hudson's prodigious and eclectic talent.

The Band never had any hit singles to speak of, except in cover versions. Aretha, the Supremes and Temptations and even Jackie DeShannon had covers of *The Weight* that sold better than the original version. And then there was Joan Baez' lugubrious hit rendition of *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*.

Unfortunately, we also probably have Dylan and the Band to blame for the 3000 mediocre country rock bands that followed in the Seventies. Anybody out there still listening to Pure Prairie League? Poco? Loggins & Messina?

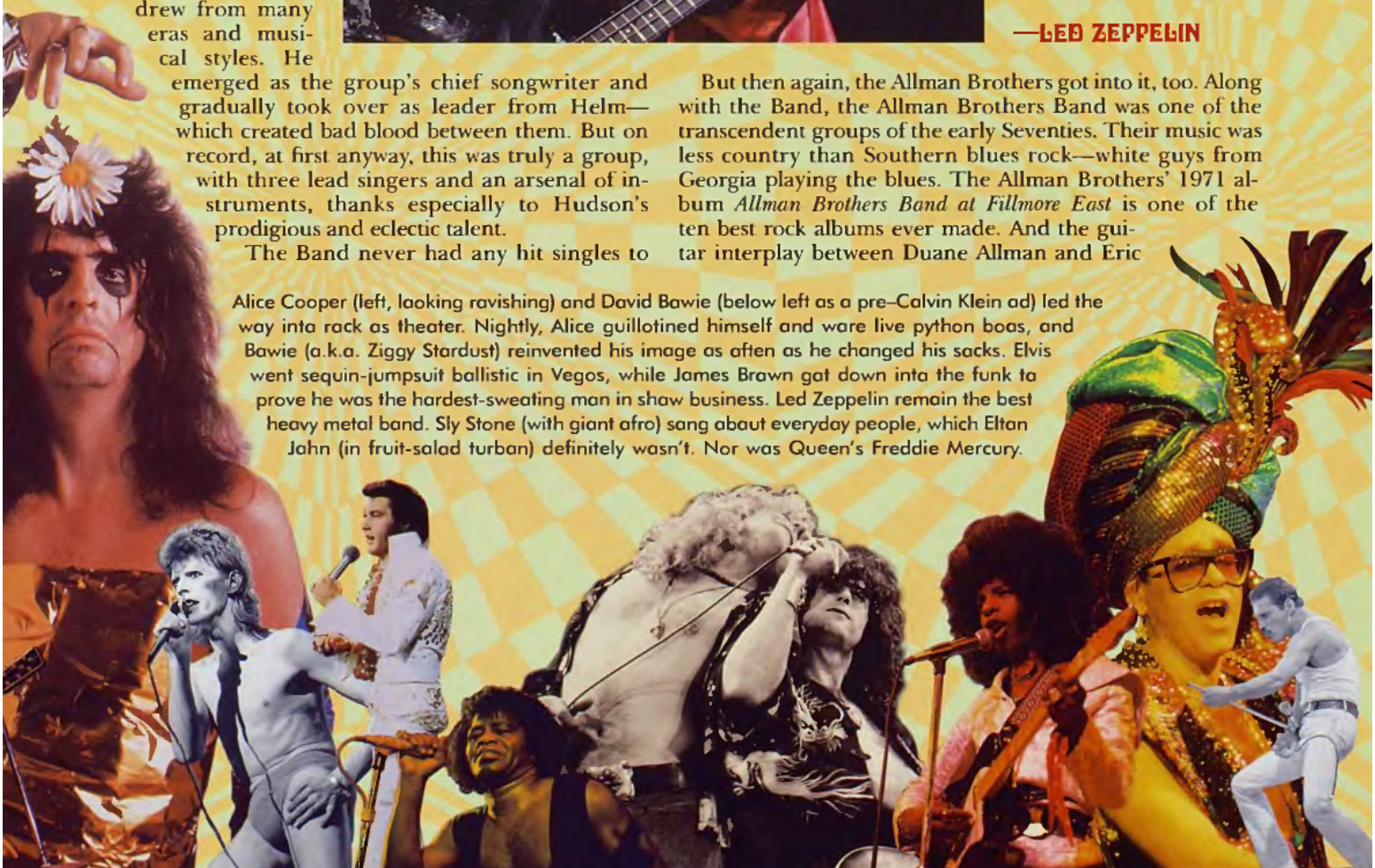
Inspired by equal amounts of heavy metal, comic books, Kabuki theater and Helene Curtis, Kiss hit a raw nerve all across American suburbia. Here was a way to annoy your parents and your musically knowledgeable older siblings while still having a good time yourself. In his prime, Gene Simmons (below) had the most famous tongue in all the world.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I ROCK AND ROLLED/IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE DID THE STROLL/ BEEN A LONG, LONELY, LONELY, LONELY, LONELY, LONELY TIME

—LED ZEPPELIN

But then again, the Allman Brothers got into it, too. Along with the Band, the Allman Brothers Band was one of the transcendent groups of the early Seventies. Their music was less country than Southern blues rock—white guys from Georgia playing the blues. The Allman Brothers' 1971 album *Allman Brothers Band at Fillmore East* is one of the ten best rock albums ever made. And the guitar interplay between Duane Allman and Eric

Alice Cooper (left, looking ravishing) and David Bowie (below left as a pre–Calvin Klein ad) led the way into rock as theater. Nightly, Alice guillotined himself and wore live python boas, and Bowie (a.k.a. Ziggy Stardust) reinvented his image as often as he changed his socks. Elvis went sequin-jumpsuit ballistic in Vegas, while James Brown got down into the funk to prove he was the hardest-sweating man in show business. Led Zeppelin remain the best heavy metal band. Sly Stone (with giant afro) sang about everyday people, which Elton John (in fruit-salad turban) definitely wasn't. Nor was Queen's Freddie Mercury.



PAINTING BY JANE FISHER

Clapton on the 1970 *Layla* sessions is as good as rock gets.

Duane Allman was younger but more adventurous than his brother Gregg. By the late Sixties he had made it from Macon to California, where he put together a group by the name of Hourglass that played Sixties psychedelia. Gregg was persuaded to join.

Duane was here and gone in nothing flat. Dickey Betts, Duane's successor on lead guitar in the Allman Brothers after Duane's 1971 death in a motorcycle accident, brought technical wizardry to the group but little of Duane's soul. The band was still worth the price of a ticket, but it was sadly and permanently diminished by Duane's death.

The Allmans were probably the best of the Southern blues rockers, but they weren't alone. ZZ Top is a long-lived Texas blues rock trio. Others working the same field included the Charlie Daniels Band, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Marshall Tucker Band, Rodney Crowell, Delbert McClinton and Alabama.

But the Band, the Allman Brothers and other country-style rockers certainly weren't all that was happening at the time. There were homegrown anomalies such as Little Feat.

Leader Lowell George was born in 1945. Before he started Little Feat, George played oboe on a Frank Sinatra session, formed a folk-rock group called the Factory, did stints as part of both the Standells and the Seeds and worked as rhythm guitarist for the Mothers of Invention. Frank Zappa, after he heared George's song *Willing*, urged him to start his own band. Mother Jimmy Carl Black provided the name—a joke about the size of George's shoes.

The story of Little Feat until George's death from a heart attack at the age of 34 in 1979 is stormy, mostly because of George's fondness for controlled substances. The band kept breaking up and re-forming. As *Rock Movers & Shakers* summarizes Little Feat in 1973: "The

WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME 'BOUT THE MYSTERY DANCE?/I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE AND I'M NOT SATISFIED—ELVIS COSTELLO

Disco became the dance music of the Seventies. The *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack (above, and Travolta below) sold 30 million copies and Studio 54 became the hip club. But by 1977 there was the anger and ennui of punk and New Wave. Lou Reed (center) was the godfather, with poet Patti Smith (far left), brilliant cynic Elvis Castello, Debbie Harry of Blondie and the Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten (all to the right of Reed) jumping in. And then there was Bob Marley (above Harry), the Mozart of reggae.

cycle of touring and destructive personal habits becomes too much and the band breaks up. Bill Payne joins the Doobie Brothers, then leaves them midtour to join Bonnie Raitt's band. There are rumors that ex–Vinegar Joe singer Robert Palmer will be asked to replace the increasingly erratic George, who in turn is rumored to be forming a band with John Sebastian and Phil Everly."

Feats Don't Fail Me Now from 1974 and 1978's live double album *Waiting For Columbus* were the band's only gold albums, but Little Feat had a serious cult following that was—and is—well deserved. The group combined rhythmic complexity with surrealistic country lyrics. (*Fat Man in the Bathtub* is a keen example.) It was one of the most interesting and eccentric bands of the Seventies.

Easily as idiosyncratic was Van Morrison. He was born in Belfast in 1945, a rock boy wonder. He put together Them when he was 16, with a shifting membership that briefly included session man Jimmy Page on guitar. Them had a number of classic Sixties singles, including *Here Comes the Night* and *Gloria*. But by 1966, at the age of 21, Morrison was burned enough from a U.S. tour that he went back to Belfast to think for a while. Always unpredictable, Morrison came back to showbiz as a solo act in 1967, signing a contract on the mighty Bang label. In June 1967 his poignant *Brown-Eyed Girl* made it to number ten on the U.S. charts.

A year later he recorded the LP *Astral Weeks*, which *The Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll* rightly describes as "one of rock's least classifiable and most enduring albums."

Morrison sailed into the Seventies with a series of intelligently offbeat hits—among them *Domino*, *Blue Money*, *Wild Night* and *Tupelo Honey*. But in 1973 he got divorced, quit the biz again and returned to Belfast to think some more. The next year he was back with the Caledonian Soul Orchestra, but its live album didn't do very well, so he put together a smaller and different group. He's been in and out of the biz ever since—the Artie Shaw of rock—drawn to performing but clearly uncomfortable with it as well. He's probably too smart for the job. But we're all lucky that he has kept at it.

Rock in the Seventies split into many slots: country rock, singer-songwriter rock, art rock, heavy metal, hard rock, shock rock, theatrical rock, glitter rock, Beethoven rock, disco, pub rock, punk rock, funk, fusion, jazz rock, reggae, Latin rock.

Paradoxically, all this fragmentation pointed to the underlying unity of the music—somehow it was all rock. Which was only the new code word for the source: the blues, that collision of African field hollers and church music with the European harmonies and chord structures that produced jazz at the turn of the century. The blues has been a continuing dynamic in popular American music ever since. For years, jazzmen such as Count Basie and Charlie Parker simply said they played the blues. In the Seventies the new all-encompassing term became rock.

It was evolution in action. Rock was a musical virus that would attack everything in its path and transmute it—no other musical form was safe.

As popular music always does, this increasingly fragmented form mirrored what was going on in what passed for the real world.

The early part of the Seventies was a fragmented time. The Vietnam war kept grinding on. The generational and cultural clashes at home were getting worse. In 1970 Nixon sent troops into Cambodia, expanding, not ending, the war in southeast Asia. In May of that year, National Guardsmen shot and killed four unarmed protesters at Kent State University. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young elegized them not long afterward in *Ohio*.

Life was scary, especially if you were male and had a really low draft-lottery number. Bill Clinton and Dan Quayle weren't the only ones trying to avoid a war that was killing so many young men. It seemed the sensible thing to do: Take all the drugs you could and show up at your shrink test in a dress, claiming chronic psychosis and sexual deviation. Sometimes it worked. And sometimes you were sent to basic training anyway.

For cynics coming of age amid all this, the Watergate hearings in 1973 and 1974 were great theater. The collapse of the corrupt Nixon administration was far more globally entertaining than O.J. Simpson's gloves. Things had been so bad that Nixon's chickening out of office felt really good. The 1975 fall of Saigon brought the curtain down on an ugly drama that never should have opened.

The utopian hippie dreams of peace and love in the Sixties, as well as the more socially relevant utopian dreams of the New Left, had turned sour by 1970. This disaffection was reflected in the popular music of the time: It was anger or retreat, heavy metal or country roads.

•

Simon & Garfunkel cleaned house at the 1970 Grammy awards show, winning best song, record and album for *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. But it was a bad sign that the winners for best new artists that year were the Carpenters.

On the radio every four seconds in 1971 you heard John Denver's *Take Me Home, Country Roads* or Don McLean's epically awful *American Pie*, which exemplified what it lamented—the death of old-time rock and roll.

Hard rock and heavy metal were the flip side of the country coin. The 1971 answer to McLean's wimpy nostalgia, while on exactly the same theme, was Led Zeppelin's roaring *Rock and Roll*, whose crashing energy proved that what they were lamenting wasn't nearly dead yet. Indeed, Led Zep, while evolved from Cream and the Yardbirds, virtually invented heavy metal.

Led Zeppelin would become the preeminent heavy metal band of the Seventies, but not before most of the critics dismissed them as loud barbarians. Which they were, since the subject matter of many of their songs derived from pre-Christian Celtic mythology and Jimmy Page's interest in Aleister Crowley's work on the occult. (Page even bought a house Crowley had owned.) This critical disdain continued for a while—despite the facts that by 1973 Led Zep could fill Madison Square Garden three nights running, and that, with the possible exception of Eric Clapton, Page was arguably the best guitarist in rock.

A generational split was taking place regarding music. Led Zeppelin and lesser loud bands such as Black Sabbath, Humble Pie, Grand Funk Railroad, Aerosmith and Deep Purple were what the little brothers of the Sixties rock audience listened to in the Seventies.

The high school crowd was also attracted to the outrages of Alice Cooper, who practically invented shock rock—inspired and encouraged by Frank Zappa. Alice was originally Vincent Damon Furnier, born in Detroit in 1948. He moved to Los Angeles and appeared in a dress on the back cover of his 1969 Zappa-label LP *Pretties for You*. The fact that Alice was a shave-twice-a-day guy and golfer didn't matter at the time. It was hard rock with bizarro theatrical trappings, which included chopping up dolls and mock executions. Cooper's antisocial message on such hits as 1971's *Eighteen* and 1972's *School's Out* ("School's been blown to pieces") was perfect for teenagers with rampaging hormones and disdained by older rockers.

Cooper's opening act during his 1973 tour was the Stooges, whose leader was Iggy Pop, a crazed, skinny ur-punk also from Detroit. Iggy was into self-laceration and flinging himself into the audience long before anyone

(continued on page 152)

It was her 1967 centerfold (right) and 1970 calendar gig (left), both shot by Mario Casilli, that helped DeDe overcome her shyness. "Posing for PLAYBOY broadened my mind and helped me as a person," she says. "I wish I could do one centerfold a year until I can't do them anymore."

our august 1967 playmate proves that sometimes time stands still

PLAYMATE REVISITED: DE DE LIND

THREE DECADES AGO DeDe Lind was the dream girl personified: cute as a button, with a healthy batch of freckles and a soft, sexy voice; a teen-model-turned-movie-actress-turned-Playmate; a southern Californian as passionate about cooking spaghetti and pastries (her roots are Swedish-Italian) as she was about the war in Vietnam ("I just hope that it really is worth it," she said at the time). Now, having dabbled in horses and the boating business, DeDe is newly single and living in Florida—and still enjoying her fame. "I get more fan mail now than ever before," she says. "Who would think people would still remember me? But they do, even in the supermarket. One Vietnam vet had me sign my centerfold. He showed me where part of it had been blown away in his tent. He said it helped him get through the war. I was really quite touched by that."

"I like my life the way it is now," says DeDe, recaptured here by model-turned-glam-photagrapher Bunny Yeager. "I'm pretty much my own person. I live acrass from the ocean, where it's warm year-round. I have never been happier."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER

IMAGINE NEWT, PHIL, PAT, DAN, CLARENCE AND RUSH IN A VIETNAM PLATOON. YES, IMAGINE

humor by AL FRANKEN

OPERATION CHICKENHAWK

Central Highlands, South Vietnam, August 1969:

"Shit," murmured Gingrich, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Are we in trouble?" Quayle whispered. Quayle was "new meat." This was his first night ambush and he was shaking.

"You wanted to know what that smell was," Gingrich said with disgust as they trudged down the jungle trail. "It's shit. Limbaugh shits in his pants whenever he's scared. That's why no one wants to be in a hole with him."

"It's my pilonidal cyst!" came a voice from the rear. "It's a congenital incomplete closure of the neural groove at the base of my spinal cord in which excess tissue and hair may collect, causing discomfort and discharge. I shouldn't be here."

"Bullshit!" shouted Buchanan. "You've dropped a load in your shorts and it stinks!"

"It's my pilonidal cyst!" huffed Limbaugh as he struggled to keep up.

"Fuck your pilonidal cyst!" came a thick Southern drawl. "Ah'm sick of hearing about it!"

"Fuck you, Gramm," the corpulent radio operator shot back.

"Eat me, fatso!"

Now they were all yelling at Limbaugh: Gingrich, Gramm, Thomas, Buchanan. All but Quayle, who was too new and too scared to take sides, and Will, who was too high on acid. That's why Will was the one they called Stoner.

"Shut up, you meatheads!" Lieutenant North was pissed. "You're gonna get us killed!" North couldn't believe he was out with this bunch *(continued on page 126)*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

Grooming By Donald Charles Richardson

GREAT HEAD

all about rogaine, the best men's shampoos and where to get a $290 haircut

ASIDE FROM growing a beard and a mustache, the only basic way for a guy to alter his looks is to change his hair. The problem is that most men don't know which hairstyle looks best. Women rave about Brad Pitt's buzz cut or Antonio Banderas' luxurious locks, but hair textures differ, so one man's no-care style could be another man's high-maintenance nightmare. And, of course, a look doesn't always translate. Imagine Lyle Lovett with Kato Kaelin's do (or vice versa). To get to the root of the problem, we asked three of the country's leading hairstylists to talk about the latest trends. Cristophe, a Beverly Hills stylist who has trimmed the heads of the high and mighty, including President Clinton's—remember Clinton's runway haircut?—says short haircuts are back, "but not so short or closely cropped that you look as if you just got out of the barber's chair." Cristophe maintains that hair shouldn't appear too finished or styled. "It should be a little shaggy. A short haircut that looks as if it's about two months old is ideal. If you have medium-length hair, grow it out a little." In New York, stylist Frédéric Fekkai (who charges $290 for a haircut at his salon in Bergdorf Goodman on Fifth Avenue) says the look is "clean and sharp." He recommends going short on the sides and either short or long on top—as long as the overall presentation is "neat and structured."

Fekkai also prefers a side part, lining it up with the middle of the eye it's above to balance the face. And he's adamant about sporting sideburns as a means of framing your face. Use your cheekbones

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

as a guide when trimming, Fekkai says. Sideburns should hit the middle of the cheekbone on average-sized faces, the bottom of the cheekbone on wide faces and the top on narrow ones.

Thomas Morrissey, who has salons in New York and Palm Beach, considers a client's age when recommending cuts. "Extremely short or long hair is still great for the under-30 crowd," he says, "but men who are older look best in more styled haircuts that don't look recently clipped."

Once you have the right cut, you'll want to stock up on a few products to keep your hair looking good. The most popular are body-building shampoos, conditioners and gels that coat the hair with substances which make it feel and appear thicker. For shine, Morrissey suggests using a leave-in conditioner, while Cristophe opts for pomades and brilliantines.

Leave-in conditioners are the latest in the long string of conditioning products. They work best on dry hair or when you're trying to protect your hair from the elements.

The original work-in, rinse-out conditioners can still be very helpful. Products such as Kiehl's Extra Strength Conditioning Rinse with Coconut, Aveda's Rosemary and Mint Equalizing Hair Conditioning Rinse and Redken's CAT Daily Remoisturizing Conditioner will do the job. However, it's important to go easy with any hair conditioner. Too much of a good thing can leave your hair flat. And conditioners are very handy if you have dry hair and choose not to shampoo every day. Instead, simply use a conditioner on days you don't shampoo.

Rather than balance shampoo and conditioner, some men prefer one of the new shampoo-conditioners, such as Eternity for Men Revitalizing Shampoo by Calvin Klein.

COLOR ME YOUTHFUL

Hair coloring is no longer just a female thing. In fact, many traditional barbershops now offer color consultations. Morrissey says, "Men should color their hair so it looks absolutely natural or not at all." (Tell that to Dennis Rodman.) For the best results, visit a professional. He or she can mix colors to match (or change) your individual shade better than you can and a pro can offer a wide variety of hair-coloring techniques. Some highlight hair, adding blond streaks to achieve a sun-drenched look, or they perform reverse highlighting, which works well on men whose hair has started turning gray. With the latter procedure, a darker color is worked through the hair, covering most, but not all, of the gray. The goal is subtlety. A good colorist can leave as little or as much gray as you want—coloring all the hair except the temple area, for instance, or darkening the whole head.

If you choose to color your hair by yourself, Morrissey says to avoid trying to match your own natural color to the shade on the box. Coloring products almost always come out darker than they appear in pictures, so choose one that's at least a shade lighter than that of your own hair. And finally, Morrissey points out that hair coloring is a commitment: "One should never have dark roots," he says.

Clairol also has some suggestions. Its recently launched Men's Choice for Beard, Mustache and Sideburns, Too is the first hair-color product to take your whole head into account. This shampoo-in, semipermanent gel can help you blend away the gray in both your head and facial hair with the same treatment.

The leader in men's hair-coloring products, Just for Men, offers a range of different shades, from light brown to black. This company also makes a separate collection of hair-coloring products for beards and mustaches.

GONE TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

Male-pattern baldness, with its telltale receding hairline and thinning on the crown, can begin as early as the late teens. According to Dr. Gary Hitzig of Long Island Medical Associates, a man who experiences hair loss can either ignore it or try one of two options: Get a hairpiece or undergo hair-restoration surgery.

Wigs and hairpieces are available in a variety of forms and range in price from a few hundred dollars to several thousand. Stretch wigs are the least expensive—and they look it. Hairpieces, or toupees, are better choices. Some are clipped onto the head with barrettes or bonded with glue. Others are secured to the head with metal clips. Some are even secured to metal cylinders surgically implanted into the scalp. Hardware aside, the key is to choose a natural-looking hairpiece that attaches firmly.

A hair flap is a surgical procedure usually done under general anesthetic. With this operation, a one- to one-and-a-half-inch-wide section of hair from the side of the scalp is rotated, while still connected to the scalp at one end, and placed on the front of the head, thus putting a strip of hair directly across the front of the scalp. The procedure is ideal for individuals who have limited areas of baldness and the benefits are twofold: The patient has hair immediately and the hair grows quickly and is usually very thick. But unless the hair flap is performed by an expert, you could end up with an Eddie Munster–style hairline.

Another option is the hair transplant, a procedure that involves removing hair from a growth area (usually the sides or the back of the head) and placing it where it's been lost. In most cases, doctors prefer transplanting minigrafts of four to six hairs, or micrografts of up to three hairs, as they provide greater control and a more natural look.

A typical hair transplant requires a series of sessions. Because you need to allow at least four months between sessions for the head to heal and the grafts to settle, it could take more than a year to finish the procedure. Some practitioners charge per session for the process, others per graft. Fees range from about $30 for four- to six-strand grafts to as high as $15 for single-strand ones.

Scalp reduction is another procedure that is especially effective on horseshoe-pattern balding. It involves removing a portion of the balding area of the scalp and then pulling the surrounding hair-bearing areas together.

A scalp reduction costs between $2000 and $5000. And according to New York City dermatologist Dr. Robert Berger, the technique is more effective when it is preceded by a procedure that actually increases the size of the hair-growth area before it is stretched over the balding part. There are several ways to do this. The tissue-expander operation, which is one of the most effective, calls for the surgical implantation of a latex bag under the hair-bearing scalp. Once in place, the bag is injected with water over a period of about three months. As the bag enlarges, the surrounding skin stretches accordingly.

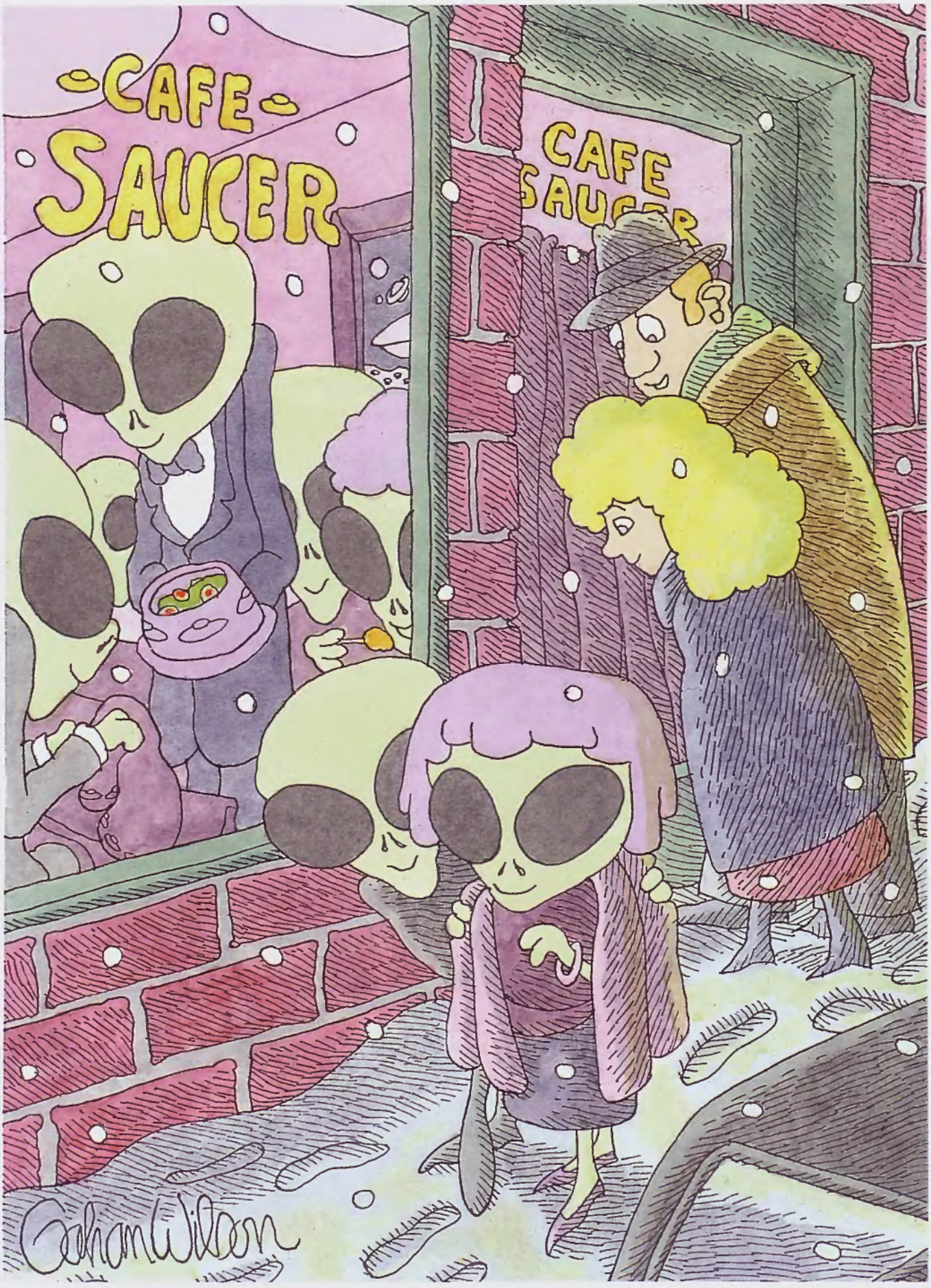
PROCEED WITH CAUTION

Before undergoing a hair transplant, Dr. Mark Glasgold of New Jersey's Center for Facial Plastic Surgery says to keep in mind the following.

(1) Be realistic. Hair grafts have to be slightly separated, so a transplant—even when performed by the best practitioner—won't transform you from baldie to Banderas. You'll have the impression that the head is covered, but your hair won't have that youthful thickness.

(2) Being young isn't a benefit when undergoing a transplant. As Dr. Kenneth Buchwach of the Head and Neck Group in Kansas City, Missouri explains, male-pattern baldness is progressive. If a 30-year-old man with extensive hair loss achieves the hairline of a 20-year-old, chances are good that the hair behind the transplant will start

(concluded on page 136)



"Wait until you experience the cuisine."

THE STRIPPER NEXT DOOR

the naked truth about the girl down the street

THREE YEARS AGO, PLAYBOY published a ten-page pictorial feature that illustrated a simple reality: In this age of political correctness, safe sex and unsafe feminists, men's clubs—a.k.a. topless joints—were making a serious comeback. Were we right? Were we ever. "Today," says PLAYBOY Photography Director Gary Cole, "there are approximately 10,000 women in the U.S. who call themselves strippers or exotic dancers—women from every community, some with college degrees, others working their way through school, some who are supporting a parent or a child." Even Hollywood, often an oddly accurate barometer for trends, has begun rolling out tributes to workaday doffers, including *Showgirls*, *Exotica* and Demi Moore's *Striptease*. So turn the pages and meet the women who take it off with the best. Tipping is allowed.

You sow her on our cover—now continuing her performance, at left, is Amara Ann Dunae, a Houston native currently studying photography in Chicago. When she's not shedding, Amara often con be found betting on the ponies, checking out her favorite hoopsters ("I love the NBA") or hitting the beach. Her ambition is to become a speciol-effects makeup artist.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

Texas tease Sissy (above) says dancing is her destiny. "I enjoy making people happy, and believe God put me on the earth to uplift others," she muses. Done. Meanwhile, Dianne (below left), a Florida coed turned Manhattan peeler, is inspired by cookie-dough ice cream and Sega Genesis. She also gets as good as she gives: "I like watching men with fit bodies—especially a nice set of buns." New Yorker Heather Banks (below right) plans to be "the best at whatever I do." When Georgia's Kimberly Donahoe (opposite page) isn't strutting her stuff, she helps her son's soccer squad and works on the PTA yearbook. Who says family values only come in clothes?

100%
PURE

Native Oregonian Sandy Gorski (left) is disrobing her way through college (a Baptist school in Texas), where she also paints with watercolors and hunts quail. Next—talk about your girl-next-door-goes-wild story: When PLAYBOY took this shot of Ashtan (right), she was a former junior high teacher breaking into dancing. Now she's an X-rated video star, whose latest film, *Every Woman Has a Fantasy 3*, will have you wishing she still lived down the block.

Pink roses, men with foreign accents and any movie with John Travolta are just some of the things that give a charge to Bo Jeanne (left), a dancer-actress from New Orleans. Then there's Alexis (right), who's bumping-and-grinding her way to a Ph.D. in psychology. Of her assets, Alexis is predictably frank: "I'm 100 percent natural—no surgery."

Devon Chandler (left) and Kelley Jackson (right) are clear on their future plans: Devon, a high-octane go-getter from Florida, wants to work for a major record label. Down-home Kansan Kelley (who's now gigging in Vegas) pines for the outdoors, her dogs and, someday, children. Back in Houston, student-dancer Lisa Franzen (opposite page) plans to open her own business. Until then, scuba diving and snorkeling suit her fine.

Texan Tammie Sadowski (above) does the prelaw grind by day and takes it off by night, but her needs are basic: to read romance novels and be happy. Hoosier Samantha (below) is a business owner who wants to market her own line of aerobics videos. Finally, if anyone doubts the all-American-girl-as-stripper notion, check out Californian Kelley Eden (opposite). A cheerleader and a supermarket checkout lady, her passions include chocolate, sunny days and fuzzy slippers. And, oh yeah: Her mom dated Elvis. For real.

CHICKENHAWK

(continued from page 110)

Gingrich cursed North under his breath. Four more days and his tour would be over.

of sorry-ass losers. He was platoon leader, and normally a buck sergeant would be taking a squad out on ambush. But this squad was giving his whole platoon a bad rep. Word had spread up and down III Corps: North had himself a squad of chickenshits who wouldn't even fight. Well, tonight that would change.

North knew that sound carries at night. Fortunately, they were only a few hundred meters from base camp. A reconnaissance team had reported "beaucoup NVA movement" a few klicks north, and the chickenshit squad was headed out to surprise a few dinks.

North was sizing them up. Knowing who you could rely on could save your life. Not knowing could get you killed. "Will, you take point," he said.

"Go ask Alice," grinned the private.

"What?" North hoped he had heard the man wrong.

"When she's ten feet tall."

He hadn't. "What are you talking about, soldier?"

"One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you small," Will explained.

"Gingrich, what's wrong with Will?" North asked.

"First day in Nam, Stoner saw a buddy get greased. Guy named Bill Bennett. Got it right in the eye. Stoner tried to plug the hole, came up holding a handful of goop that used to be Bennett's brain. It was pretty grotesque. Bizarre and grotesque, to be honest. Stoner hasn't been the same since."

"And the ones that mother gives you don't do anything at all," Will giggled.

North shook his head. Too late to send Will back. "Limbaugh, take Will. From now on you two are buddies." Limbaugh nodded. He didn't mind. Will was the only one who didn't complain when Limbaugh dropped a load.

North turned to Thomas. "Clarence, you take point."

"Why?" Thomas shot back indignantly. "'Cause I'm black?"

North knew he couldn't tolerate insubordination. But racial tension had been high within the platoon. "OK, Buchanan, you got point."

"But my knee." Buchanan winced to make his point. "Sometimes it goes out and I scream. You don't want the point man giving away our position."

Gramm rolled his eyes. How many times had they all heard about Buchanan's knee?

"Buchanan. My mama told me there's two kinds of people." Gramm scrunched his face like a bulldog. "The kind that pulls the wagon, and the kind that rides in the wagon. It's time you got out of the wagon."

"Then you take point," the Irishman shot back.

"Ah took it last tahm," insisted the Texan.

"Bullshit!"

"*I* took it last time!"

"No, *Ah* did!" Gingrich, Limbaugh and Gramm were at one another now.

North just wanted it to stop. "All right! I'll take point. Now, let's move." North started forward, taking the point position about 20 meters in front of his men. As he worked his way down the moonlit trail, North began to get a bad feeling. He had led a lot of men in battle. He had seen fear before. But not like this. And North knew one thing. Fear at night is a killer.

The trail led to a steep embankment. North clutched his M-16 close to his chest and slid down feetfirst, on his butt. It was a bumpy ride but North didn't mind. In fact, he kind of liked it. He wondered if his men could navigate it. Especially Limbaugh. He's so fat and smelly, thought North. He turned and waited. And waited. Where were they?

By the time North caught sight of the squad again, they were just 50 meters from the base camp perimeter. "We got lost," shrugged Limbaugh.

"The only rational thing to do was turn back," Gingrich explained.

Gramm nodded, "Getting late, sir. Maybe we should pack it in, chalk this one up to bad luck." The others agreed. Will was the last to speak: "Excuse me while I kiss the sky."

•

North planted a pair of claymores in the high grass. That made ten in the kill zone. He ran back to the trees where his men were waiting—cowering, really. They had put in their ambush along a stream about three klicks west of the base. North gave two clackers to Quayle and, pointing to the arm on a firing device, whispered, "You push this down, it sends a current to the blasting cap and detonates the mine."

"Huh?"

North couldn't tell if the boy was stupid or just scared stupid. He did know this: Quayle had the look of a deer caught in the headlights.

"Never mind." North gave the clackers to Gingrich and hoped for the best. "It's going to be a long night, men. You want to catch some z's, work it out with your buddy."

Limbaugh smiled through his fear. He knew Will was too wired to sleep. The rotund radio operator had just polished off both their C rations and was getting drowsy, so he leaned against the radio set and drifted off.

In the dark and the silence now, each man sat alone with his thoughts. And his dread. My God, thought Quayle, I'm so scared! I should have listened to Dad and taken that place in the National Guard. But no, I was too worried about my political future. I didn't want to look like some rich coward in the year 2004, when I'd be mature enough to run for national political office. God, I'm a fool!

Thomas used the moonlight to write to his girl: "Dear Honeybunch, Sometimes this war frightens me to the very depths of my soul. But I promise you I'll make it out of here alive, sugar, so I can come home to your embrace and gaze into your loving eyes. All my love, Clarence. P.S.: Send some more pornography."

Ten meters away, Gramm gazed up at the stars. He'd never believed he could kill a man. And so far he hadn't. But women and children were another story. He thought back to the village and how he'd lost control. Funny what fear will do.

Gingrich cursed North under his breath. Four more days and his tour would be over. Then he'd be out of this nightmare. Three hundred and sixty-one days he'd lived with this unbearable, unrelenting, gut-wrenching fear. Fear that had lifted only once. He thought back to the Saigon bar.

"You number one GI. I fuck you till tomorrow. I suck you all night long," sighed the pouty sex kitten.

"Could you sit athwart my chest," Gingrich asked excitedly, "and make me do terrible things?"

"You number ten GI. You disgust me." She spit in his face and walked away.

Gingrich smiled at the memory. He hadn't found the release that he had sought, but at least the humiliation had taken his mind off the fear.

For the moment, anyway, sleep had erased the fear from PFC Quayle's young mind. His dream took him back to the sun-dappled hills of Indiana and a raven-haired beauty named Marilyn. His head cradled in her tender arms, they watched the wind ripple through the rows of Hoosier corn. Caressing him lovingly, she nibbled at his ear, then whispered softly. . . .

"We're never going to get out of this jungle."

(continued on page 136)

"Gee, that's really strange—my Frank just loves to watch me work out!"

Final Four
HOLDING COURT

2 0 Q U E S T I O N S

DICK VITALE

awesome, baby! college hoops' excitable boy on critics, crybabies, the dick shortage and why bobby knight should be the nation's drug czar

As a boy in New Jersey, Richie Vitale passed many hours by tossing a rolled-up pair of socks into an open dresser drawer while calling play-by-play: "Here comes Cousy down on a fast break for the Celtics—over to Sam Jones—jumpah—goood!" Vitale never made it as a pro basketball player—in part because of a childhood accident that blinded his left eye—but his manic color commentary for ESPN's and ABC's college basketball games has made him one of America's most imitated broadcasters.

On most college campuses he is welcomed more feverishly than spring break. Undergrads in crowded gyms hoist him row-to-row from courtside to the nosebleed seats, and they rub his bald head for luck. Many TV viewers revel in his frequent outbursts of exclamations—"Yowoo, a slam jam bam, dipsy-doo dunkeroo!"—while others lunge for the mute button. Critics routinely rip him.

No slave to the English language, Vitale has invented his own vocabulary: A PTPer is a prime-time player, while a Dow Joneser is one whose value to his team may soar or swoon from day to day. An M&Mer is a mismatch between two teams, and an NBN jump shot smacks nothing but nylon as it slips through the rim.

Vitale's résumé includes head coaching positions at every level. While teaching sixth grade in East Rutherford, New Jersey from 1964 to 1971, he led the varsity team to five sectional championships and two state titles. He then served as an assistant coach at Rutgers, where he recruited two of the key players who later helped the team make it to the Final Four. In 1973, he became head basketball coach at the University of Detroit, compiling a 78–30 record over the course of four seasons. (After many of those victories, his jubilant dancing at midcourt earned him the nickname of Disco Dick.) Vitale coached the Detroit Pistons for one full season and 12 games, compiling a 34–60 record before being fired in November 1978.

A year later, Vitale snapped on a headset for ESPN's first college basketball broadcast. He now calls an average of two games a week as ESPN's top college basketball analyst, and one a week for ABC Sports. In 1995 he won a Cable ACE Award as best sports analyst.

Vitale has made being a loudmouth pay: He talks about hoops for a syndicated radio show on 125 stations, publishes a college basketball yearbook and writes a column for "Basketball Times." His fifth book, "Holding Court," was published last fall. He also makes 40 speaking appearances a year.

Before his hectic season starts, Vitale takes frequent weekend trips to South Bend to attend Notre Dame football games with his family and friends. We sent writer Richard Lalich to spend several hours with Vitale in a hotel coffee shop near the campus.

"Vitale is a genuinely nice guy whose frenzy for college basketball and its fans doesn't stop when the red light flicks off," Lalich says. "He's also remarkably candid and generous in answering questions—when you can get a question in. Every time he checked on the sogginess of his cornflakes, I took advantage of the opening."

1.

PLAYBOY: What simple thing do fans fail to understand about college basketball? What's the most ridiculous thing you've overheard someone say while watching a game?

VITALE: People think these guys go up and down the court, running and jumping, and there's no science to what's taking place. But there's so much teaching that goes on. When you go to a practice session and you see a Rick Pitino or a Mike Krzyzewski in the gym, it's like a scientist at work: the way they break the game down, the film, the two-man plays, the three-man plays, the ball reversals, the development of a fast-break series, the ball getting into the center of the court, coming with two wing people, the secondary phase of the break, how you reverse it if the layup is not there and you're looking for the quick jump shot. The biggest misconception is that what those coaches are doing isn't hard. You give the players some freedom. But it's freedom within design.

2.

PLAYBOY: Are there activities in daily life that would benefit from your style of color commentary?

VITALE: You could do it with almost anything. I've had my dentist do a little commentary while he was working on me: "Hey, Dicky V is here, and he needs a TO, baby!" I think in any occupation there are guys who always call play-by-play. I'm sure guys driving the Federal Express trucks are saying, "Here we go, pulling into the driveway, baby! Let's pull it in! It's a slam jam baaam! It's dunkeroo! Federal Express, on time, flying through the sky!"

3.

PLAYBOY: Many of your broadcasting colleagues may also be bald, but they don't feel secure enough to reveal their heads on camera. What advice would you give them on letting go of their hair dependence?

VITALE: I would just tell a guy to have good self-esteem about the kind of person you are and don't try to be something you're not. People always worry what other people think. I'm just going to be myself and hope they take me for what I am. Baldness has never bothered me. There are a lot of things I'd love to have: I'd love to have two healthy eyes, I'd like to have a body like Arnold Schwarzenegger's, I'd like to have a face like Robert Redford's, I'd like to have hair like John Travolta's. It ain't gonna happen, man!

4.

PLAYBOY: Identify the worst-smelling college gyms.

VITALE: They all have that special basketball odor. To me, that odor is special, it's a positive rather than a negative. It's hoops aroma. I love to smell it when I walk into Allen Fieldhouse in Lawrence, Kansas, or into Cameron Indoor Stadium at Duke, or into Assembly Hall in Bloomington, Indiana, or into Rupp Arena in Lexington, Kentucky. To me, it's like waking up in the morning and smelling those coffee beans. It gets my day rolling. When I smell the arena, and I hear the ball bouncing, and I hear the sneakers screeching on the floor, it's stimulation galore.

5.

PLAYBOY: What lessons did you learn about recruiting players when you were a college coach that could be applied to wooing a woman?

VITALE: Persistence. Persistence played a role with my wife, Lorraine. I was with a bunch of coaches 25 years ago

PHOTOGRAPHY BY C.J. WALKER

and she shot me down a number of times. There's no lonelier feeling than walking over to ask her to dance, and she says, "Later." You come back to a table of eight or nine guys and they're jumping in your face, they're laughing at you, they're humiliating you, and then you go back—persistence in recruiting—you go back the second time. And you go back the third time. Finally, we danced. Danced the night away. And eventually we got married. If you're not persistent in the recruiting wars, you'll finish number two. And if you finish number two in chasing that superstar player too many times, you're going to have to go out and get a job, baby, somewhere where it's real work.

6.

PLAYBOY: You have 30 seconds: Shoot down the misguided theory that your game commentary is all shtick and no substance.

VITALE: I take great, great pride in my game preparation. I probably overprepare. I really take pride in teaching X's and O's. But once you get a reputation. . . . I can do a game in which 90 percent is X's and O's—breaking down the fast-break series, breaking down the passing game, breaking down the multiple defenses used by a team—and I can have one explosion on the air when there is a great dunk and I get carried away and I just let my emotions flow, and I'll be remembered for the dunk, and nobody will think about the other 90 percent. The meat and potatoes is what the game is all about. But when I'm watching that TV screen, I want to be entertained and educated. I don't want to be falling asleep into Zzzsville, Bored Land.

7.

PLAYBOY: People have been rewarded handsomely for imitating you in sound-alike contests. Reveal the secret of a dead-on impression of you.

VITALE: First of all, people see me, and rather than just saying hello, it's "Hey, get a TO, bay-beee!" "Looking like a PTPer, baby!" I guarantee every day of my life somebody is going to do me to me in public. But the one thing they all try to have—and I think it's part of me—is the enthusiasm, the spirit, the excitement. I try to get excited about a game. I think the kids playing deserve that, I don't care if it's the national championship game or just another game. Jim Simpson taught me that. By the way, Simpson in the remotes and Bob Ley in the studio have played a big role in helping me develop, because I came out of the locker room. I remember I was flattered one time when Howard Cosell said on his ABC broadcast [*does Cosell*], "Vitale. Dick Vitale. He's nothing but another member of the jock-ocracy. They come out of the locker room." And, man, I was flattered. I thought he was praising me. I found out later that he was ripping me. [*Laughs*] He was burying me. But that's OK.

8.

PLAYBOY: An impersonator might get the words right, but in the wrong situations and combinations. Deconstruct your own terminology: Which elements of your commentary can be put together and which ones can't?

VITALE: When I'm doing a commercial for a company, the writers will try to incorporate my terminology, and some of them get things a little confused. Things aren't awesome when you're going to call a time-out. The visiting coach is going to call a time-out if the other club is playing awesome. So you correlate the proper use of it all: "PTPer, it's showtime now, it's party time, it's rock-and-roll time."

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to introduce any new terms this year? Do you decide from year to year whether you'll retire "Get a TO, baby?"

VITALE: I don't enter a season and look at my terms and say let's eliminate this one or let's add that one. It just happens. Plus, I get loads of suggestions from fans, kids on college campuses. I used one last year: A guy was nothing but nylon, NBN, and he was tickling the twine. I said, "There's a fire in the house! Better call up the fire chief, man, these nets are burning down!" Somebody sent me that and I used it. The fans offer those things, and I steal them.

10.

PLAYBOY: For those of us who haven't given up drinking, smoking and red meat, what are we missing?

VITALE: Getting up in the morning and feeling good. I don't want it to sound like I'm a tutti-good shoes. I go out and I can

"This baby was owned by a very self-confident person who did not think a little rust and a few dents were a threat to his manhood."

party with the best of them. I just happen to drink cranberry juice. I haven't had red meat in about five years. I try to keep my cholesterol count under 200 because I want to live. It's better than the other option. I don't have a problem with people who drink in moderation, but on college campuses, the binge drinking is incredible. These kids throw it down to be accepted by their peers. I used to go to lounges in my travels. I would get up and dance and have a little fun and laugh with all the people in the place. But now it has changed drastically. You make an innocent comment, and before you know it, somebody's jumping in your face and screaming at you. Many of the problems we hear about are either drug-related or alcohol-related. It's inevitable because the body is not functioning and you're not thinking like you should. I wish we could make Bobby Knight the drug czar in our country. Man, he would clean that sucker up big time.

11.

PLAYBOY: If Bobby Knight became the drug czar, just how would he handle the problem?

VITALE: Discipline. Bobby Knight would use the my-way-or-the-highway routine, and sometimes I think that approach might be the best. He's teaching his players to go out in the real world and contribute, to make it in life. There are certain people in this world who could be a success in anything they do. They bring a certain magnetic ability to unite people and move them in a positive direction. I don't want to say it's because of fear—well, a little fear. But if you're one of Knight's guys, he's very loyal. From the standpoint of management, Knight is very organized. When you see him heading the troops, everybody falls in line. And he would not be satisfied until it was completed. He would develop a winning game plan. It would probably be a very simple solution: You get caught with that stuff, we're going to tuck your butt away for life. [*Laughs*] Bobby's going to love reading that I'm saying he should get out of coaching and be the czar of the drug war.

12.

PLAYBOY: What new rules would you make for college basketball?

VITALE: I would like to see us move the three-point shot back to the distance used internationally. The three-point shot is becoming too dominant. Everybody is shooting it; there are too many attempts. I think we should widen the three-second lane to the international rules with the trapezoid, so you could move the big guy away from the basket and allow for more cutting and screening and going to the goal.

13.

PLAYBOY: Should players have to go to college to get to the NBA?

VITALE: No. We've got too many kids on campuses who don't want to be there. They haven't prepared to be there and they don't belong in college. There's nothing wrong with learning a vocation. I think we forget that society needs mechanics and carpenters. Why not have a minor league, a rookie league, in basketball? A kid comes out of high school, like Kevin Garnett did, and says, I don't want to go to college. I want to go to the NBA. So he goes to a rookie league, which is subsidized by the NBA. But part of the rookie league should be a deal that the youngster has to learn a vocation. He plays basketball a couple hours a day for the organization and then he learns a trade, so that in the event he doesn't make it in hoops, he has something for later in life.

14.

PLAYBOY: How much do you rely on coaches not hearing your broadcasts? Has anyone surprised you by taking your commentary seriously enough to be hurt by it?

VITALE: I try to be fair, I try to be honest. I'm sure that sometimes a coach isn't going to be happy when he's hearing a guy on TV screaming that he should get a

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MARVELOUS MISS MARCH

"Baby, it's cold outside! Why don't you call and cuddle up with me, Priscilla Taylor, and some of my Playmate friends?"

time-out, but that's our job. I don't tell any guy how to coach. I'm being paid to give my opinion as to what I think should transpire in that game. Several years ago Kentucky was going through a major problem. There were accusations, there were all kinds of innuendo and stories that a lot of NCAA rules were being broken. I opened a telecast by saying I really believed Eddie Sutton would do himself and the university a lot of good if he would resign immediately, before the embarrassment and humiliation came down about an NCAA investigation showing that there had been problems and violations. Eddie was crushed. It turned out that I was right. There was an NCAA investigation and they did find some things wrong. But I felt bad because I know down deep that he was a good coach, and the toughest thing in television is to separate being the ex-coach and being the TV guy. Because these are the guys you grew with, and now you gotta walk in and you gotta jump on them.

15.

PLAYBOY: Yours is the last generation in which men named Richard refer to themselves as Dick: Cavett, Stockton, Schaap, Butkus and the others are all your age or older. To what do you attribute the shortage of Dicks among men under the age of 40?

VITALE: There aren't Dicks out there? What about baseball players? Dick Allen's my age. Dick Groat was my age. What about Dicks now? Dick Bennett is coach of Wisconsin, but he's about my age. What's Kotite's name, the football coach? Rich Kotite. They called me Disco Dick. I've been called a lot of Dicks. They've used Dick in many different classifications for me. All the people in the world of sports and TV and people I work with call me Dick, but my old friends call me Richie. I would be shocked if they called me Dick. My wife calls me Richie or Rich.

16.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met a cheerleader that you didn't like?

VITALE: I think the spirit that exists in the ACC and the SCC is just incredible. You could say that almost all over. Those cheerleaders work so hard. I've gained so much respect for the work they put in, the hours, their dance routines, their love for the school, the spirit, the smiles. They don't get anywhere near the credit that they deserve. I've never met a cheerleader I disliked. They're always up personalities. Maybe we should send Derrick Coleman to meet with some cheerleaders to learn about how to smile, how to feel good, how to feel excited about life. It bothers me when I hear the Colemans and the—we could almost pick a team out there of guys who are always finding things to be unhappy about. We could call them my All-Crybaby Team. Certainly, Coleman and Dennis Rodman would head my list; they'd be co-captains.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who would be the other starters on your All-Crybaby Team?

VITALE: You've gotta throw in guys like Rod Strickland. He's unhappy in Portland, he's unhappy in San Antonio, he's unhappy everywhere he's been, and now he's unhappy with my guy P.J. Carlesimo. Benoit Benjamin would have to be in the middle. He hasn't lived up to his potential because of a lot of up-and-down mood swings. Chris Morris might be on there too, from out of Utah with the Jazz. It blows my mind when I hear athletes moan and groan—Derrick Coleman, getting $7.5 million a year, and saying he's unhappy and wants to be traded. For $7 million, you would think that he'd be happy playing anywhere, and you'd think he would put some banners high in the arena. The Michael Jordans, the Larry Birds, the Magic Johnsons, they produced, but they're not out there complaining about the dollars they made. But Dennis Rodman: "I'm unhappy." I don't care about his blue-green-yellow hair, because I just wish I had hair, but I do have a problem—being a guy who believes in the work ethic, coming from a family in which I watched my dad press coats in a sweatshop, watched my mother working in our cellar, sewing coats until she had a stroke—with hearing this guy say he's unhappy making millions, and yet he doesn't want to come to shoot-arounds, wants to come late all the time. I have a problem when there's a time-out and the coach says, "Will you all huddle and talk about our strategy?" and Rodman goes to stretch and lie on the sideline with a towel around him and takes off his shoes. Give me a break. The game is too big for that kind of stuff.

18.

PLAYBOY: We understand you hugged Bobby Knight on the set of *Blue Chips* and he knocked you down. Has that affected you when you've called Indiana games?

VITALE: It didn't affect me at all, because Bobby Knight and I talked about it right after it happened. First of all, I was wrong in sneaking up behind him. He didn't know it was me when I threw a bear hug around him and said, "Hey, want to fight?" I was only playing, and he knew later that I was playing. But he swung me back, *boom*, and I went down, man, because he's a big, strong guy. And Bobby, being the macho guy he is, wasn't about to let it go by just saying "I'm sorry." He burst out with a couple of comments. But I don't hold grudges, he doesn't hold grudges, and it's history. We talked about it and laughed, and he gave me lessons on the phone about how to protect my left. He said, "You're blind in your left eye. Don't sneak up on the left and throw your fist up and say you want to fight." I've done Indiana games since then. It certainly doesn't influence the way I call the game.

19.

PLAYBOY: Identify some of the college basketball players we should watch.

VITALE: I'll give you the influential new guys on the block, names that are going to be making an instant impact. Stephon Marbury—remember that name—at Georgia Tech, where they develop point guards. Marbury is going to be an instant hit. I can't wait to do one of his games. Ron Mercer is going to be a big star at Kentucky. He's an explosive player whom Rick Pitino will get to be a special player. Shareef Abdur-Rahim at the University of California, six feet, ten inches, from out of Marietta, Georgia, is going to make a big impact right out of the gate. Another impact player will be Robert "Tractor" Traylor over at Michigan: He's 300 pounds, six feet, nine inches—he's going to be a household name. He has a lot of Charles Barkley in him.

I'll also give you my All-American team, my All-Rolls-Royce team and my All-Solid-Gold-Superstars, by position. Point guard, Jacque Vaughn, Kansas. I think he's going to be a dynamite leader and a real, real good decision maker. My scoring guard, Kerry Kittles, multidimensional, love his ability, glad he came back to school, Villanova. Small forward, I'm going to go with Ray Allen: high-wire attack, skywalker, real high-riser, tremendous talent, from out of Connecticut, explosive. For my power forward I'm going to go with a rejecter, shot blocker, human eraser: Marcus Camby from Massachusetts. In the middle, Tim Duncan of Wake Forest. I think Duncan could have been the first player taken in the NBA draft last year.

20.

PLAYBOY: What product that doesn't have a spokesman would you be willing to endorse—such as a vegetable that no one but you enjoys?

VITALE: I know a product that I think I would be a natural for. I would love to be involved with pizza, because I identify with the spirit of college. I can see it now. All they've got to have is Dicky V invading the campus! They could have a bunch of kids sitting in the crowd and all we're doing is we're eating that pizza, baby. And I'm yelling, "Isn't this awesome, baby?" When I visit the college campuses the first place I go is the pizza shop! And I'm eating my pizza, baby! It is super! And we put the name of the company in.

TRACY HAMPTON *(continued from page 65)*

"I was very unhappy with how the verdict was reached. Four hours? What was that?"

generate support for his case. Before the trial went to the jury, his book collaborator approached PLAYBOY and offered us an exclusive interview with O.J., but there were conditions. The interview would have to be conducted by O.J.'s own representative and O.J. wanted $500,000.

We told the representative that we would welcome the opportunity to interview Simpson, but not on those terms. We told him that a poll of our editors reflected an overwhelming belief in Simpson's guilt, but also that the first interview with him would be a journalistic coup comparable to the preelection "lust in my heart" interview with presidential candidate Jimmy Carter.

Had the interview progressed, we would have insisted that it be conducted by an independent representative, and we said the payment of such a sum to the subject of a *Playboy Interview* is against our policy.

O.J. continued to pursue other deals, attempting to put together a pay-per-view special and trying to negotiate appearances with overseas media willing to meet his terms.

When the pay-per-view TV interview fell through, Simpson agreed to do an interview on NBC. On the morning that the NBC-TV interview was scheduled to occur, O.J.'s representative called us again. O.J. would cancel the television interview, he said, if we were still interested in a PLAYBOY exclusive on the original terms. We declined. (Unbeknownst to us, O.J. had already decided to cancel the NBC interview after a conversation with Johnnie Cochran the night before.)

A different offer related to the trial—one we couldn't refuse—came from one of the original jurors immediately after the trial ended. Flight attendant Tracy Hampton, an aspiring actress, wanted to pose for PLAYBOY. She also had some things she wanted to get off her chest about the trial, her release from the jury, her fellow jurors and the verdict itself.

"I was very unhappy with how the verdict was reached," says Tracy. "Four hours? What was that? The trial went on for nine months and you're reaching a decision in four hours? If I had to make a decision based on the part of the trial I observed firsthand, I would probably have to say O.J. was guilty. But that's not the way the system works. If I had stayed for the remainder of the trial and heard the jury instructions, I might have decided differently. One thing you can certainly infer from the evidence is that O.J. was at that crime scene. Why was his blood found on the walkway and in the Bronco? Where are the clothes he was wearing that night? What happened to the missing luggage? There are so many inconsistencies. At the very least, you have to be able to answer those questions before you reach a verdict."

As the not-guilty verdict shows, the remaining jurors didn't share Tracy's point of view. And Tracy thinks she understands why. For one thing, it was often the most independent-minded jurors, the ones who were uncomfortable with endless sequestration, jurors like Tracy, who ended up being released by Judge Lance Ito. As a result, those who remained were mostly followers, "people who would pretty much go with the flow," she says. "Many of those jurors who lasted the entire time were fairly docile individuals. They willingly did what the court told them to do and they were susceptible to the stronger-willed jurors who wanted O.J. acquitted." The other problem was the length of the trial and the toll taken by living like a prisoner. The jurors suffered a deep fatigue and resentment. "They just wanted to get out of there and put that trial behind them," Tracy says.

That's a feeling she understands. Her own experience of being isolated for months and feeling the pressures of a celebrated case, one charged with racial tensions, affected her deeply. By the time Judge Ito agreed to release Tracy, she had been victimized both by her fellow jurors and by a sheriff's department that seemed insensitive at best. Once she was released, the media hounded her

"Well, I'm not a computer system, Harry. I can't be entered with just a password!"

from the moment she was dismissed until she checked herself into a hospital to recuperate. The press increased the pressure by reporting rumors about her: She was pregnant by another juror. She'd been rushed to the hospital after chewing a lightbulb and biting her arm until it bled. She'd attempted suicide on the day of her release.

None of it was true, of course, though her nerves were shattered by the ordeal. Once she was away from the jury, Tracy returned to her normal life, to her family, her friends and her job as a flight attendant. And she kept quiet, neither refuting the rumors nor criticizing her former partners on the jury.

•

Had the Simpson trial followed a more conventional course, Tracy would have been the ideal juror. The fourth child of parents who work as real estate investors, Tracy grew up in Los Angeles and attended integrated public schools, where she channeled her energy into sports, cheerleading and amateur theater.

The jury summons that would lead her to the O.J. Simpson trial arrived in the mail at the Hampton house, where Tracy lives with her parents and a sister. Diane, her sister, had recently served as a juror on a criminal case and told her, "It will be good experience for you to learn a little about the law and see how the system works."

From January 11 of last year to May 1, when Ito released her, Tracy saw things that bewildered, shocked and ultimately appalled her. "I thought all of the jurors were going to get together and be like a family, because we were all put in this situation," she says. "But it wasn't like that at all." As a flight attendant, Tracy had traveled the world and always found it easy to strike up friendships in new situations, regardless of the circumstances. Jury duty, however, was different. Isolated by the rigid rules of sequestration, jurors quickly formed groups based on race.

"The first time we went to have a meal, the white people and the Hispanics were at the front of the line, and then they went straight to one table and all sat together. All the black people went to another table. I remember that one of us, Willie Cravin, asked, 'Why are we separated?' So he went to the white table and sat down. The next day the white jurors started putting their bags and stuff, a purse or a jacket, on the seats so nobody else could sit down." But the black jurors also formed groups that were no less hostile.

She describes one group, her own, as mostly reserved and essentially serious. The other group, she says, was loud and obnoxious.

"They joked around and acted like this was a party, or like they were kids at summer camp. I took this whole thing very seriously from the beginning because I always thought, Wow, two people were murdered. It was a terrible thing to see other people involved who were laughing inappropriately. I thought it was horrible."

When the jury was seated during court sessions, Tracy's life was transformed. Day after day, she listened to witnesses being questioned by opposing lawyers. She gave high marks to Cochran: "He knew exactly what kind of jury he was dealing with and how to handle it. He made the jury members feel intelligent and knew exactly how to get us on his side."

She was impressed by prosecutors Marcia Clark and Christopher Darden, but thinks she knows why the jury did not respond well to them. "Marcia would say things in an extremely condescending manner, as if we wouldn't understand her. She acted as if we were a bunch of children."

Chris Darden was an appealing figure, but Tracy thinks that he confused the jury. "If the facts were the way Darden said they were, why did he need to display so much emotion? That was puzzling to the jury."

She saw how poorly the jury reacted to Detective Mark Fuhrman's testimony. His insistence that he hadn't made a racial slur in the past ten years simply didn't ring true. "When he was up there I just thought, Oh, that liar. Everyone uses racial epithets sometimes."

Sequestration took its heaviest toll when court wasn't in session. Tracy felt terribly alone. She was one of the youngest jurors, had traveled the most and was perhaps the most sophisticated. She had little in common with the others. "My parents would come on visiting days, but on the conjugal-visit nights I didn't have anyone. I wasn't in a relationship at the time and I didn't have anyone on the jury I was close to."

Spending four months away from family and friends, deprived of freedom and privacy, is an experience most of us would find troubling. Under those circumstances, small problems become big ones, and when control of your life is taken over by an institution such as the court, the little things you can control take on added significance. One of Tracy's main complaints was that she was disturbed when she was trying to sleep. Her room in the Hotel Inter-Continental was next to one assigned to the sheriff's deputies as an informal office. Telephones rang in the deputies' room all through the night, disrupting Tracy's sleep. Conversations between the deputies carried from the corridor or through the thin walls; on at least one occasion she heard them discussing her.

Other events were more unsettling. One morning, when court was in session without the jury present, Tracy was in her room taking a nap. About 11:30 A.M. she awoke to find a female deputy standing in her room. Tracy sat up and screamed. The deputy left her room without a word.

In a subsequent investigation, the deputy insisted she had opened the door—sheriff's deputies had a passkey to all the jurors' rooms—to say that a maid was outside waiting to clean the room. But Tracy had seen no sign of a maid when she followed the deputy into the corridor. She requested a room change and her request was granted.

Michael Knox was a juror whose company she initially enjoyed. But as weeks grew into months, his friendliness became invasive and intruded on Tracy's privacy. "He would constantly talk about how we could all profit from our service as jurors. I would change the subject, telling him I didn't want to be part of his scheming."

Finally, Knox was dismissed for failing to reveal on his jury questionnaire that he had once been arrested after his girlfriend accused him of kidnapping. (No charges were filed.) According to one wild rumor, it was Knox who had impregnated her. "I was throwing up one morning because I wasn't eating and I was stressed out," Tracy recalls. "Juror Willie Cravin asked me, 'Oh, are you pregnant?' I said, 'No, that's impossible, because I haven't had sex in who knows how long.' But I think that's how the whole pregnancy thing came out."

Tracy also felt besieged by the behavior of three of the white deputies. Some of it involved unnecessary monitoring. "Can you imagine a situation in which everywhere you go there's someone looking at you or watching you or behind you listening to your conversations?" Her complaints, though, went further. The deputies controlled everyday life in a way that took on exaggerated importance during sequestration. They assigned phones to white jurors, even though Tracy had gotten to the telephone room first. They insisted that she and another juror move from one TV room to another so the first room could be closed down, then allowed white jurors to use the room anyway.

The tension increased. The stress caused her appetite to suffer. She began skipping meals, but the deputies would hover over her table to make sure she was getting some nourishment. Finally, on April 20, Tracy went to Ito. "I said I wanted to be released. There'd been a combination of things that had happened during the last three months, and I told him what the deputies were doing. He said, 'Well, whatever you want, we'll do it, because we want you here. Do you want me to change all the deputies?' I said, 'No, just the three who give me the most problems.' And he said, 'Well, we'll release those three.' And they did."

Transcripts that were subsequently

made public show that Ito, along with attorneys for both the defense and the prosecution, were eager to do almost anything to keep Tracy on the jury. Reading between the lines of their conversations in chambers, it's clear that they were impressed with her education, earnestness and soft-spoken manner. Ito was sure that her experience as a flight attendant would serve her well during sequestration. Ironically, the normality they liked in Tracy also proved to be her undoing. Her reaction to being held prisoner by the court for four months was an appropriate one for an energetic 25-year-old used to running her own life: It made her unhappy. And the fact that she was surrounded by people who seemed alien and unfriendly, whether deputies or other jurors, only added to her distress.

"We want you to be happy," Ito told her. "We want you to stay on the jury."

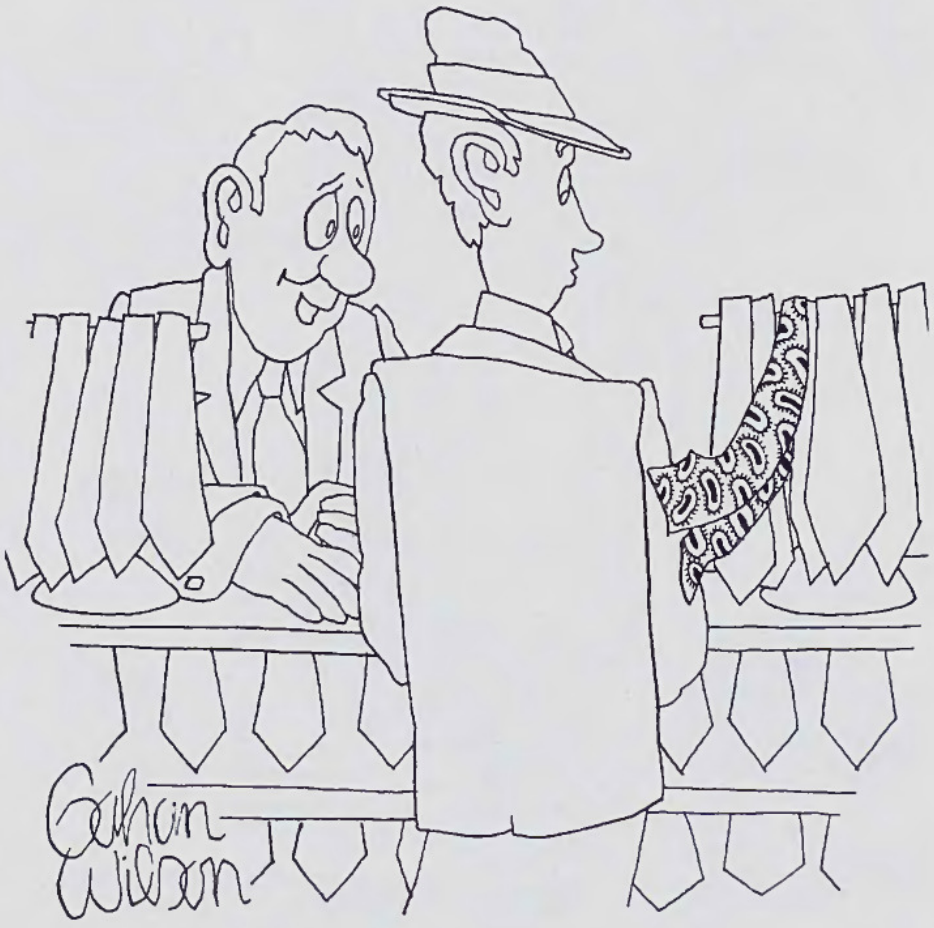
Far from making Tracy's life more tolerable, however, the removal of the three deputies made her a target for the remaining deputies and for other jurors who supported them. The jury was made up of encampments separated along racial lines and then further splintered by temperament. The small group of serious black jurors that Tracy belonged to seemed to suffer most at the hands of the sheriffs. Perhaps because her group was so quiet and intense, Tracy felt the deputies were watching them all the more closely, to make sure they weren't discussing the case. The other jurors—white and black—were granted more freedom and therefore liked the deputies who had been dismissed. The following day those jurors staged a revolt: Thirteen of the 18 panelists refused to hear testimony, and several wore black in protest. For ten days after the protest, Tracy's life turned into a living hell, with enmity heaped on her from both sides. White deputies refused to talk to her, while black deputies were far from cordial. White jurors and alternates snubbed her. (How those jurors had learned of Tracy's role in the deputies' transfers is an unanswered question. Word could have come from deputies still in attendance, but Tracy suspects—as do many others—that news was filtering in to jurors from family and friends who were allowed to visit.) Her every movement was observed. "When other people would go into the exercise room as a group they weren't monitored. When I would go in there with another juror there'd be a deputy sitting right there watching us."

Tracy's parents started bringing her food, because she wasn't eating the food she was being served. When her parents came to visit her on Wednesday, April 26, they looked at her and said: "You look horrible." Tracy knew it. "I said, 'I've got to leave here. I've got to go to the doctor. I've got to get out of this situation.'" She went on a shopping trip that weekend, supervised by sheriff's deputies, as always. The following Monday morning, though, she felt so sick she was afraid she would faint in the jury box. Once again she went to Judge Ito. "At that point I said, 'I can't be here with these people. They all hate me. I can't stay in a situation like this.'" Seeing that she was becoming physically ill from the ordeal, the judge granted her request. He also advised her not to go directly home, because "there might be a couple of cameras in the yard."

Tracy said that going home was the only thing she wanted to do. "And I thought, Who's going to be in my yard? Nobody knows who I am." She believed that, until she drove to the foot of the hill leading to her house. "I saw a news van up there with the thing on top of it and I said, 'Uh-oh.' Then I saw all these newspeople in my yard. All my stuff was in the car and in the trunk but I just grabbed my purse and made for the door. I remember hitting my head on the car door when I got out—they have that on tape somewhere—and these guys with the cameras were hitting me on the head as well. They were trying to get a good picture, but they kept hitting me on the head, and I said, 'Move out of my fucking way!' They have that on tape, and they've shown it too."

After a brief hospital stay, she regained her health and equilibrium and returned to work. Still, Tracy often finds herself treated as somebody else, a semipublic figure who is somehow larger than life by virtue of having played a role in the O.J. Simpson trial. On the streets, in banks, in stores where she shops, people keep recognizing her. On airplanes, other flight attendants say, "You're the O.J. Simpson juror," and ask to have their pictures taken with her. She got so many stares from passengers that she stopped wearing her name on her smock. And ever since her appearance in PLAYBOY was announced, people want to talk about that, too. "In the past," Tracy says, "people would often say, 'Oh, you're cute, you're pretty.' But now I have men on my flights telling me, 'Oh, you're so beautiful, you look like a model.' It's so funny because they had never said that before."

That's a price she's happy to pay, especially if her PLAYBOY photo shoot will advance her acting career. As for her recent role in the courtroom, though, Tracy is eager to move on. "I hope I'll be known some day soon as Tracy Hampton the actress, or just Tracy Hampton, not Tracy Hampton the ex-juror. My story is simple: I was on a jury once and I asked to be released."



"It's obviously very fond of you, sir!"

GREAT HEAD

(continued from page 114)

to disappear, leaving him with a patch of hair in front and nothing behind.

(3) Use care when choosing a practitioner. Meet with a physician (not a salesman) when discussing your options and be sure to ask how many times he or she has performed the procedures.

Dr. Matt Leavitt, founder of Medical Hair Restoration headquartered in Orlando, Florida, points out that the mechanics of the procedure aren't that difficult, but there is no board-certification requirement for the skill of hair grafting.

In fact, Dr. L. Lee Bosley, founder and director of the Bosley Medical Institute, claims that "a doctor trained in a skill can, after a short instruction period, begin performing hair surgery." For that reason, Dr. Bosley and other reputable practitioners require associates to be board-certified in either dermatologic surgery, plastic and reconstructive surgery, or general surgery.

(4) Ask to see before-and-after pictures of patients—with transplants combed back so that you can see the grafts. "The location, direction and angle in which the hair is placed is the key to achieving natural results," says Dr. Leavitt.

THE SOLUTION SOLUTION

Some men aren't willing to undergo surgery, so they look to topical hair-growth solutions as alternatives. Over-the-counter treatments are based on one of two theories about how to encourage growth: You can clean the scalp to open hair follicles or rub a substance, such as a vitamin or herbal preparation, into the scalp. Because there's little medical evidence supporting either theory, these solutions are considered to be placebos.

The one topical product that has shown results is minoxidil. Pharmacia & Upjohn, the maker of Rogaine Topical Solution (which contains two percent minoxidil) points to its clinical studies, which indicate that of a group of men using Rogaine, 48 percent reported moderate or better hair regrowth, 36 percent experienced minimal regrowth and 16 percent had no regrowth at all. The company doesn't have a study about the ability of Rogaine to help men keep their hair. But it points out that the earlier a man begins treatment, the better his chances are of keeping or regaining his hair.

By the time you read this, you may be able to buy over-the-counter minoxidil. FDA approval of the product is expected and will no doubt lower the price. Currently, when prescribed by a doctor, it costs between $55 and $60 a month. It is estimated that OTC status will bring the price down one third to one half.

But, before investing in any hair-restoration treatment or product, do plenty of research. That way, you won't end up watching your hair—and your cash—go down the drain.

"Well, there you have it, Christina—strip poker in a nutshell."

CHICKENHAWK

(continued from page 126)

Quayle awoke with a start. Someone was still nibbling at his ear.

"I'm so frightened, Quayle. Hold me. Hold me tight." Buchanan's strong arms clutched the new man firmly. Quayle froze in terror. The next 40 minutes were the longest of his young life.

North's catlike eyes pierced the dark. He lifted his nose to the air. On a good night he could smell Charlie from half a klick away. Not tonight. Not with Limbaugh fouling the air.

Then he heard it. A twig snapping in the distance. North IDed it immediately. Bamboo, 75 yards. They were going to have company. He saw a scout first. NVA regulars, heading right for the kill zone. North's mouth split into a grin. He signaled silently to Gingrich, whose hand tightened on his clacker. In a moment, these dinks would be in for the surprise of their lives.

Suddenly, the still night silence was shattered: *"The magical mystery tour is coming to take you away!"*

Fucking Will! North yelled at Stoner to turn off the boom box, but a burst of AK-47 fire did it for him. The boom box had played its last tune. And Stoner had toked his last doobie.

The jungle erupted in a maelstrom of hot flying lead. North squeezed his M-16, cutting down the scout with a bullet through the head, as red tracers from a spewing NVA M-60 lit up the night.

North turned to see Quayle catch one in the throat, leaving a gaping wound that spurted blood onto the terrified Buchanan. Buchanan had just one thought: Play dead.

When North stopped to reload, he noticed that all the fire was coming from the same direction. His squad had not shot one round! The lieutenant caught a glimpse of a panicked Thomas trying to squeeze the trigger. "Click off the safety!" North cried as he slapped in a magazine while dodging a hail of AK-47 bullets. Too late. Thomas jerked backward, the bullet that took his life ripping through his chest.

As North watched 30 NVA regulars charge toward them, he called to Gingrich, "The clacker! Now!" But Gingrich's eyes were wide and his hand frozen with terror. "Now, damn it! They're in the kill zone!" Again, nothing.

North made a mad dash toward Gingrich, AK rounds whizzing by his head and thudding at his feet. With a final dive, he pushed the handle down. *Blam!* The ground shook from the explosion, and 30 dinks went to their gory deaths.

Still they kept coming. My God, North thought, it's a whole company! "Limbaugh! Call in the artillery!" No response. When North turned to find his radio operator, he couldn't believe his eyes. Limbaugh had pulled Will's corpse

over himself, and Stoner's lifeless body heaved in rhythm to the fat man's terror-stricken sobs.

For the first time in his life, North felt ashamed to be an American.

At first, Gramm had panicked too. But now he knew what to do. I'm not going home in no body bag, he thought. Phil Gramm's mama didn't raise no fool. He clicked off the safety on his M-16, lined up his target and squeezed the trigger. *Blam!* He stared at the smoking hole in his boot, then passed out.

North looked around at his unit. He realized it was just him and the enemy. Thirty yards ahead two NVAs had set up a machine gun and were spitting out 50-caliber rounds. North took one in the leg. His face hardened. He plucked a grenade from his vest, pulled the pin with his teeth and sent it hurtling through the night air. When the smoke cleared, all that was left was a grisly tangle of flesh and metal.

North emptied the clip in his machine gun, mowing down a couple of dozen dinks in the process. Tossing the spent weapon aside, he decided to take the fight to the enemy. He pulled a knife from his belt and placed it between his teeth. Then, with Quayle's virgin M-16 in one hand and Thomas' in the other, he leaped up and charged. Running, dodging, shooting, knifing, clubbing and strangling where necessary, he cut a swath of destruction through the astonished ranks of the enemy.

Meanwhile, Gingrich had snapped out of his stupor. He grabbed the radio. "Limbaugh, tell me how to work this thing!" No answer. Just a whimper from the man sitting in his own excrement.

Gingrich slapped him across the face. "Snap out of it!" But Limbaugh couldn't stop crying. "Fuck it, I'll figure it out myself! Where do you keep the manual?"

Limbaugh had the hiccups. "In, in, in, in my back pocket."

"Oh, Christ!" This was going to be unpleasant.

First light was appearing on the horizon as North slit the throat of an NVA corporal and tossed his body on the pile. Suddenly, his ears pricked up. The sound was unmistakable—the distant thwop-thwop of a Huey. North turned to see the remains of his unit hobbling toward a clearing in the distance.

The chopper was almost overhead when North caught up with them.

"Why the hell are you calling in a medivac? This fire zone is still hot!"

"But sir, we've got wounded," shouted Gingrich over the roar of the helicopter. Gramm shook his foot demonstratively, unable to hide his smile.

"There's still a third of a company of NVA back there, damn it!" North said. "Now you turn and fight or I'll court-martial every damn one of you!" He spun around on his good leg and started back to engage the enemy.

Gramm turned to Gingrich and asked, "You thinking what Ah'm thinking?" Gingrich nodded grimly. Limbaugh choked out a feeble, "Uh-huh." Buchanan gave a hearty thumbs-up.

Crack! North fell to the earth, face-down. Blood gushed from the hole that had opened in his back. He rose to his knees, only to fall again as another slug caught him between the shoulders.

Son of a bitch, thought Gramm, Ah am capable of killing a man. He turned to the others: "Nobody saw nothing, right?"

"Nope."

"Not me."

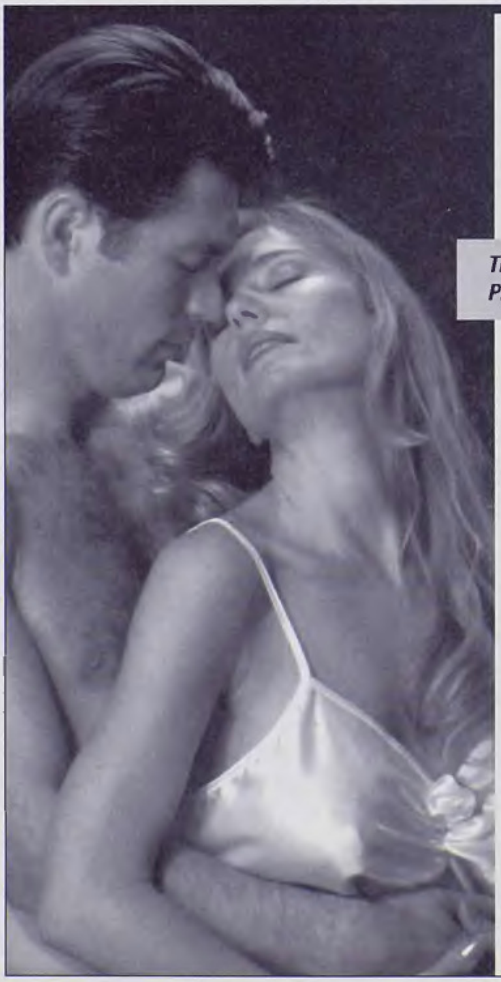
"Unh, unh, unh . . . uh-uh."

The sun was rising over the battlefield as the Huey lifted the four grunts to safety. Gramm surveyed his wounded foot with a smile. "Purple Heart's gonna look mighty fahn some first Tuesday after the first Monday in November."

Gingrich and Buchanan exchanged a look. Solemnly, each man drew his knife and plunged it into the other's thigh.

The pilot turned back to look at them, his nose wrinkling in disgust. Uh-oh, thought Gingrich, he's on to us.

"Hey! Did one of you grunts shit in your pants?" the flier asked.



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DESERT STORM (continued from page 64)

Even small amounts of pesticides combined with PB or deet resulted in convulsions or paralysis—even death.

In 1993 U.S. Department of Agriculture scientist Dr. James Moss of Gainesville, Florida discovered that combining pyridostigmine bromide with the pesticide deet magnified their separate toxic properties: The PB pills became four times more toxic, and deet became seven times more toxic than when used alone.

Dr. Moss also studied how deet and PB reacted with a range of other common Gulf war insecticides (including permethrin) and lice treatments. All were found to have increased toxicity when used together. Intrigued by his tests on cockroaches, Moss suggested further research. His bosses at the USDA (which helped invent deet), saw no reason to pursue Moss' findings.

Other researchers conducted studies on PB. One study found about 37 percent of soldiers given the PB pills reported at least one severe symptom within 24 hours. A larger study found that more than half the subjects experienced side effects after taking the drug.

In 1992 the Department of Veterans Affairs agreed to set up a registry for Gulf war veterans who wanted medical attention. The roster began to grow by more than 1000 soldiers a month.

In July 1993 the Czech minister of defense said that the wartime detections of sarin in northern Saudi Arabia had been verified by repeated testing. The Czechs' biochemical testing was conclusive: Soldiers had been repeatedly exposed to low levels of chemical weapons.

Nevertheless, after analyzing the Czech data, the Pentagon in November 1993 dismissed the findings as unrelated to the "mysterious health problems that have victimized some of our veterans." The Pentagon agreed to launch its own comprehensive study. Heading the Defense Science Board Task Force would be Nobel laureate Dr. Joshua Lederberg. In April 1994 the National Institutes of Health also began to take the matter seriously, holding a three-day conference on Gulf war health problems.

Veterans Affairs Committee Chairman Senator Jay Rockefeller (D–W. Va.) began an investigation into PB, which turned up disturbing data. The committee's hearings in 1994 made it clear that the wartime distribution of the pills was one of the biggest blind drug tests in history.

Committee researchers discovered that if you take a nerve drug when you don't have a nerve malfunction, you can have serious side effects similar to those of nerve-agent poisoning. "A good analogy is the use of insulin for diabetes," the committee staff's final report noted. "Very high doses of insulin are sometimes necessary to treat diabetics, but similar doses could be fatal for nondiabetic individuals."

The Veterans Affairs panel also cited Moss' findings regarding the pills' synergistic reactions with pesticides routinely used in the Gulf. A 1995 Army study that conducted experiments similar to Moss' also found that PB mixtures "increased lethality."

Researchers for the Rockefeller committee also uncovered another disturbing fact: Although PB was believed to be effective against chemical weapons such as soman, it simultaneously made individuals more vulnerable to other nerve agents such as VX and sarin.

In 1992 DOD scientists concluded that PB should be used only as a pretreatment against soman. But in the Gulf war, there had been no reason to believe soman would be the only agent used. Indeed, Hussein's chemical weapon of choice had generally been sarin. (In fact, the Czechs had consistently detected sarin during the first week of the war.)

Senator Rockefeller charged the Pentagon with "reckless" use of PB pills. "You may think it was appropriate to give PB to Persian Gulf war participants, but evidence today suggests that this was a crapshoot and the veterans were the losers."

The findings by the NIH and the Defense Science Board were made public in June 1994. While the NIH report saw no "single disease syndrome," it left the door open for further research. After poring over volumes of American and Czech data and eyewitness accounts of chemical and biological attacks, the Defense Science Board's study (known as the Lederberg report) found no evidence of any coherent Gulf war syndrome, nor any evidence of chemical or biological exposure. Of the many Gulf war ills, Dr. Lederberg found one common thread: "The probable common denominator is stress," he said. The report does not mention his position as director-at-large of the American Type Culture Collection.

The Defense Department's other major effort was a comprehensive report, released in 1995, on the diagnoses of 10,020 Desert Storm veterans. It concluded that most illnesses could have stemmed from the stress of threatened chemical or biological attacks, rather than from actual exposure.

These findings were belittled by veterans. The Institute of Medicine, a research arm of the National Academy of Sciences, noted that the Pentagon claimed to have proved a negative—it had found "no clinical evidence for a new or unique illness or syndrome"—yet failed to back up its conclusion. The IOM panel recommended that the military scientists should "either be more cautious in making this conclusion or justify it."

Yet all the controversy over exposure to Gulf war chemicals—pills, pesticides, nerve gas, mustard gas and possibly biotoxins—cannot change the fact that nearly 600,000 Desert Storm veterans are currently free of symptoms. That's the point the Pentagon wants people to remember.

Dr. Robert Roswell is executive director of the Persian Gulf Veterans Coordinating Board, which oversees all federal activities on this issue. He admits that there's no question a wide variety of medical problems exists among Desert Storm veterans. But Dr. Roswell, who has overseen the examination of 1400 Gulf war veterans at Birmingham, Alabama's Veterans Medical Center, believes that these unexplained illnesses are not caused by any single factor or exposure.

Roswell agrees that the veterans' health problems are real, but he feels they're individual cases, not part of a pattern. "People from all walks of life develop serious illnesses," said Roswell. "But it is, in my opinion, unethical to evoke fear, anxiety and guilt in the larger populations, to make them think they're going to develop softening of the skull or have painful intercourse or whatever the case may be."

A retired U.S. Army major general, Dr. Philip Russell, has examined all these questions in depth, having served on the IOM committee and on the Defense Science Board panel along with Lederberg.

"One fact of the medical world is that a lot of people come to doctors' offices with certain complaints, and a substantial percentage are not diagnosed," said Dr. Russell, now at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. "It's not good, but it's a fact of life: A lot of people don't feel good and we don't know why."

Russell cannot discount stress as a key factor in why these soldiers feel sick. But why didn't soldiers in other wars report such weird symptoms? Russell thinks they might have, but that the military and medical establishments were confronted with more serious issues at those times: There were huge numbers of casualties and injuries, as well as severe cases of posttraumatic stress disorder.

"These other kinds of symptoms would have gotten lost in previous wars," noted Russell, "when the medical and psychiatric systems were dealing

with much more severe and obvious problems. The run-of-the-mill and undiagnosable problems would have been lost, if they were even reported."

Within the past year, various civilian researchers and physicians have continued looking into the matter. Researchers at Duke University used laboratory animals to duplicate the exposures to insecticides and PB. The final study found that even small amounts of pesticides combined with PB or deet resulted in tremors, convulsions or paralysis—even death.

"But we didn't use lethal doses," explained Dr. Mohamed Abou-Donia, who led the Duke study. "We used doses that would have very little ill effect by themselves." The research found that the presence of PB forced the insecticides into the brain, pumping the toxins where they can be most dangerous.

•

Dr. Robert Haley, a former epidemic researcher at the Centers for Disease Control, is now chief of epidemiology at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in Dallas. He began his Gulf war research with a great deal of cynicism. "We were thinking we would find some kind of malingering going on here—a 'gold-bricking disease,' is what I called it," he said. "We were very skeptical, as I think most people are."

Eager to nail down this malingerer factor, the Southwestern Medical researchers pored over medical histories of more than 2000 sick veterans who had asked Texas billionaire Ross Perot for help. (Perot helps to fund Dr. Haley's research, as well as the Duke University study on PB.)

The Southwest Medical team concentrated on veterans with the most dramatic and inexplicable symptoms. These patients were then subjected to thorough workups at facilities from Texas to the Mayo Clinic.

Haley recalls one young man—"a terrible case," he says—who had some sort of stroke as he was returning from Gulf duty. "It was an atypical stroke," says Haley, "and it just wore on him over a few days until he was on a respirator."

After thoroughly checking out such cases, Haley began to understand there was more involved than malingering. He also believes these people would not have come down with their sicknesses if they hadn't served in the Gulf.

Haley's team has launched an epidemiological study of the battalion of Navy Seabees who took PB and experienced what appeared to be chemical-weapons attacks. More than 100 of them are ill. Many of their spouses have also developed symptoms.

Haley does not expect to find any single Gulf war syndrome. He thinks he'll find two or possibly several syndromes. He too may confirm a connection between PB pills and pesticides—and delayed reactions to chemical exposures.

Unlike investigators at the Defense Department or the Veterans Administration, the Southwestern Medical researchers are looking into a chemical circumstance that is known primarily to physicians familiar with pesticide exposures. Organophosphates—which include the pesticides and chemical nerve agents detected during Desert Storm—have delayed toxic effects that are only now being understood. Once absorbed into the body, the chemicals immediately attach to nerve receptors—in the brain or in peripheral nerves in the arms and legs—where they lie dormant for a period of time.

"Several weeks or months later, your nerves start degenerating," says Haley. "If they're in your legs, you have trouble walking. If they're in your brain, you start having trouble concentrating, you can't remember, you get depressed." To some Gulf war veterans, these symptoms sound quite familiar.

Although delayed chemical reactions may play a part in this syndrome, Haley wonders if the key to Gulf war illnesses may turn out to be something completely different. "It may be that we will find some inherent genetic susceptibility," he says. "Maybe five percent of the population lacks an enzyme that you don't normally need. But if you're exposed to organophosphates and you have PB in your system, the lack of this enzyme makes you susceptible."

Haley compares this to the polio vaccine, which causes an allergic reaction among a small group of people. "If you give treatment to enough people, you're going to knock off a few people who have a weird genetic susceptibility," says Haley. "Maybe that's what we're seeing. That would explain why it occurs in only a small percentage."

•

Seventeen miles southwest of Washington, D.C., hidden behind a fence topped with barbed wire marked RESTRICTED AREA, is an old two-story building. It is the unspectacular locus for the government's most important Gulf war study. With full-security clearances, a team of military researchers attempts to track the daily movements of every single man and woman who served in the Persian Gulf war.

"Our goal is to have a single location, grid point, latitude and longitude or place name for each unit, down to company level, covering the period from January 15, 1991 until that unit left the Gulf," said project director Don Hakenson, who worked on a similar project involving Agent Orange.

"The purpose is to provide exposure

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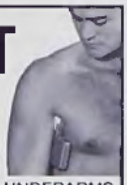

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information on personnel for the scientific community—epidemiologists performing scientific studies—and also for future health claims," said Hakenson. "For example, a guy might have been exposed to the smoke in the service. Then, ten or 15 years after leaving the service, he develops some type of cancer. There would be means to provide an exposure score for the purpose of providing disability benefits."

As such factors become better known, this database will help prove, or disprove, Gulf war exposures. Inevitably, the mystery will hit the courtrooms. Depositions are already being taken by attorneys for Spagnoletti and Associates, a Houston law firm representing 2000 named Desert Storm plaintiffs.

Frank Spagnoletti, who heads the firm, believes the potential class of claims could reach 50,000 to 100,000. His clients include some of the most dire cases, men such as Brian Martin and Herb Smith, as well as Gulf veterans who have developed antibodies to brucella abortus—a toxin known to have been one of Saddam Hussein's biological weapons. Investigators have tracked the shipment of such agents from American and European firms (including the American Type Culture Collection) to Iraq. "I can also trace by serial number shipments of mustard-gas precursors from Baltimore to the Iraqis," says Spagnoletti. "And that goes for all those biological toxins, because these companies sold Hussein anything he wanted."

•

If a link is proved between Gulf war illnesses and any of the noxious substances—including the experimental antidotes and possible exposures to chemical weapons—the interesting question will be how the military and the public will react. Activists and veterans groups are already raising hell about what they call the inadequate protective gear and breathing masks that were issued in the Gulf. There are also concerns about the experimental vaccines and drugs.

"When we figure out—if we figure out—what's going on with these sick veterans, one of the big problems the military's going to have is a major dose of hindsight," said Haley. "Everybody's going to say, 'Those idiots, it's negligence. They should have known.' But I don't think they could have known."

The explanation of Gulf war illnesses may point to a chemical calamity that military and civilian scientists are only beginning to understand.

"To my wonderful wife on our 25th anniversary, and to Miss Wanda Turner, who stood in on short notice when my wife had one of her migraines."

BOXES

(continued from page 80)

Mr. Jones that every week."

I thanked him and walked outside. Everybody was playing touch football in the parking lot, where heat waves shimmered above the pavement. Sitting out, as I always did, I watched from the concrete loading dock, my legs dangling over the rubber bumper, the warm breeze trailing around my throat.

•

Before I left I grabbed an empty box from the Dumpster and threw it in my trunk. Willie had broken so many things in my apartment that all of them wouldn't fit into my trash cans. Creech and Gortney stopped pushing boxes around to look when they saw me drive off. I'd rinsed my face and hands in the bathroom sink and toweled off under my arms, wanting to appear employed but not filthy, and they probably thought I had some kind of date. I hoped the hour might make Herb more expansive.

It didn't. He was not happy to see me. I hadn't called ahead, not wanting to give him the option of refusing me over the phone, so I just walked by his secretary when she came out of his office for a file. She hurried after me saying, "Sir, sir," but Herb told her it was all right.

Herb had small blue eyes made larger by round rimless glasses and a probing gaze I found unsettling even at my best. He seemed to be calling up all my sins and marching them before his eyes one by one for review, but I knew he wasn't. That would take too long.

"Take a seat," he said finally, and I obeyed.

I got right to it. "I need a thousand dollars." I sat forward on the couch. I could feel my legs sweating, even with the air conditioning, sticking to my khakis.

"So do I," he said. He didn't smile.

"No," I dismissed the joke with my hand. "You don't understand. I really need it. Badly."

"I thought you had kicked the habit, though I have to say you'd never know it." He shifted a pen from one corner of his bare blotter to another. "You look almost like you did two years ago."

"I'm clean. That's not what I need it for."

"Buying a house?"

"I'm not buying anything. I'm paying off old debts."

"Yes." He opened and closed a desk drawer repeatedly, letting it bounce against his stomach and then click shut. "You must have plenty of those."

"Just this one. When it's paid off, I won't have any others."

I realized that sounded like a lot of my promises from before I quit the stuff,

about how I was going to change, and I had the urge to get up and pace. I forced myself to remain still and decided to be honest. "I have to pay off my old dealer. When I went into treatment I still owed him money. He's not the kind to forget it. That's why I look this way." Herb didn't say anything, so I kept talking. "I've got a job. You can check it out. Use my pay as collateral. A thousand isn't that much. It'll be paid off in no time, maybe four months."

"So tell the cops."

"I can't." I looked at the pictures Herb had of himself on the walls. There used to be some of the two of us together, playing ball, fishing, but they were gone. Discolored paint marked the places they'd once hung. "I mean it won't do any good. He's beaten plenty of raps before, and to be honest, I don't think I could stand the pressure of a trial." I forced a laugh. "I'm not sure I'd survive that long anyway."

Herb shifted his gaze to the blank back of his door. I listened to the quiet whooshing of air being forced into the office and counted off the seconds on my fingers. My thumbs were growing broader from work and my fingertips and palms were callused. I'd reached 90 before Herb took a deep breath and started to speak.

"I'm not going to loan you anything, and I'll tell you why. I don't think you're ready for it." He sat forward so abruptly I thought he was going to come over the desk after me. "You say you have only one debt, which means you don't realize the full extent of some of the things you've done." He reached into his drawer and pulled out a sheaf of papers. "See these?" He shook them once, as if they were letters he'd received against me. "They're files about people I have to see next week. You know what I do now? Foreclosures." He let the word hang. "I repossess things—cars, boats, motorcycles, that kind of stuff. Young kids can't pay their bills, or a family overextends itself? I'm the one who shows up to remind them. All because I went to bat for you for a long time."

He put the papers back in the drawer and shoved the drawer closed. I expected him to sigh and rub his hands over his face, but he sat perfectly still, his hands fisted on the desk. He seemed to be making an effort to control himself, as if he might shake apart at any instant. "I don't like this job. If you walked in here with a million dollars in gold as collateral, I wouldn't loan you 30 cents.

"But here." He pulled out his wallet and laid a crisp $20 on the desk, then pushed it across the blotter with his fingertips. "For old times." He adjusted his glasses with both hands.

I knew he meant the $20 as an insult.

"OK," I said. I wanted to hit him. I wanted to apologize for all I'd done before. I wanted to say I missed the times we had spent together, but he didn't care anymore what I wanted. Bringing up any of it would only be self-indulgent. "Thanks for your time." I left the money on the desk and walked out.

Outside, still sweating, I could feel myself starting to gag in the heat. I rolled all the windows down to let the car cool off and sat at the wheel, the door open, my head in my hands. I thought of my mother. I couldn't go to her. When I was in the halfway house, she wouldn't even come to family counseling sessions. I'd taken her savings and said I was investing it while blowing it up my nose. That's what I'd put aside $700 for. I was going to try to pay her back. I had heard she was working again, waiting tables.

There were two more banks on the same street and I went into both. The loan officers at each were very polite, well dressed, shook hands firmly. Neither wanted to lend me a penny.

•

Back at the apartment I swept up everything on the floor—plates, cups, glasses—whether it was broken or not, and threw it in the box. The food on the table went too, greasy and stale-smelling, and a stool with one leg split neatly in half. Done, I leaned on the broom in a corner, looking the apartment over. I saw dingy paint, doors and windows that were out of plumb, floors that still seemed dirty. I wondered if I would always feel that way, no matter how much I swept and scrubbed. I decided to skip my Monday night meeting, which I knew wasn't healthy, but I was too worn out to care. I took a steamy shower, popping my head out from behind the curtain every few seconds to listen for strange noises, then shifted the bureau in front of the bedroom door with the box propped on the edge of it. If I dozed off and Willie pushed on the door, I'd hear the box fall and have a few seconds' warning. When I lay down on the bed, I was holding the bat again.

A thunderstorm came and went, the thunder rattling my windows, the rain sounding like a mass of people marching on the street. Afterward, the air blowing in through the screens was cool and smelled of damp grass. I listened to passing cars, their wheels shushing through puddles, and to the sounds of kids shouting to one another as they played in the dark, and to my own quickened breathing. For a long time I was too wired to fall asleep, so I wrestled with myself about what to do.

I thought of Jones, his back turned for the longest time, and of Reemer, whom I wanted to please. And I thought of my time in the center, begging for drugs at first and then feeling cured, and then corkscrewing into a long depression: If this was what it was like to be off coke, why bother? It lifted only gradually. Then came the halfway house. Some of the guys didn't last: They returned drunk after work or didn't return at all. The rest of us were scared but wanted more than anything to make it. I almost had, and if I could get rid of Willie and his knife, I believed I would. A thousand bucks would let me.

I tried to remember who might owe me money, places I might have stashed some a year or two before, whether anyone at the halfway house was rich. I pictured different accidents happening to Willie—a car crash, an overdose, an aneurysm erupting during a pickup basketball game, him choking on his own fat tongue. I thought of asking Reemer, but I didn't know him half as well as I knew Herb, and look where that had gotten me. Who was going to hand a recovering addict $1000 to give to his ex-dealer?

What was it that Gortney had said? In the course of a lifetime, who's going to miss a few boxes? He was probably right. Assuming for a minute that Gortney and Creech would go along with me, I did some math. At $25 a box, $750 meant six boxes a day for five days. My savings brought it to $1450, and my next paycheck, because it was for two weeks, would put me over the top. I wouldn't eat much until I got paid again, but that didn't bother me.

I kept coming back to Creech and Gortney, turning in people who were their sources of cash. It must be about more than the money for them, I thought. The real attraction must be in making the money while keeping Reemer and Jones off-balance, beating the system by playing the game better than anyone gave them credit for. No wonder they were so angry at me. Until I said yes, they couldn't even start playing. If I did, I could go along with them just long enough to get the money and then pull out before they had a chance to do me in.

I sat up and looked at the box on my bureau and the idea's appeal faded. It was too complex and risky, and, worse, in its workings I could see my old life rushing up to swallow me whole: stealing and lying, trading the singular trouble of Willie for two more in Creech and Gortney. I didn't want to plow that field again. Soon the troubles would reproduce like monkeys, filling up my days, chattering at me constantly about what I owed and why, and how I had to do this or that to pay them off. That could end only in disaster. Creech and Gortney would hold those 30 boxes over me forever, threatening to turn me in if I didn't steal more, then doing it anyway when they got tired of me.

No, I had to find a better way, some

kind of indemnity. As soon as I thought that word—indemnity—I felt something click. I checked the clock. Three A.M. I rolled over, punched my pillow into shape and closed my eyes. I would talk with Creech first thing in the morning.

•

I threw the box in my trunk and drove to work as the sun came up, twisting the radio dial restlessly and honking at slow starters at every light. My stomach was growling—I hadn't really eaten in a day and a half—and sweat was beginning under my arms. My legs and throat still ached, and I missed the warehouse entrance the first time by.

I turned back and headed up the driveway, gravel crunching beneath my tires. Creech was joking with some of the drivers out by the swamp willows. I sat in my car watching them laugh and pass around a Thermos. Gortney drove in behind me and joined them, and when Creech looked up I waved. He turned away. I took a deep breath, and fished around under my seat until I found a plastic mug. Then I walked over. It seemed to take forever.

When I joined the group, everyone stopped talking. I nodded to Creech and Gortney and Smith, one of the drivers. The others I didn't recognize. No one nodded back. It seemed like I'd interrupted a joke just before the punch line and they were waiting for me to leave to finish it.

I held my mug toward Creech, who had the Thermos. "Can I have a cup?" My voice broke, like I was going through puberty, but I managed to keep my hand from shaking.

"Get lost, Amelia," Gortney said. He spit near my shoes.

Creech ignored him. "Sure." When he poured, steam swirled around his thick wrist.

"Can I talk with you a minute?" I said, loud enough for him to hear, quiet enough that the others wouldn't.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled, passing the Thermos to Gortney.

We stepped away. Sticks broke under my feet, and I heard a crow cawing in the trashy field behind us.

I drank some coffee. "We talked before about some business," I started. I had to clear my throat. "Still interested?"

"Maybe."

I could tell he was. He rotated his shoulders in such a way. My eyes felt like they were bulging out of my head, the coffee scalded my tongue.

"How do you normally work it? Cash at the end of the day?"

"If you want it that way." He squatted down and scooped up a handful of gravel. "That's a bit trickier." He seemed to be inspecting the gravel in his cupped palm. He turned the stones over one at a time with his thumbnail, white against the gray stones.

"Doesn't have to be," I said. "I'll go somewhere to meet you."

"OK." He closed his fist over the gravel, rattled it and tossed it away.

"Just how much money are we talking here?" I said. "I mean, is this really going to be worthwhile for me?"

"Four, maybe five thousand a year," he said.

"I'll make that much?"

"No. We will. You'll make a lot less. One. Two if it's a good year."

I squatted beside him. He'd gotten a little carried away trying to impress me, which was good. It gave me an opening. "For taking all the risk."

"Hardly. Anyone can miscount. That's what you tell Reemer if he catches you. Us?" He looked around him, as if someone might be listening, then began digging channels in the gravel with his fingers. "We're the ones holding property that's not ours. No, I'd say $25 a box is just about right."

"Well, how much do the TVs bring?"

"Each?" His lips moved while he calculated. "Two hundred."

"Bull. A Trinitron retails for $1500."

"You don't get retail on the street."

"You don't get soaked that much, either. So at least $400."

He cracked a slight grin, which he covered quickly by coughing and standing. "Why now?" he said. "Why didn't you go for this before?"

I stood too, and shifted my weight from one foot to the other. Anybody watching would think we were playing a bizarre variation of leapfrog. "It was too soon after I got here. What was it, a week after they hired me? I didn't trust you. I thought you were setting me up."

"And now you've decided to be a nice guy and help us out."

"Let's just say that I could use some money."

"Sure," he said, nodding, as if to convince himself. "Everyone gets hard up now and again."

"That's right. But Reemer told me you've blown in a couple of guys for this scam."

"I wouldn't trust Reemer too far."

"I don't trust anybody. That's why I'm asking for some proof."

"How much?" His voice was so flat it was hard to tell he'd asked a question.

"Let's say $400." I might as well have some extra.

"That's a lot of money." He said it too quickly, and I knew he didn't mean it.

"Not really."

"We might be able to do that."

"Each. You, Gortney and the driver."

"No way."

"Two-fifty then. And that's my last offer."

He was silent. The wind snapped a blue plastic bag caught in a tree and Creech glanced up at it. I was sure he was going to say no.

"A box a truck, six trucks a day. You guys will have the money you've fronted me back in two days. And you'll make it back anyway by selling two TVs."

"That's too fast. The most we do is every other truck, and that's only during the Christmas rush." His arms were still folded.

"Look. Don't pay me another cent until after we're even," I said, hurrying. I had to hook him. "I won't raise my rate for a year. Twenty-five bucks a pop—that's nothing. Consider it a down payment. Thirty boxes' worth."

I'd been counting on their greed, but maybe I'd overestimated it. I was considering lowering my demand one last time when he sniffled and lowered his chin to his chest, then dropped his arms. I knew I had him. I was always good at negotiating—now I just had to not blow it.

"All right," I said, making it seem like I was giving in. "We can do a truck every other day, for all I care. You'll still get your money's worth."

He scuffed the toe of his boot through the gravel. "You're asking me to give you $750 for nothing."

"No. I'm asking you so I know you're serious. I like this job. I need it. And I need the extra money. That ought to be enough to convince you right there. But what I need more than anything is to know you're for real, not setting me up."

He pursed his lips.

"Pluses and minuses, Frank," I said, using his name for the first time, which caused him to look at me. "That's what everything comes down to, and if you don't go for a plus, well. . . ." I opened my hands, palms up, to indicate that if he didn't get it he was a fool.

"If we front you this money—and that's a big if—it's only after you've given us the first box. We need some safeguards, too."

I wanted to make it sound like I was thinking it over. "That's reasonable. Let's do a Trinitron right off the bat. We'll be just about even."

Creech shrugged. "What the hell. I'll ask. Hold on. I'll check it out with the others."

"No." I grabbed his sleeve, which surprised him. "I don't want Reemer to see me talking to you."

He turned to say something and his face had a keen, feral expression I hadn't seen before. I pulled back and wiped my hand on my pants. Creech noticed it.

"Hand dirty?"

I started to say something, but Creech cut me off. "You came to me, remember. This great scheme was your idea, not mine. So if we decide to do it, you better get used to the way I feel. I'm going to be your goddamn body glove."

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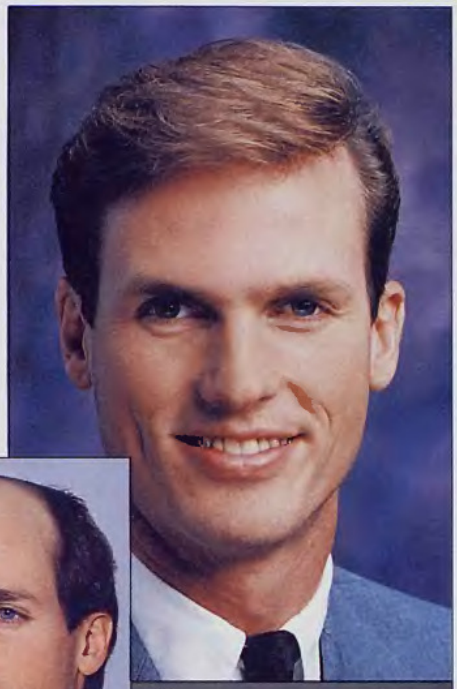

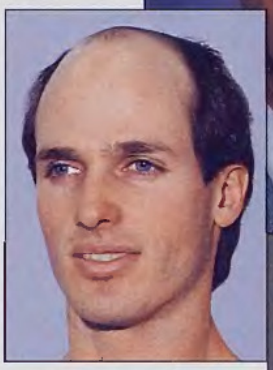

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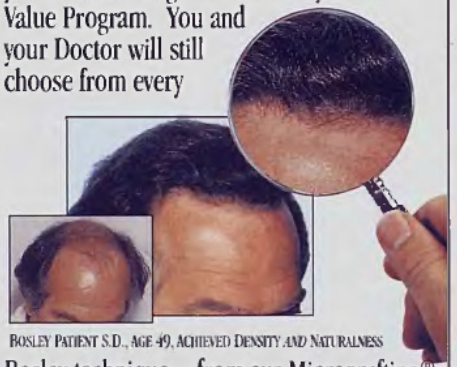

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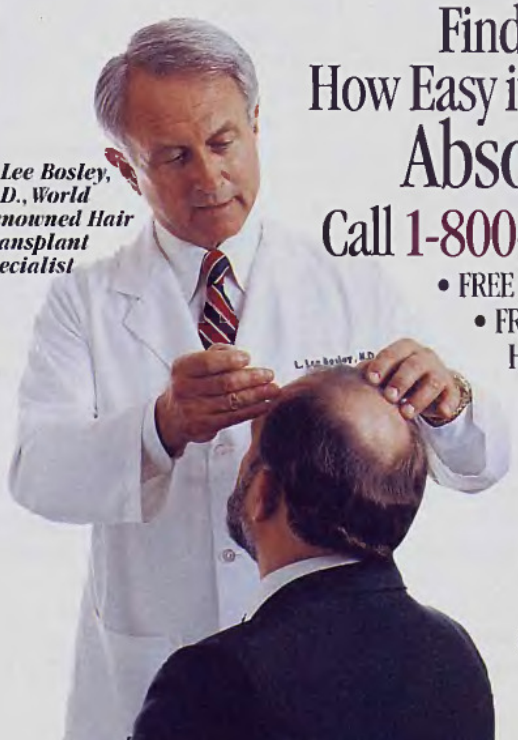

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A plane flew low overhead, its noise shaking the ground. Creech started to walk away and then came back and stood so close to me that I could smell the coffee on his breath. "Next time you get a bright idea, don't be so stupid and approach me like this. You can bet your boyfriend Reemer has been watching the whole thing."

This time when he turned and walked toward the warehouse, blindingly white in the morning sun, Gortney went with him, hunching down to whisper while looking at me over his shoulder. Sure enough, I saw Reemer's face framed in the small door's window, and when Creech and Gortney went in, he stepped halfway out so I would see him.

"Don't be late," Reemer called, then slammed the door shut behind him.

I thought about leaving. Why not? It looked like I had blown my last chance. I saw myself driving on long open roads behind the wheel of my car, the miles ticking away, but I knew it was a fantasy, as had been the belief that I could somehow escape my old life. Since I didn't have anywhere else to turn, I went in.

•

"Hi!" Reemer said, right in my ear. I dropped the mug and splashed coffee on my thigh. "Christ, Reemer," I said, pulling the wet pants away from my skin, "It's too early for that." I shook my leg like a dog.

"Too early for a lot of things," Reemer said, tapping a thick finger on the door window. He clucked his tongue. "I didn't figure you to be the type to deal with slimeballs."

"I'm not."

"Then what were you doing out there?"

"I don't have any deal, all right?"

I was breathing hard, and my words came out with such conviction that he was unsure what to do next. Before he could start up again I pushed by him and turned down a row of shelves toward his office. I didn't have a deal. What he didn't know was how much I wished I did.

•

I waited, but it wasn't easy. I didn't eat much, I rarely slept, when my phone rang I didn't answer it. At work I avoided everyone, especially Reemer. Thursday afternoon I stacked a wall of pallets and boxes next to the loading ramp. The boxes had been dropped off outside that morning, left by all our parked cars, since the shipping bay was temporarily full. I had to put them somewhere sheltered and somewhere people couldn't easily pick them up and toss them into their cars, but when I explained this to Reemer, he shook his head and said, "I can't see them from my office."

"So what?"

"So that makes them easier to steal."

"You're paranoid, Stan."

"I'm paid to be paranoid."

He watched me go in and out of the warehouse every few loads, leaning against the doorjamb with his clipboard. I could see his head nod as he counted the boxes.

•

Creech brushed against me, mouthed the words, "This truck," and passed by. He was so inconspicuous I wasn't sure it had happened, but I couldn't very well ask him, and I had only 48 hours before Willie's return.

He and Gortney looked at me as I came in with each load, but I kept my eyes straight ahead and didn't speak to either of them. Halfway through loading the truck, I went back to the office and flipped through the order forms again, standing so Reemer could see me. He was at his desk. I waited for him to look up, but he wouldn't. He checked items on his clipboard, slowly, and when he reached the bottom of the page, he started over at the top. I could hear the pen scratching over the paper. He never took that much time.

I walked toward the forklift, snapping a rubber band on my wrist, my fingers sticky with sweat, then whirred across the floor to the base of the ramp, where I stopped to fill out the numbers on the slip. I recounted without looking around and paused before signing it. When I did I caught a whiff of talc. I was glad to see my signature wasn't too shaky.

Reemer clapped me on the shoulder. "Are you going to load them or not?" he said. "There's 20 boxes on this pallet."

"I can count."

"I can, too. What does it say on that form?" He took it from my hand.

"Twenty."

It did, but he studied it so long he seemed to expect the number to change in front of him. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he said finally, handing it back. "Get going."

I fired up the forklift and moved off so quickly the load wobbled and nearly toppled. I put it in the truck, shifted into reverse and started backing out. Over the warning bell I said to Creech, "All set," and then drove off. When I came back with the next load Creech and Gortney were waiting on the ramp. Creech met me halfway, the first time that had happened since I had turned him down weeks before. It took a few seconds before I figured it out: He was serving notice that they were in control, and that I had better watch myself or they would make the scam so obvious I'd get fired. Reemer was bound to be suspicious of Creech giving me help.

I zipped by him into the truck, which smelled sweetly of onions, the last load to be carried in it. A few papery skins swirled away at my approach. When I came over the hump, Gortney leaned his rat face into the cage and for a second I thought he was going to kiss me.

"Glad to do business with you, Amelia," he said, slapping me hard on the back.

Creech trotted up behind us. "Welcome aboard." He made it sound as if I'd joined a pirate ship. I moved away and drove to the back without stopping, then idled the engine and awaited their approach. The truck floor rocked beneath their steps. Gortney, always the more practical of the two, began counting. When he was finished he started over again, then smacked the last box in irritation.

"I told you we couldn't trust him," he said to Frank. "There's only 20 on this load, too."

Creech looked at me.

"Let me see the envelope," I said.

"That wasn't the deal."

"It is now. Just let me see it."

Gortney was watching Creech, who tilted his head as a sign of approval. Gortney opened his jacket and I saw the top of a thick white envelope sticking out of his inside pocket.

"Check the load before the last one."

"It's buried."

"So it's harder to spot. Count them if you want to."

"Christ," Gortney muttered, but he started scrambling over the boxes to get at the others.

We waited. When we heard him again his voice was muffled by stacked boxes. "He's right."

"Just in case Reemer counted this load," I said.

Gortney dropped down beside me.

"Amelia! You're a regular fox. We're going to have to give you a new nickname."

"Save the name. I want my money." If I didn't get it now, I wouldn't get it at all.

"We could turn you in for what you just did."

"Forget it, Creech. You're bluffing. I'm not. Give it to me or I'll blow the whole deal."

They exchanged glances. "I mean it," I said, and I did. If I was going down, I'd be happy to take them with me.

Creech sucked his teeth. "OK," he said, nodding at Gortney, who blew a disgusted sigh. He shook his head, but pulled out the envelope and slapped it into my palm.

"You're smart, Frank," I said. "Letting Gortney carry like that."

"Fuck you."

The envelope was so white it seemed

fluorescent. It felt heavy, and even though I had been right about their greed and their desire to run the scam, I still didn't trust them.

"If this is short, you've gotten your last box."

I knew I should resist trying to count it, but I couldn't. Just as I opened it and began thumbing the bills I heard banging and Reemer's voice, shouting. "What the hell is going on in there?" He was back in the rectangle of light at the end of the truck, pounding on the sidewall with his open palm, the blows reverberating around us.

I stashed the envelope and whispered, "Let me handle this."

Then louder, I said, "No, you're the asshole!" to Gortney, and swung.

He saw my fist coming and lurched back, trying to get out of the way, but succeeded only in giving me a different target. I'd been going for his nose and ended up connecting with his Adam's apple, which felt sharp and hard as a brick. He toppled over backward, making odd gagging noises, and I said to Creech, "Sorry. I had to. Now get this truck out of here before Reemer recounts the load."

I started out toward Reemer, trying to shake the pain from my hand.

He led me to his office, shut the door, told me to sit down. He stood above me.

"Are you trying to get your ass fired?"

"No, sir." I rubbed my knuckles.

"Because you're doing a pretty good job of it."

"We won't have any problems like that again. Believe me. I straightened the whole thing out."

"We better not." I knew he'd seen the punch, and that probably disposed him in my favor. He didn't like Gortney. Still, he didn't seem to believe that a fight was the only thing going on.

"Did you put an extra box on that truck?"

"I haven't lied to you, Stan."

"You didn't answer my question."

"I didn't put an extra TV on that truck."

We had a staring match. I wasn't going to back down.

"I could go out there and pull every box off and match its number with the manifests."

"Go right ahead." I didn't hesitate. He'd know something was up. "I'll help you." I pulled my gloves back on and stretched out my fingers.

He started to say something—I heard the sharp intake of his breath, his mouth opened to form sounds, and I thought he was going to ask about the envelope, which would be tricky since I didn't have any ready reply—but then the time clock clunked. Reemer's eyes shifted to it, and the distraction gave him an excuse to dismiss me.

"Go," he said, reaching around me to open the door. "And cut out this crap. I'm starting to change my opinion of you."

I wanted to tell him that I'd give him reason after reason not to in the months to come, but of course I couldn't. I could only show him, and I would.

•

Creech cornered me in the back of the warehouse an hour before work ended.

"That box you gave me?" He said it quietly, almost gently, so that he didn't sound angry, but I knew what was coming and checked out his hands. They were empty. "That box was full of shit. Busted plates, food, a three-legged stool. That wasn't what we paid for."

I pretended nonchalance even though I was nervous about how this would play out. "I had to. Reemer was suspicious. It was a dry run."

"Don't give me that crap." His voice was curt without being loud. He didn't have to be. He had my full attention. "I'm not a moron. We want our money back."

I shrugged and tried another tack. "Consider it a Christmas bonus."

"It's July, asshole."

"Christmas came early this year."

He shoved me against the wall; I could feel the skin on my shoulder blades scraping against the cinder blocks.

"Don't fuck with us."

"Don't fuck with me." I shoved him back, a surge of adrenaline making me push him farther than I had intended, but that worked in my favor. He hadn't been expecting it, and now there was too great a distance between us for him to swing and hit me. If he tried, I'd know he was coming. "One of you touches me and you'll never get a full box. Remember, you're talking a few thousand a year. What's the possible loss of a couple hundred dollars each?"

He couldn't think of a quick enough answer before I walked away. When he didn't hit me as I passed, I knew he wasn't going to, ever. He'd wait and wait, hoping I would come around, so he and Gortney could turn me in. He'd live for that moment until it came. I didn't bother telling him that he might as well give it up now.

Willie? There was no way I could scam him. He didn't care about anything enough to lose money on it. But once he got his money—much of which had never been mine—he would forget that I ever existed.

I had an hour before quitting time, so I began shifting pallets into the bay, box after box, their fine dusty smell coating my clothes.

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JOHN TRAVOLTA (continued from page 58)

Stallone's view of the human body is different from mine. I'm a spiritualist. He thinks of the body as art.

PLAYBOY: He died a few years later. Did you have an opportunity to reconcile your differences?

TRAVOLTA: I felt so bad. He had given me 12 of the best years of his life as a mentor and manager. When he got ill I felt guilty. I wanted at least to end it with words of appreciation and care. I never did admit to the goof-up, but I think by my presence I kind of admitted it.

PLAYBOY: Besides *An Officer and a Gentleman*, there were a number of other hit films you turned down. One of them was *Splash*.

TRAVOLTA: That was the opposite situation. I backed out of that on advice from an agent.

PLAYBOY: Was that when Mike Ovitz represented you?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the pictures you did choose, and how your expectations jibed with the outcomes.

TRAVOLTA: Sure.

PLAYBOY: *Urban Cowboy*.

TRAVOLTA: The expectation was great and delivery was great. That one was easy to predict. Great director, great concept, great script and great studio. You knew with that one.

PLAYBOY: The Brian DePalma thriller *Blow Out*.

TRAVOLTA: My expectations were great but the outcome was disappointing, yet it was acknowledged as a great film. Barry Diller said, "If this had been at Paramount it would have done $60 million." It was Filmways' last hurrah. They didn't even have enough money to promote it. The company was already going under. It would have taken *Jurassic Park* to save that company.

PLAYBOY: What about *Staying Alive*?

TRAVOLTA: That was more along the lines of a predictable box-office success. It was a pretty big hit.

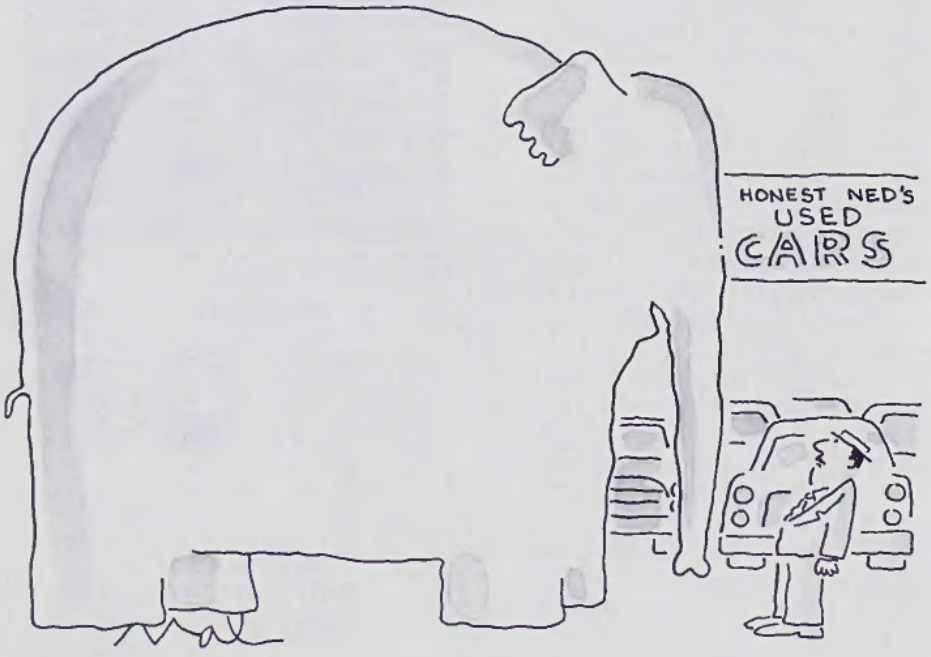
PLAYBOY: What did Paramount think of Sylvester Stallone directing the sequel to one of the biggest movies in the studio's history?

TRAVOLTA: They loved it, because *Rocky III* had such success as a sequel. At the time, it looked like a cool idea.

PLAYBOY: What kind of a director was he?

TRAVOLTA: He's a funny man. He's funnier than anyone ever knows. And he's very creative. Overall it was a good experience. It was territory I knew, territory he knew. It was more about making a chapter in your life: about getting in shape, doing a kind of dance you've never done before and working with someone who is also a big star. What we set out to do, we did. It made exactly the money we thought it would make and entertained at the level we thought it would. It didn't pretend to do anything else. We weren't going for Oscars.

PLAYBOY: Would you have preferred not to have made it?



"I'm looking for something with lots of trunk space."

TRAVOLTA: The idea that I was forced to do it didn't please me. It's more fun to do something when you're not forced.

PLAYBOY: You were in the best physical shape of your life for that film. Afterward, how long did it take you to get completely out of shape?

TRAVOLTA: [*Laughs*] Three years.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy the rigors of Stallone's fitness regime?

TRAVOLTA: Because of where I was at that time, with nothing better to do, I enjoyed it. But I got tired of it quickly. By the end of that movie I had had it. I was finished with the body trip. Stallone's view of the human body is different from mine. I'm basically a spiritualist. I feel that we're spirits who use the body to function—to eat, to sleep, to have sex and to perform various duties. He thinks of the body as art. He puts more significance on it than I do.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to *Perfect*, a messy flop that struck a blow to your career.

TRAVOLTA: Everyone held high expectations for that film, because it was from the same director and writer as *Urban Cowboy*. I took it because of the people involved, even though there were problems with the script. I still thought it was going to be pretty good.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any thoughts about our culture's current obsession with celebrity?

TRAVOLTA: I think people were just as crazy about Clark Gable when he was popular. Whoever's the star of the day. You're talking to a guy who worshiped the Beatles when they came out. Maybe I wasn't a ten on the Nutty Fan Richter scale, but I was a solid eight, baby. I had every album, every magazine. I tried to get to see them. Artists—writers, painters, singers, sports figures, musicians—have always been the ones who have changed the culture and led the way. They put life into the culture, more than politicians, more than a lot of others. But at what level you get excited about it is another thing. I think I liked the Beatles on an irrational level. But the idea that they got me through two years of childhood is rational. They gave me something to look forward to, something to feel good about. So did Jimmy Cagney. So did a lot of other artists I grew up loving.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting. Your history suggests that you were so overwhelmed by your popularity in the late Seventies that you left Hollywood and sought refuge in Santa Barbara.

TRAVOLTA: As much as I'd like this to sound like I was pulling a Jay Gatsby on people, I wasn't. I'm in love with aviation, and I moved to Santa Barbara so I'd have a reason to fly somewhere. I moved to Florida so I could live at an airport. It was that simple, yet it looked cool and convenient to say I was escaping

Hollywood. The truth is, I wasn't. Now, mind you, I always liked parts of California better than Los Angeles, and parts of the East Coast better than New York. But those places didn't pull me away from Los Angeles because of stress or pressure. I just like the lifestyle where I live: Santa Barbara, Carmel, Florida or Maine. I didn't want to live the lifestyle of a protected film star. I wanted to live an unguarded life. I still do. I have seven different jet licenses, and I've traveled the world. I got married and had a child. I found ways outside the business to broaden my horizons.

PLAYBOY: But you'll agree that it's unusual for a young actor to shun the Hollywood scene: the meetings, dinners, premieres and parties.

TRAVOLTA: You're right. But I never correlated my success with parties or meetings. I always thought the reason I was successful was because I went in and did a good job at the audition. And this is the other thing: I was never part of the party scene. I never enjoyed it. I never drank, never did drugs. It was never a thing to me. Now, I like it from a distance. I like the idea of parties and clubs and nightlife—but I was never good at being in the middle of it, other than playing a character who liked being in the middle of it. That's controllable. All sorts of things can happen, and that doesn't appeal to me.

PLAYBOY: How did you avoid becoming bitter when you went from being a big star to not being able to get the parts you wanted?

TRAVOLTA: I don't know. I understand what you're saying, but I have never blamed others for any situation I'm in. It's just not my nature.

PLAYBOY: And that's how you define bitterness—blaming other people?

TRAVOLTA: I think so.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a moment when you considered going back to work on a television series?

TRAVOLTA: No. But after *Look Who's Talking Now* my career was in the kind of shape that I started getting those calls from the networks. The money was awfully appealing, but I was still getting paid well as an actor in movies, and I always thought I was one film away from getting back. And I was right. The only person who could have gotten me to do a series was Kirstie Alley. She's such a great friend, and she's so brilliant. If you put us in a Lucille Ball–Desi Arnaz situation, we'd be hilarious. I thought if she seduced me back to television, I would probably go for it.

PLAYBOY: When they make the movie version of *Welcome Back, Kotter*, who'll play Barbarino?

TRAVOLTA: Joey Lawrence.

PLAYBOY: You've already given this some thought, haven't you?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I know his whole family. His little brother Andy plays my son in *White Man's Burden*.

PLAYBOY: You've made 24 films in 21 years. Do you have a favorite?

TRAVOLTA: Right now, it would have to be *Pulp Fiction*.

PLAYBOY: And your favorite character?

TRAVOLTA: The same. I got the biggest kick out of Vincent Vega. He gave me a lot to do in terms of levels to play and different zones to be in.

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Pulp Fiction* is supposedly the brother of Michael Madsen's character in *Reservoir Dogs*. Is it true that Tarantino is planning a movie called *The Vega Brothers*?

TRAVOLTA: I thought that was theoretical. If we ever did a prequel, he'd put us together as brothers.

PLAYBOY: Are you ready to do a prequel?

TRAVOLTA: Not necessarily. I never really wanted to do a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*. I like when characters are little gems that stay that way. They're never quite the same when you try to bring them back.

PLAYBOY: Is there perhaps another Tarantino project down the road?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. Quentin has a lot of dreams to fulfill, and I think I'm definitely part of the scenario. But he's been such an enormous influence in my life, that I want him to experience other great actors. Even though, in my private thoughts, I'd like to keep him all to myself. Just the other day, I said to him, "I want us to be like Scorsese and De Niro. Don't desert me now. [*Laughs*] We're on a roll."

PLAYBOY: You ended our interview 18 years ago by saying you felt like yourself only when you were acting, and that one's work is what makes one alive. Does that opinion still hold true?

TRAVOLTA: My morale is up the most when I'm working, so to that degree, it's still true. But here's how I'd update that 24-year-old guy: If you don't go off and experience life, you'll soon have nothing left to contribute to your art. Shortly after I said that, I needed to go out and feel my way through life a bit, in order to come back with something new. In about three years, you're probably going to see me check out again, because I'll have given as much as I know for this stage. I'll need a break to do some more living. I'll give something else later.

PLAYBOY: And when you come back, do you feel you'll have to prove yourself all over again?

TRAVOLTA: I think so, yeah. You can't rest on old laurels. You have to create and recreate yourself constantly, and not try to get away with anything. It would be fun to think you could, but you can't. You have to keep on being a great actor to remind people that you are one.

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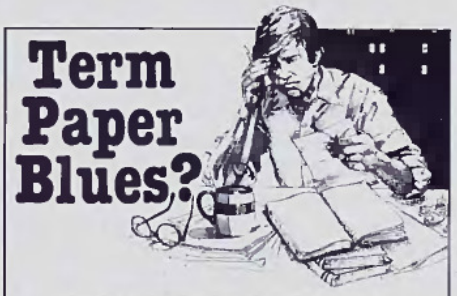
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THE BIG EASY *(continued from page 84)*

"Show your tits" was the cry of the plebeians who begged under balconies for a glimpse of royal flesh.

Orleans. Over the years—the past 300 years—countless alienated souls have made it to the French Quarter. They may have been reported as missing back in their boring hometowns, but they never look back. There is a whole class of people here who, for lack of a pithier term, I'll call People Who Never Left.

The list of celebrities who like to disappear at least part-time in New Orleans is long and growing. Francis Coppola has a house in the French Quarter. Bob Dylan lives Uptown on a gated street. My kid went to a birthday party next door to Dylan's house. They were playing Blind Melon and Smashing Pumpkins and Dylan called and told them to turn down the racket. My friend Harry Shearer sneaks into town a lot but always comes for the Jazz and Heritage Fest held in May. One day we walked past two slobs with huge bellies spilling from under T-shirts with JAZZ FEST 1992 on them. They greeted Harry effusively and puffed themselves up. When we had passed I asked him who they were. "Executives from Disney and Warner Brothers," he said. Those two hadn't been out of suits all year, but there they were in New Orleans. I could just hear the one telling the other: "I always plan to gain 50 pounds over the weekend. I'll work it off for the next six months!" (I actually overheard someone say that on a New Orleans–bound plane last week.)

Julia Roberts and Lyle Lovett fell in love at Café Brasil. Celebrities adore New Orleans. Nobody seems to recognize them and, if they do, they make no fuss over them. New Orleanians are polite, and their memories are sieves. The famous also like the city because of the real estate. Cheap mansions abound: Greek revival, Southern plantation, Fifties moderne—you name it. You buy it and then you can be inducted into the new religion of the South: Restoration. There is nothing celebrities love more than a cheap (but expensive) new religion. New Orleans is the Rome of Restoration. *Pace* Savannah.

The native aristocrats whose faces adorn the society page of *The Times-Picayune* know the score. Their parties are well policed and their dogs are well trained. A gentleman I know packs a pistol in the inner pocket of his tuxedo jacket. But besides such precautions, the windows of their châteaus are brightly lit and the hoi polloi can squish their noses against the windows while the balls whirl. Newcomers may think they are in Venice or St.-Tropez.

If you follow the azalea bushes upriver, 50 paces or so from the grand manses of the nouveau New Orleanians, the decay begins. No slum is more than ten minutes' walk from the so-called good neighborhoods. At first, there is no particular distinction in architectural style, but there are boarded-up windows and gaping doorways and the street life becomes more interesting. It's probably unfair to call these poorer areas slums, because, in truth, they are distinct and culturally rich neighborhoods that have been hit by ills common to much of urban America. Many of these neighborhoods are now subject to intense gentrification, which can take place overnight. A joint called Jackie's II became Jacqueline's Paris Baby Clothes.

Jackie's II was a lovely community bar that had free spaghetti on Tuesdays and free fish fry on Fridays. Jackie herself, a warmhearted black woman in her 50s, took care of people. She managed to keep the crack dealers out and was on pretty good terms with the police. When Jacqueline's Paris Baby Clothes retired her, her bereft customers dispersed. Across the street, the crack dealers made a stand and multiplied.

When poor neighborhoods are attacked, the poor get pushed into the housing projects, where the real troublemakers are. In New Orleans the housing projects—particularly the ones named Desire, St. Thomas and Fisher—are shooting galleries. The drug dealers rule them at night. Automatic weapons provide their *kleine Nachtmusik*.

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The police guarding the crowd at the Royal Street art gallery where I was supposed to meet a friend were being paid by the gallery to make sure the riffraff stayed away from the patrons. It was a velvety evening when the air feels like skin. The sweet sounds of a street band were floating on the breeze. It was the kind of air, a friend of mine once said, that feels like you're being kissed.

There was a commotion in front of the gallery. A gaggle of gawkers watched a man with a painting under his arm. He was wearing Tony Lama boots and a ten-gallon hat, but nothing more. He got into a DeLorean. I had never seen one, so I got as close as I could. They have those funny doors that go up like an angel's wings. The mostly naked man threw the painting in the backseat and gallantly lifted a wing for an elegant daughter of Louisiana, clad demurely in a Scarlett O'Hara gown. The next day I heard the story from her own mouth. Her name is Tiffany and she was still bubbly after only a few hours' sleep. It seems that this man had walked into the gallery where she worked and demanded a date. When she demurred, he purchased a $25,000 work of art with cash and disrobed. "And let me tell you, darlin'," she said, "it wasn't his cash that got my attention." The date had apparently gone on swimmingly until another *belle fille* showed up in the suite at the Windsor Court. "That sort of broke my concentration, if you know what I mean," said Tiffany meaningfully. My friend, not one to concede defeat, said she had simply ordered more Dom Pérignon. And there was the coke, of course. Fat, sparkling white lines that snaked the whole length of a mirror they had removed from the wall. Peruvian flake. The best. And then she stopped talking. Maybe she simply didn't recall. Many New Orleans *jeunes filles en fleur* suffer from this affliction.

I have seen enough naked men in New Orleans to be blasé about it. During Mardi Gras, the French Quarter goes on a binge of exhibitionism. Only ten years ago, there would be a few tits here and there, but it's gotten to be an epidemic. "Show your tits" was the cry of the plebeians who begged under balconies for a glimpse of royal flesh. Later, those on the balconies dangled beads to the plebes, making them exhibit for plastic. But in the past few years everyone has been taking off everything at the merest raise of an eyebrow. At a gay bar just this side of "the lavender line" on Bourbon Street, six men were dancing nude on the bar with the doors wide open. The tourists from Minneapolis couldn't load their cameras fast enough.

Flesh, champagne, art and DeLoreans are an Eighties combination, but the Eighties (whether the 1880s or the 1980s) have never gone away here. Neither has any other age whose thrills this city liked. You can walk into barrooms where it's still 1946. Or 1956. The jukebox, the mirrors over the bar, the pickled eggs in jars, the decorations and the people are all period perfect. You can be of any time in New Orleans. It's preserved. Something in the river-heavy air keeps the flavors of various periods for the pleasure of those who never climbed out of them. Everything else rots: houses, books, flesh.

•

Len Davis, who came to be known as the Desire Terrorist, had been known to the police before he became a member of the force. In 1985 he was arrested twice, once for "battery and urinating in public," and once on a municipal warrant for an undisclosed charge. In 1987, while training to be a police officer, Davis was kicked out of the academy for disciplinary reasons. He resumed training a few months later and was eventually turned loose, with the law on his side, on

his former neighbors in the Desire Projects. In no time at all, there was an extensive list of citizen complaints against Davis. In 1992 he was suspended for 51 days for hitting a woman on the head with a flashlight. Charges of brutality, physical intimidation and theft were lodged against him, but no action was taken. On October 13, 1994 Kim Groves, a mother of three who had filed a complaint against him for pistol-whipping one of her son's friends, was shot in the head. The killer, Paul "Cool" Hardy, blew her away on orders from Davis.

In a series of cellular phone calls taped by the FBI, Davis was heard to bark explicit orders to Hardy. He described for the killer what the woman was wearing. For the next several hours, Hardy and his sidekick, Damon Causey, shadowed Groves and talked with Davis on his cellular phone. Finally, Hardy pulled the trigger. Davis declared himself satisfied and the three of them celebrated their success. The day after Groves' death, Davis got on his cellular and discussed killing another witness against him.

The whole time that the killer cop was instructing his henchmen, the FBI was listening in. Davis was at the center of a year-long federal investigation into the cocaine trade in New Orleans. The FBI had set up a sting, using tons of real cocaine and real cash. At least ten police officers (including Davis) were engaged in guarding and moving cash and cocaine for FBI agents posing as drug dealers. At one point, Davis and his gang considered killing the "dealers." But trust was reestablished in a scene worthy of the city where nakedness is an institution. According to U.S. Attorney Eddie Jordan: "The undercover agent was very clever and stripped before the police officers to show he was not wired at the time. The police officers did the same, and this was captured on videotape."

I wouldn't be surprised if this tape showed up for sale in French Quarter bars, like so many other amateur videos shot in New Orleans.

At the time of Groves' murder, the FBI was poised to nab as many as 20 officers who may have been involved with Davis' gang. Neil Gallagher, the FBI agent in charge of the investigation, denied that the FBI could have stopped the killing. The cellular phone conversations, he said, "were spread out over a ten-hour period and were intermingled with many other discussions concerning their protection activity." These conversations, according to Gallagher, were cryptic. But a look at the transcripts reveals that the murder order was anything but: "Get that whore!" Davis instructed, just before his henchman pulled the trigger. It is possible that the FBI, figuring it had come close to touching the bottom of the nearly bottomless pit that is the NOPD, got too greedy. But faced with the prospect of a second possible murder, the FBI shut down the investigation after busting only ten cops.

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The Mississippi, in its journey from the heartland to the Gulf, brings to New Orleans all of America's sins and secrets. Unsolved crimes and corruption are nothing new here. For a hundred years or so anarchy has been the city's modus vivendi. At one point privateers, in collusion with temporal powers, pretty much ran the city. In 1891, for instance, a mob dissatisfied with a jury's verdict on the matter of the murder of the city's reputedly corrupt police chief broke into the Parish Prison in Congo Square and lynched 11 Italians who had been acquitted of the deed. Their rallying cry, "Who killa da chief?" was used for decades thereafter as an insult toward Italians, adding to the rich lingo of disparagement that the city's varied ethnicities employ on one another.

In January 1994 a 23-year-old Italian beauty named Ylenia Carrisi disappeared in New Orleans. Ylenia, known as "the Vanna White of Italy," was a letter-turner on the Italian version of *Wheel of Fortune*. She was also the daughter of Romina Power and Al Bano, a couple known as "the Sonny and Cher of Italy." She was the granddaughter of Tyrone Power. In addition to her pedigree, Ylenia was a green-eyed blonde siren who loved travel, adventure and art. Something of a latter-day beatnik, she had carried a bedroll through Mexico and Central America. She read Kerouac, was enamored of jazz and was writing a novel. In New Orleans, she hung out with drifters in Jackson Square. After a trip to Belize, Ylenia returned to New Orleans because, according to her mother, "she fell in love with the city" and went back "to find characters for a book she was writing." One such character was a musician named Alexander Masakela who, according to Carrisi's parents, "had some kind of power over her." She lived with him in a flophouse on lower St. Charles Avenue.

Investigators were frustrated in their efforts to track her down. Reports of a woman jumping into the Mississippi led nowhere—except to the discovery of a body that wasn't Carrisi's. The police never could pin anything on Masakela. The $150,000 reward offered for Ylenia's safe return still stands. She has not been found.

Or take another mystery, that of one-time Baton Rouge mayor Pat Screen, former football player and a reform Republican (a rarity in the land of Dixiecrats), who had projected a squeaky-clean image. But one day in September 1994 he was found dead of a drug overdose in a hotel in New Orleans. The day he died, a woman who worked for an escort service reportedly had run all over town trying to pawn or sell Screen's

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football ring and cash one of his checks.

Now and then, quite often in fact, the citizens claimed to have had enough. Various anticorruption campaigns swept rotten politicians from office, forced a few cops to change sides and rousted gamblers out of the state. The notorious Louisiana State Lottery was dismantled at the end of the 19th century by Governor Murphy Foster, grandfather of our new governor, Mike Foster, who, like his grandfather, claims to want to do something about the choke hold of gambling on the state and the city.

Gambling found in Louisiana a rich soil of predisposed suckers. The French had been notorious gamblers. Stories of lost fortunes, duels and suicide are part of the native romance. Riverboat gamblers fleeced the natives until they were forced to flee. Wagering is woven into the state's fabric. The Cajuns of southern Louisiana are fond of cards, particularly a game called bourre, which can quickly involve substantial sums.

Former governor Edwin Edwards, a Cajun from Crowley, Louisiana—elected four times—is a gambler. He played poker in the governor's mansion with people whose mere appearance would offend Minnesotans. He rolled the dice in Vegas for big money. And, wonder of wonders, he won. His dream, as he romantically put it, was to bring casino gambling to Louisiana so that all might share his thrill. His dream became reality during the subsequent administration of Charles "Buddy" Roemer, a weak-kneed ruler whose reign was sandwiched between two Edwards administrations. Roemer signed into law a bill allowing many forms of gambling, including video poker and the lottery. The New Orleans land casino Harrah's will be the second largest in the world (the first is on Indian land in Connecticut) if it ever opens. Harrah's Jazz Co. filed for bankruptcy protection in November 1995 and construction is now on hold.

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Something changed in the air of Louisiana when gambling became law. The air is already pretty unbearable most of the year, and summers are oppressively humid. Add to this the stinks of a seaport: rotting fish, boiling sugar, carnality, bursting flowers. There is even a slight, sweetish smell of corpse floating over the aboveground cemeteries. We cannot bury our dead in the soft wet gumbo under us, so we make them houses above the ground. Gumbo isn't just the name of a rich local stew, but also the technical term for the swampy soil on which we float. The stew is often mentioned as a metaphor for the many kinds of people who simmer together in this subtropical port. But the unsteady soil may speak more eloquently of our condition. With the addition of gambling, this habitual shakiness became even more pronounced.

Consider Antoine Saaks, the city's top homicide cop and a 28-year veteran of the New Orleans Police Department before he was fired for violations ranging from theft to associating with mobsters. His real offense was his work on behalf of United Gaming, Inc. of Las Vegas, which paid him $325,000 to secure business. Saaks, in turn, paid his officers $100 for each video poker machine they could persuade businessmen to install in their establishments. It appears that Saaks' men were extremely successful: There are very few bars or restaurants in New Orleans that do not have several video poker machines now.

Saaks insisted that everything he did was legal. He is a charismatic figure well known to, among others, Hollywood producers. Saaks' troops provided security for moviemakers in New Orleans, rerouting traffic, guarding equipment and procuring services. All this in return for cash, of course, and, occasionally, for small movie roles for the city's finest. In the end, Saaks' association with Frank Caracci, a convicted felon and reputed mobster, and some of his other activities cast too grim a shadow and he lost his fight for reinstatement.

Other police crimes, from grave to trivial, also got plenty of play. The entire vice squad was disbanded when it was reported that officers regularly raided cash registers at bars, strip joints and massage parlors. Before the squad was broken up, it had been touted as an elite unit that was handpicked by then superintendent Arnesta Taylor.

Then there was Sergeant Henry Morel, sentenced to 18 months in prison for theft and bribery for his cash register raids and extortions at French Quarter bars and strip joints. Officers John Martin and Richard Burgess were convicted of robbing a man in a pub. Officer Marc Galbreth stole a credit card and went on a shopping spree. Sergeant Edward Massina was found guilty of forcing a woman into his car to perform oral sex. Two officers were accused of raping a girl in a motel room. Some officers were accused of stealing cars. Another gang within the NOPD was accused of filing false insurance claims for accidents that never happened.

With many citizens afraid to trust the police, thugs act with impunity. While the city and tourist bureaus do their best to emphasize the pleasures of the bread pudding in whiskey sauce at Commander's Palace or the shrimp creole at Coop's, it's hard to ignore the daily news. On November 6, 1995 a carjacker shot a mother and her baby, killing the child. He shot the baby deliberately, in the head. The killer and his accomplice were caught quickly, turned in by horrified neighbors. At the funeral, the baby's mother said, "New Orleans is the most beautiful city in America, the most historic city and the city with the most potential. But it is a city with a sickness."

In response to this crisis, Governor Foster advocated arming every citizen in the state. During his campaign, he called New Orleans a "jungle."

The year 1994 ended with two shootings: Amy Silberman, a tourist from Massachusetts, was killed by a stray bullet while waiting for fireworks to start on New Year's Eve. My friend Gil Helmick was hit by a similar random bullet that entered his chest an inch below his heart. He lives. And he has become fiercely active in trying to stop the shooting. He wants to make a poster showing the faces of the hundreds of people wounded or killed by such careless fire over the years. But who will put out a poster of the victims of deliberate shootings? And how about the faces of every other victim?

•

In a touching display of whimsy, 100 residents of the Bywater area, who were recent victims of crime, held a ceremony invoking the voodoo god of war and fire, Ogoun Le Flambeau, to rid the city of crack cocaine. A priestess chanted and offered rum and cigars while her followers pounded drums. A few older black residents watched from their doorways and shook their heads in wonder. The voodoo practitioners were all white. The priestess herself was from Maine.

The problems of New Orleans are the problems of urban America. There are bad cops in Philadelphia and street killers in Detroit. But the peculiar intensity of what has been experienced in New Orleans these past two years is colored by a violent history that took a long time and a lot of forgetfulness to become romantic. The current sensations are too crude and too raw to be anything but horrifying. A French Quarter bar owner has been posting the tallies of murders in Boston and in New Orleans, comparing the two cities.

I spent last night listening to the city. I heard the mournful moans of barges pulling chemicals down the Mississippi. I heard the sound of broken glass and two voices raised in anger. Stella and Stanley were at it again. I thought I heard a new wave of flowers break into bloom over by Prytania Street, where stately gothic homes listened to their ghosts. A bar let out its customers, who spilled noisily into the street. By six A.M. the birds of New Orleans had exploded into song. I heard a mockingbird with a repertoire that included car alarms, slamming doors, saxophones and automatic weapons. The mockingbird ought to be our totem now: It mirrors Sorry Humanity without much understanding it. That's New Orleans now: a city with a sickness singing an old broken song again.

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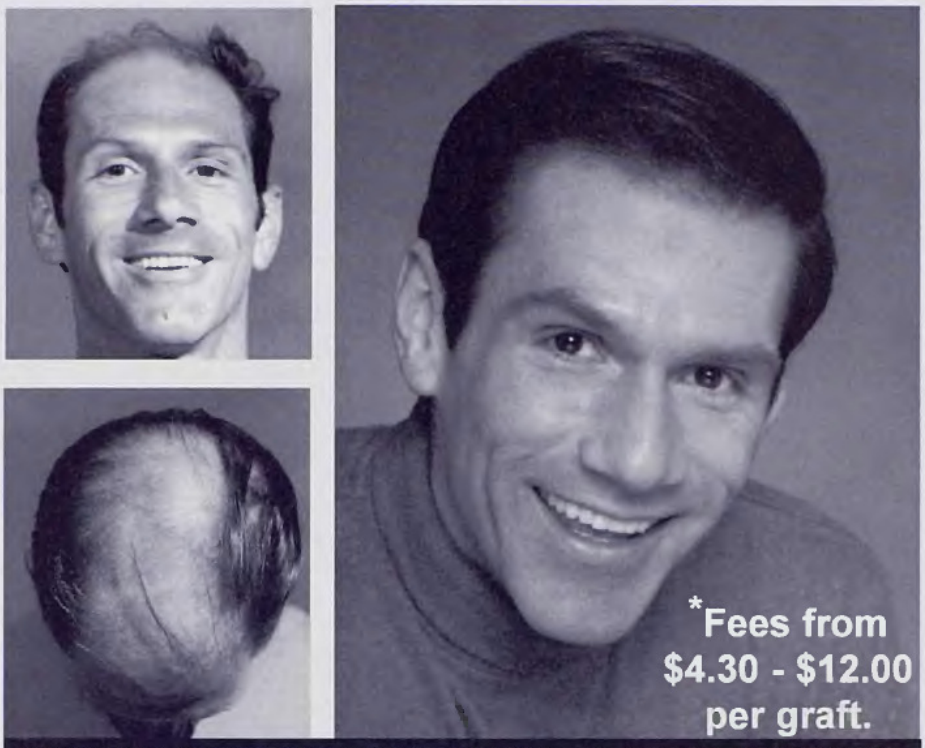

Patient P.H. before and seven months after one session of 1745 grafts

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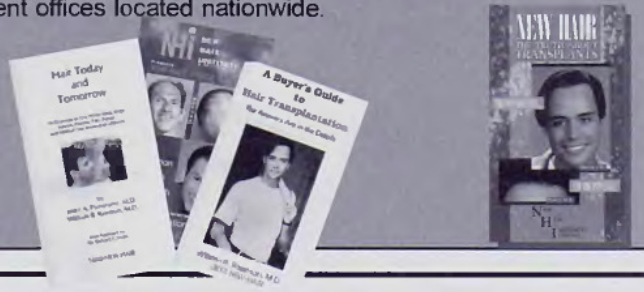

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JAZZ & ROCK (continued from page 106)

Lou Reed said: "I'd like you to meet my girlfriend and my boyfriend." They were also brother and sister.

else had thought of it. Pete Townshend and Jimi Hendrix destroyed their guitars during performances, but Iggy was working on himself. It was radical.

But for teen popularity and critical disdain, you couldn't beat Kiss, the original bar band from outer space. They came together in New York in 1973. Lizard-tongued bass player Gene Simmons, who had been teaching public school (a fairly frightening thought), teamed up with vocalist Paul Stanley. They added drummer Peter Criss from an ad placed in *Rolling Stone*, and found lead guitarist Ace Frehley through an ad in *The Village Voice*.

Kiss was proof of the importance of packaging. Their sound was one you could hear in any rock bar on Long Island (both Simmons and Stanley were from Queens), but they had a gimmick: Klingon outfits and makeup. Until their popularity began to fade later in the decade, Kiss appeared only in full makeup. (For a while the hype was that they had never been photographed without it. Just as well, actually.)

Fans began showing up at concerts in their own Kiss drag. The shows during the band's first tour of Japan, in 1977, looked like Kabuki conventions, with the audience trying to imitate the band's futuristic faces and costumes inspired by villains in Marvel comic books. And, of course, there was Gene Simmons' infamous tongue, plus his fire-breathing and blood-spitting.

It was a long way from Elvis' swinging hips, but along with all the posturing and stage opera, Kiss also managed a couple of decent teen anthems: *Rock 'n' Roll All Night* and *Detroit Rock City*. And you had to admire them for pulling off such an enjoyable big-time scam.

Yet another slice of the theatrical rock developing in the Seventies was the art rock practiced by David Bowie, alias Ziggy Stardust. The elaborate sets on some tours were worthy of Steven Spielberg. Bowie mixed regular rock with artsy flourishes, intellectual pretension and an androgynous veneer that was assiduously cultivated.

Freddie Mercury and Queen existed practically in their own zone, somewhere between heavy metal and the Bowie-style theatrical rock that was becoming known as glitter rock by 1974.

Queen's string of hits in the Seventies included such lavish dubbed-to-death indulgences as *Bohemian Rhapsody*, which regained an ironic popularity via the 1992 film *Wayne's World*. But singles such as 1977's *We Will Rock You* and 1980's *Another One Bites the Dust* had a goose-stepping quality that went over big with heavy metal fans around the world.

Bowie and most of the other art rockers, from ironic Roxy Music to gritty Patti Smith, were chiefly inspired by the Velvet Underground. The group originated in the hip, mid-Sixties New York art scene of which Andy Warhol was the center. In 1967 Warhol provided a banana as cover art for Velvet Underground's first album.

Lou Reed was the Velvet's main songwriter, and co-singer along with slinky blonde Nico. That group's darkly hip compositions were about waiting for the man and heroin ("and I feel like Jesus' son") and Venus in furs and other subjects Rimbaud and Baudelaire would have liked. Critic Richard Goldstein called the Velvet Underground "the product of a secret marriage between Bob Dylan and the Marquis de Sade."

And while Reed indirectly invented Bowie, Bowie returned the favor by co-producing Reed's 1972 *Transformer* album, which included his biggest hit, *Walk on the Wild Side*.

Reed and Bowie had become friends a few years earlier. As Angela Bowie, then Bowie's wife, tells it in her authoritatively trashy *Backstage Passes*, Reed was flanked by a beautiful young woman and a handsome young man when they met. He introduced them by saying, "I'd like you to meet my girlfriend and my boyfriend." They were also brother and sister.

Androgyny also drove the glam rock New York Dolls, whose short-lived reign as a fey, reckless guitar band proved to be quite influential later in the decade among punk rockers in the U.K.

•

The early Seventies were crawling with singer-songwriters of every possible stripe. You could blame this on the Beatles and Dylan; it wasn't hip not to write your own stuff. Everybody wrote his or her own songs, with idiosyncratic lyrics of a personal nature. It was the musical beginning of the Me Decade.

Folk rockers were everywhere. Between 1970 and 1975, in order of their first noticeable appearance on the charts, came Gordon Lightfoot, Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Judy Collins, Melanie, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, John Denver, Carly Simon, Arlo Guthrie, Jackson Browne, Jim Croce and Jimmy Buffett.

In another league was Willie Nelson—a country singer for nearly 20 years. Without changing a lick or an attitude, Nelson was discovered by the rock audience. He is considered a national treasure in Texas, where the fourth of July is officially Willie Nelson Day—this a tribute to the wildly popular picnics he threw regularly on July 4 from 1972 to 1980. A couple of years earlier he had moved back to Austin from Nashville. He let his hair grow, started sporting red bandannas and running shoes and played the Armadillo World Headquarters, a club that was generally inhabited by longhairs listening to rock bands. The post-hippie crowds loved him live, but it took a while for record buyers to notice. His ambitious 1974 effort, *Phases and Stages*, didn't make the pop charts, but 1975's *Red-Headed Stranger*, with its crossover hit *Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain*, made it to number 28. In November 1975, *Wanted: The Outlaws*, recorded with

"Uh-oh! The fun police!"

Waylon Jennings, Tompall Glaser and Jessi Colter, became the first million-selling country album but failed to dent the pop charts. But all that changed with the 1978 *Stardust* album of standards. He won a Grammy for the single *Georgia on My Mind*. The album stayed on the pop charts for more than two years.

All the heavy-metal troglodytes were guys, but many of the singer-songwriters to emerge in the Seventies were women.

In terms of sales alone, Carole King had the landmark singer-songwriter album of the Seventies: *Tapestry*. It was on the charts for 302 weeks—nearly six years—starting in 1971. She had serious Sixties credentials as a songwriter, having written the Shirelles hit *Will You Love Me Tomorrow?* with her then husband Gerry Goffin. (They also wrote the classic *The Loco-Motion*, recorded by Little Eva, who was their babysitter at the time.) King had released her first single back in 1959, but as a singer her career didn't get going until *Tapestry*.

King's voice was a little thin, maybe. But her songs—*It's Too Late* was the album's biggest hit—spoke to women, which was unusual in the male-dominated world of rock and roll. The feminism of the Sixties had grown and provided its own voice in the pop music of the Seventies. *Tapestry* could be found among the albums of most college women at the time.

Another enduring singer-songwriter was Joni Mitchell. Certainly her beautifully toothy looks inspired even the male chauvinist pig, but she was also writing and singing songs that were intelligently different.

Born Roberta Joan Anderson in Canada in 1943, she became a student at Alberta College of Art in Calgary (where she was studying to become a commercial artist). In 1962 she began performing in a college coffeehouse, where she took up her first instrument, the ukulele (she learned how to play it from a do-it-yourself record by Pete Seeger).

In 1965 she married folkie Chuck Mitchell, and they toured for a while as Ian & Sylvia wannabes. The marriage ended soon thereafter. She kept his name and moved to New York. Then London. Then Los Angeles. Along the way, she was seen by David Crosby, who in 1968 produced her first LP, with friend Stephen Stills playing bass. But it was her 1970 single *Big Yellow Taxi* that first made a dent in the U.S. charts.

Mitchell experimented musically. She went from semi-rocking live shows in the mid-Seventies with Tom Scott & the LA Express to her 1979 LP *Mingus*, a tribute to the jazz bassist. For *Mingus* she wrote lyrics to such classics as *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*, and assembled an all-star band that included the cream of the young jazz players, many of them graduates of Miles Davis' groups of the late Sixties and early Seventies: Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, John McLaughlin, Stanley Clark, Phil Woods, Tony Williams and Gerry Mulligan.

Protofolkie Judy Collins was born in Seattle in 1939. Her first album, *Maid of Constant Sorrow*, was released in 1961. It was followed the next year by *Golden Apples of the Sun* and an appearance at Carnegie Hall. But her 1968 LP *Wildflowers* was her coming-of-age. It was the first to feature her own songs, alongside others from Jacques Brel, Randy Newman and, yes, Joni Mitchell. Collins' version of Mitchell's *Both Sides Now* was the hit from the album—it won a Grammy in 1968 as best folk performance.

Collins' brief fling with Steve Stills resulted in *Suite: Judy Blue Eyes*, which helped establish Crosby, Stills & Nash (and eventually Young) as major second-generation folk-rockers during the Seventies. Actually, CSN&Y were all first-generation folk-rockers from the Sixties who kept at it. Crosby had been part of the Byrds, Stills and Young were in Buffalo Springfield and Nash was one of the Hollies. Together, and in varying configurations, they became the biggest folk-inspired group of the Seventies.

Neil Young produced the most consistently interesting individual work, despite a nasal voice and an ur-grunge look he's never dropped. His 1969 hit *Cinnamon Girl*, recorded with his own band, Crazy Horse, rose on the singles charts right along with *Déjà Vu*, the CSN&Y LP that would end up as the year's best-selling album. And he wrote CSN&Y's *Ohio*, about the Kent State killings.

The Eagles were the other big Seventies group playing similar music. They came together in Los Angeles, but were also from somewhere else entirely—Glenn Frey was born in Detroit, Bernie Leadon is from Minneapolis, Randy Meisner is from Nebraska and Don Henley is from Texas—but they defined the southern California sound.

The Eagles had gotten together as Linda Ronstadt's backup group (with Jackson Browne on piano) after she left the Stone Poneys and went solo in 1971. Ronstadt had grown up in Tucson, with a father of Mexican-German descent who had a hardware store downtown. She'd been working at Los Angeles' Troubadour, the club where the Eagles-to-be were the unofficial house band.

Ronstadt became a major solo star and the Eagles were a hit soon after. They combined sleek country rock with sweet harmonies and a certain irony. Their 1972 single *Take It Easy* practically defines the time. They were soon playing stadiums and selling millions of albums.

As the Seventies advanced, irony overtook optimism. In 1973 the band was still feeling good enough to record *Peaceful Easy Feeling*, but by 1975 it was *Lyin' Eyes*. Then came the bleak, gothic title track from *Hotel California*, a record that won a Grammy in 1977.

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In November 1980 drummer Henley was busted when the police were called and, as the rock encyclopedia *Rock Movers & Shakers* puts it, "a naked 16-year-old girl is found in his Los Angeles home suffering from a drug overdose." For this he was fined about $5000, sentenced to two years' probation and ordered to undergo drug treatment.

By then, Leadon had left over musical differences and was replaced by guitarist and jokester Joe Walsh, formerly of Ohio's James Gang.

As the Eagles' live 1980 album went platinum, the band was falling apart. They were all off doing solo projects, but separately they never found the popularity they had enjoyed as a group.

Perhaps the most heralded singer-songwriter of the Seventies was Bruce Springsteen. He'd been scuffling around the edges of the music business since he was 16. In 1967 he moved to Asbury Park, New Jersey from Freehold, New Jersey and began forming a series of bands with some of the future members of his E Street Band. A successful 1972 audition for Columbia Records' John Hammond (who discovered Bob Dylan) led to 1973's *Greetings From Asbury Park*. Columbia wanted to groom him as a solo act, trying to sell the critics on him as the "new Dylan," but Springsteen had a band and rocking ideas in mind.

Amid squabbles with management and the record company, the band was playing a club in Cambridge, Massachusetts when *Rolling Stone* rock critic Jon Landau walked in. Soon he wrote the hype line heard round the world: "I saw rock and roll's future tonight—and its name is Bruce Springsteen." Maybe.

Landau co-produced Springsteen's third album, *Born to Run*. When it came out in September 1975 it went to the top of the charts. Springsteen was on the cover of both *Time* and *Newsweek* in October 1975. He was hailed as the new rock genius. But, as *Rock Movers & Shakers* put it at the time, "Many other critics feel that the hype machine is out of control." The enthusiasm for Springsteen has always been greater in the Northeast than in the rest of the country, but one thing is for sure: Springsteen puts on one of the best live shows in the history of rock.

•

By 1975 the record business was growing as it never had before, largely as a result of the number of baby boomers coming of record-buying age. You could hardly put out a record that a million people wouldn't buy, no matter how mediocre. Record companies couldn't help making huge profits.

A C-minus bar band such as Grand Funk Railroad, for instance, which was sort of like Cream with a lower IQ, filled huge venues nightly. Grand Funk had ten platinum LPs in a row before breaking up in 1976, leaving the band members far richer than they'd ever dreamed possible back in Flint, Michigan.

The group Boston formed in 1975. Its eponymous 1976 LP came out of nowhere, reached number three on the charts and eventually sold more than 6 million copies.

Other nearly faceless bands that sold millions of records include Kansas, Journey, Foreigner and REO Speedwagon (REO's 1981 LP *Hi Infidelity* sold more than 7 million copies).

But that's part of what started going wrong with rock in the Seventies.

Rock was getting overblown. It had developed intellectual pretensions, both musically and in terms of subject matter. King Crimson and Emerson, Lake & Palmer are good examples, would-be Beethoven rockers whose classical influences chiefly added up to bombast. Even rock-'em-sock-'em Led Zeppelin had an ethereal side that many fans could live without, preferring Jimmy Page's killer guitar solos.

Performers such as Elton John and David Bowie tended to turn their live shows into Broadway-style extravaganzas, with costume changes and lavish sets. That was harmless enough, but it sure wasn't guys in jeans standing around a bunch of amps on a bare stage.

The all-time sales champ during the Seventies was the soundtrack for *Saturday Night Fever*, chiefly featuring the Bee Gees, whom the unconverted thought sounded like singing mice. The double LP would sell 30 million copies worldwide and offer incontrovertible proof that, for better or worse, disco had gone from being a marginal and subcultural dance music to being mainstream.

OK, so we've been putting it off.

Disco also became very big in the Seventies. It was great to dance to. Enough said? Well, actually not. There are a few good things to say about disco. It initially represented a minority statement in a record business increasingly dominated by a few huge companies. Disco, in fact, was the expression of three minorities: small record companies, blacks and gays.

Disco started out as an underground phenomenon. As the *Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock and Roll* puts it:

> Like punk, which followed soon thereafter, disco was a reaction to the extended dance-resistant FM rock of the early Seventies. It first surfaced from New York's gay male subculture, whose disc jockeys searched among obscure black pop records for the most danceable cuts.

For a while, at least, disco represented a populist rebellion against the majors. But the major companies soon wanted in, of course, and came up with *Saturday Night Fever*, which made disco safe for a mainstream white audience. If this stuff was OK with John Travolta, it couldn't be just for deviants.

Disco was also, perhaps, the last integrated music of the Seventies. For a while, both blacks and whites made it, listened to it and danced to it.

As the decade rolled on, rock and roll kept getting whiter—to its considerable detriment. The advent of album-oriented radio that sometimes played strange, undanceable interludes didn't help. With notable exceptions, rock became less danceable. As it did, black pop music of the Seventies moved further away from the mainstream, and from its former white audience.

The best dance music was being made primarily by black musicians and companies. This segregation of music was reflected in the increasingly rigid formats of radio stations. They became black or white again, going back to the racially segregated days of the Forties.

Strangely, white rock was repeating what jazz had done in the Fifties: It sat. The economics of big-business rock had changed the rules. Stadium concerts replaced small dance clubs. And guys on steroids in muscle T-shirts made sure you didn't have too much fun. Go nuts, they said, but do it in your seat and hold on to your ticket stub. Oh, and may we inspect your bag?

There is always a need to dance. As mainstream rock's aspirations, pretensions and maturity grew, it also moved away from its original reason to exist: as a dance-music reaction to what jazz had become.

From the Twenties through the Forties, jazz had largely provided this music. Duke Ellington did compose religious suites, but, like Bix Beiderbecke and Count Basie, he also played plenty of live dance music.

But in the late Forties and early Fifties, the best and most interesting young jazzmen began to play music you had to sit and listen to seriously and quietly to appreciate. There was no boogying in the aisles. Charles Mingus used to admonish club audiences not to let the ice in their drinks make noise.

One reason rock took over from jazz in the Fifties as the most popular pop music was because you could dance to it. In the Seventies much of the best rock was virtually undanceable. It had advanced, as jazz did from swing to bebop and cool modern. Through its ambition, rock left its dance audience behind.

As James Brown told an interviewer in 1975 regarding the direction of black music: "We didn't want anything to do with progressive music. So we stayed with soul. And the kind of soul we wanted was fast dance things."

One major soulman of the Seventies was Al Green. Born in 1946 in Forrest City, Arkansas, he moved at the age of 12 to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he sang gospel in a group along with his brothers. He was supposedly fired by his father after being caught listening to the

'profane' music of Jackie Wilson. In the years since, Green has made a career of moving back and forth between gospel and pop. In the early Seventies he had hit after hit on the charts—exemplars of the so-called Memphis sound, produced by studio marvel Willie Mitchell. Songs such as *Let's Stay Together*, *Call Me* and *Sha La La (Make Me Happy)*, with their trademark backbeats, made Green one of the most influential singers of the decade. But his life has had its tough moments. In October 1974 he suffered second-degree burns when a former girlfriend poured hot grits on him while he was taking a bath. Green soon thereafter returned to the Baptist faith, establishing a tabernacle in Memphis where he still preaches when he isn't on the road. He continued to divide pop and church life until 1979, when he fell from a stage in Cincinnati and took it as a sign. But the pop music life has continued to lure him over the years. He has been rediscovered by critics and was one of the highlights of the concert celebrating the opening of the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland this past Labor Day. As for his enduring appeal, Miles Davis supposedly once said of him, "That Al Green, he's so sexy, if he had one tit, I'd marry him."

Funk was wilder than either Sixties-style soul or disco, and lasted considerably longer than disco did as an innovative style that got you going on the dance floor. Funk was sweaty and sexy, and mostly avoided harmonic gasps and strings and synthesizers. A regular disco beat didn't come close to funk's thrusts and retreats. All you had to do was check out an Ohio Players album cover to get the point.

And funk didn't all sound the same, as disco's nonfans claimed disco did. Indeed, some disco singles were released with a notation of beats per minute, to allow DJs to segue sleekly at their clubs. A new category: metronome rock.

Another wild thing coming onto the music scene was reggae, which could be called the most important and enduring development in the music of the Seventies. Its emergence marked the beginning of world pop—that synthesis of music from around the globe (but, for some reason, chiefly from tropical countries) that may be the most interesting music being made today.

Reggae came from a unique stew of circumstances, not the least of which were the powerful U.S. radio stations from New Orleans and Miami that came along after World War Two. The development of cheap transistor radios allowed Jamaicans to hear American R&B. Naturally, they incorporated what they heard into their Caribbean musical traditions, many of these originally from Africa. By the Sixties you had something brand new: ska, followed by rock steady and finally reggae, its sound evolving

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 22, 28–29, 30, 74–79 and 157, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 22: "The Racy Look": **Racing jackets:** By *Hugo/Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. By *Nautica*, at Nautica, 216 Columbus Ave., NYC, 212-496-0933. By *DKNY*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *CG Design*, at Camouflage, 139 W. 8th St., NYC, 212-691-1750. By *Diesel*, 212-575-8222. "Homeward Bound": **Bedding, stoneware** and **flatware** by *Calvin Klein Home*, 212-292-9000. **China** by *Gianni Versace*, at Rosenthal China, 201-804-8000, ext. 226. **Sheets** by *Ralph Lauren Home Collection*, at department stores. **Bedding** and **furniture** by *Guess Home Collection*, 800-GUESS-HOME. **Bedding** and **bath** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Royalton, 800-274-2434. "Hot Shopping: San Antonio": *Dos Carolinas*, 210-222-9117. *Little's Boots*, 210-923-2221. *Guenther House River Mill Store*, 210-227-1061. *Piñatas y Mas*, 210-226-5300. *Blue Star Art Space*, 210-227-6960. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Donna Karan*, 800-231-0884. **Shirts** by Lorenzini, at Scott Hill, 100 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-777-1190. **Ties** by *Hermès*, 800-441-4488. **Ties** by *Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques. **Shoes** by *Prada*, at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. **Watch** by *Rolex*, at official Rolex jewelers. "Face Facts": **Shave creams:** By *Edge* and *Aveeno*, at drugstores, supermarkets and mass merchandisers. By *Origins* and *Aramis*, at fine department stores. By *M.A.C*, 800-387-6707.

WIRED

Pages 28–29: "Just a Beep Away": **Two-way pager** from *Sky Tel*, 800-643-0323. "Wild Things": **Flight stick** by *Suncom Technologies*, 800-444-3699, ext. 319. **Touch pad** by *Touché*, from International Technology Associates, 800-223-6433. **Amplifiers** by *Technics*, 201-348-9090. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *New Machine Publishing*, 800-999-7995. By *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 800-323-1229. By *Compton's New Media*, 800-261-6109. By *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. By *AP Professional*, 800-321-5068. **Windows instruction videotape** by *Winstruct*, 800-242-4842.

TRAVEL

Page 30: "Road Stuff": **Travel pen** by *Montblanc*, 800-995-4810. **Shaving mousse** by *CSC Laboratories*, 800-SHAVE-95.

N.Y.C. TV

Page 74: By *Calvin Klein:* **Sport jacket, shirt** and **trousers** at Calvin Klein, 654 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-292-9000. Page 75: By *Calvin Klein:* **Peacoat** at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900 and Beverly Hills, 310-276-4400. **Shirt** at Calvin Klein stores. **Pants** at select Neiman Marcus stores. Page 76: By *Ralph Lauren:* **Sport jacket** and **trousers** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, 212-606-2100. **Shirt** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, 212-606-2100 and Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200. Page 77: By *Ralph Lauren:* **Sport jacket** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, 212-606-2100. **Trousers, shirt** and **sweater** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, 212-606-2100 and Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200. Page 78: By *Donna Karan:* **Corded wool crepe suit** at Scott Hill, Los Angeles, 310-777-1190. **Shirt** at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, 310-550-5900 and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Tie** at Stanley Korshak, Dallas, 214-871-3600. **Crepe suit** at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. **Shirt** at Neiman Marcus, Dallas, 214-741-6911 and Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. **Tie** at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, 310-550-5900 and Stanley Korshak, Dallas, 214-871-3600. Page 79: By *Donna Karan:* **Suit** at Alex Forman, Portland, OR, 503-241-1132. **Shirt** at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000 and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Tie** at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, 310-550-5900.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **Golf clubs:** By *Callaway*, 800-228-2767. By *Titleist*, 800-225-8500. By *Wilson*, 800-GO-WILSON. By *Cleveland Golf*, 800-739-3355. By *Ray Cook Co.*, 800-531-7252.

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right along with American rock and soul. The chief characteristics of reggae were the reversal of the usual roles of guitar and bass, and a hypnotic, interrupted rhythm. Were they smoking something?

From the start, reggae was the sound of the Jamaican ghetto in Kingston—poor people crammed into a hot city. And while its first international stars were Jimmy Cliff and Toots and the Maytals, it took Bob Marley to put reggae on the world map.

Today, upon walking into the Jamaican National Gallery in Kingston, you are greeted by a life-size statue of Bob Marley that's carved from a single black mangrove root.

Marley was born in a small Jamaican town in 1945, but moved to Trenchtown, a Kingston ghetto, when he was 14. By 1964 he had formed the Wailin' Wailers, a vocal group that had several Jamaican hits. They were successful enough to start their own small label. Unfortunately, one of the members got busted for marijuana possession and Marley considered it prudent to go visit his mother in Delaware. He worked in a Chrysler plant there for about a year before returning home in 1967.

By 1970 the reformed Wailers were all believers in Rastafarianism, a religious mixture of elements that included worship of Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie, a reverence for Marcus Garvey and the belief in marijuana as a sacrament. A shift to similar-minded producer Lee "Scratch" Perry led to major changes in their sound. The members of the band all began playing instruments. The resulting sessions included the classic reggae tunes *400 Years* and *Duppy Conqueror*.

But the Wailers' big break came in 1972, when Chris Blackwell signed them to Island Records. Blackwell provided international promotion and distribution for *Catch a Fire*, which was soon followed by *Burnin'*—two all-time albums in as many years.

Reggae was also being noticed in the U.S. in 1972, with the release of the powerful film *The Harder They Come*. The film was the chronicle of reggae starring Jimmy Cliff as a kid from the country trying to get a hit single in a tough world. The soundtrack, partly written by Cliff himself, was practically flawless. It featured—along with Cliff singing *You Can Get It If You Really Want*, *Many Rivers to Cross*, *Sitting in Limbo* and *The Harder They Come*—Toots and the Maytals doing *Pressure Drop* and the Melodians' haunting *Rivers of Babylon*.

But Marley, noticeably absent from the soundtrack, was the Mozart of reggae. He knew how to find heaven in his music, even when singing such angry songs as *Get Up, Stand Up* and *Burnin' and Lootin'*. He died of cancer at the age of 36 in May 1981.

In contrast to the overproduced junk that much of mid-Seventies rock had become, groups such as the Ramones, Blondie and Richard Hell and the Voidoids in America and the Damned, the Sex Pistols and the Buzzcocks in the U.K. went back to basics. The characteristically aggressive three-chord garage-band sound typically relied more on attitude than it did on either showmanship or musicianship.

As *The New York Times*' Jon Pareles, rock's most astute critic, put it: "Periodically, when genres become too familiar, new generations of rockers arrive with something tougher and simpler, shaking down the current conventions."

Probably the best of the punkers and New Wavers, along with the Talking Heads, was Elvis Costello. His parodic pseudonym said it all about his ironic cynicism. (The son of a London bandleader, his real name is Declan McManus.) His deliberately geeky looks made him especially recognizable. But his 1977 debut LP *My Aim Is True* was a sign of the times the way Bob Dylan's albums were in the Sixties: imagistic, intelligent and ironically angry behind a cool veneer of elliptical rock and roll. *Mystery Dance*, which sounds like *Jailhouse Rock* on speed, clocks in at 1:35, a sign of excellence and economy that goes back to Chuck Berry and Little Richard. And *Watching the Detectives* is a sinister Seventies version of 1958's considerably more innocent *Western Movies* by the Olympics. Costello knows his rock history, but his songs were another new train coming in rock and roll.

As Monty Python might say, the innovative rock of the late Seventies and early Eighties was now something completely different, making the more elaborate, earlier Seventies rock extinct.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

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PLAYING THROUGH

Who says you can't buy a better golf game? High-tech clubs have proved you can buy distance and feel, enough to make any golfer happy. This year's hot story is high-strength, low-density titanium. Ray Cook has a set of irons with titanium heads so playable you'll actually take the one- and two-irons to the golf course. Callaway's Ely Would 11 has a head with a gorgeous, playable low-drag design. Wilson has dared to manufacture oversize, cavity-back forged heads for a big sweet spot with great feel. Titleist has minted the Howitzer in titanium for longer distance, and Roger Cleveland gives you a chance to putt with the instrument of Corey Pavin's choice; unfortunately, you'll have to find his touch by yourself.

Counterclockwise from top left: Callaway's Ely Would 11 with a graphite shaft ($285). A steel shaft version is $185. The Howitzer 8° is a titanium driver with a fused shaft for tremendous accuracy and carry, by Titleist ($375). Wilson Staff RM Midsize irons feature a larger club face ($725 for the set from three to pitching wedge). Cleveland Golf's Corey Pavin Centennial Collectors Edition putter from Edwin Watts Golf Shops is about $200, including a leather putter-head cover. Titanic titanium iron with a graphite shaft, by Ray Cook ($209 a club, $1672 a set).

RICHARD IZUI

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

GRAPEVINE

Definitely Stephanie

Model and actress STEPHANIE SVEC has been busy. After appearing in commercials, print advertisements and two movies (*The Untouchables* and *Excessive Force*), she was a hit on a *Jenny Jones* dating game show.

The Best Seat in the House

Hip-hop soul queen MARY J. BLIGE's CD *My Life* went double platinum, and you can hear her on the soundtrack to *Waiting to Exhale*. If the throne fits, sit on it.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

We Have Peter Covered

PETER GABRIEL took a break from touring to write new songs and film his screen debut in *Recon*, a science fiction movie set ten years in the future. Gabriel, a pioneer in rock computer technology, can't believe his eyes.

CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD

What Is Shannon's Secret?

You've seen SHANNON WHIRRY in *Animal Instincts* and on ABC's miniseries *Texas Justice*. Now she co-stars with George Hamilton and Harry Dean Stanton in *Playback*, an erotic video thriller. If there's any justice, it will seduce you.

Recycle Garbage

GARBAGE's self-titled debut made the charts. Drummer Butch Vig, producer of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins, calls it "a record for pop geeks who dance by themselves with the lights out." Listen to singer Shirley Manson. No geeks here.

© STEVE DOUBLE/RETNA LTD

It's a Holdup

TANÉ MCCLURE (daughter of TV actor Doug) was featured in *Picture Perfect Murders* and on TV's *Night Stand*. We'll stand with Tané.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

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Harley-Davidson motorcycles have been ripping up the road for 93 years. To commemorate the company's longevity, Ralph Marlin, a specialty-tie manufacturer, has created a limited edition (5000) silk tie featuring original Harley ads from 1910 in a repeating pattern. The tie comes in a matching commemorative tin in which you can store your Harley keys—or the cuff links and studs to your tuxedo shirt. The tie and tin are available at Harley dealers for $45. Call 800-922-8437 for info.

HARD LINES

When Lauren Bacall taught Humphrey Bogart how to whistle in *To Have and Have Not*, she didn't blow away the competition for great one-liners. The book *Hard-Boiled* includes that line and more than 350 other "tough, witty and downright nasty" quotes from classic noir films produced between 1940 and the early Sixties. Pictured here is Alan Ladd as the psycho killer Philip Raven in *This Gun for Hire*. Price: $14.95. Call Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657 to order.

BUFFER ZONE

"If you've always wanted to go nude but wouldn't, shouldn't or couldn't," says the manufacturer of the Nude Suit, "now you can." And from a distance, what you see is what you think you get when a woman puts on the anatomically correct cotton-and-Lycra one-piece bathing suit. But up close, yes, there is a difference. Skin tones available include pale, tan, light coffee and dark. Sizes range from small to large and for shy types there's even a "modesty kit" that consists of three heat-transfer decals of seashells and other aquatica. Price: $40. A man's version with a permanent fig leaf affixed to the front is $20. (Same sizes and skin tones are available.) Call 800-SUITS-YA to order either one.

UNDERGROUND COMICS' LATEST HANG-UP

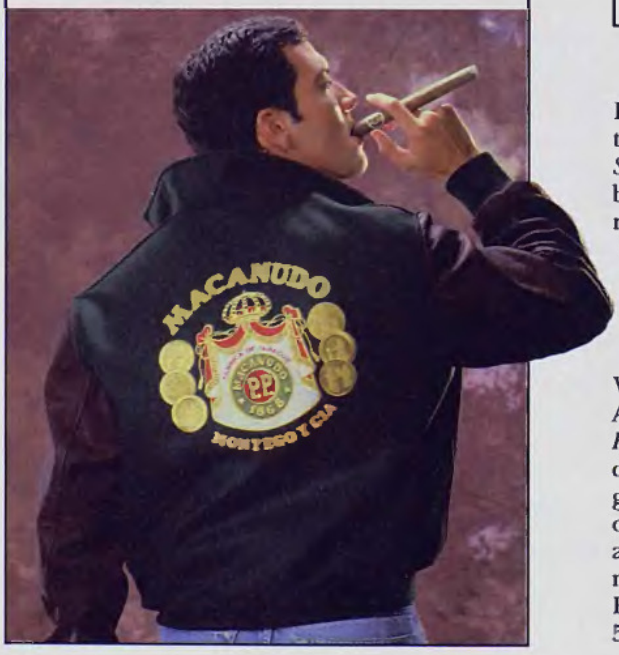
When S. Clay Wilson and Skip Williamson, two kingpins of the Sixties underground comics movement, team up to do a Nineties museum-quality serigraph, anything can happen—and it did. The limited edition (250) 21½" x 19" 12-color print pictured here is based on the old English etching *Sunday Afternoon in a Gin Parlor*. Here Williamson's Snappy Sammy Smoot tends bar to a gang of exotic dipsos. The price: $210 sent to Skip Williamson, P.O. Box 440427, Kennesaw, Georgia 30144.

FIRE WHEN READY

Not many people know that the Netherlands is home to one of the world's largest collections of lighters. The best of what's housed in the Dutch Lighter Museum Foundation in Eindhoven has just been beautifully reproduced in *The Legend of the Lighter*, a $45 coffee-table book covering in text and photos the development of the lighter from flint and steel to sleek piezo-ignited models. Call Abbeville Press at 800-ARTBOOK to order.

STOGIEWEAR

Now that smoking a premium cigar has become a status symbol, we're not surprised the colorful emblems that appear on cigar bands are being reproduced on articles of clothing. The Macanudo leather-and-wool baseball-style jacket pictured here is $400, and there's also one for Partagas cigars in black for the same price. Windbreakers, sweatshirts, T-shirts and caps with emblems are also available from General Cigar, at 800-867-4727.



KAT'S MEOW

Katherine Hushaw is just as cute and sexy today as when she was Playmate of the Month back in October 1986. Kat's current passion is designing jewelry, and if you look closely at the sterling silver pendant and earrings here, you'll see an abstract design of two people intertwined. Kat's title is *Two in Love* and the pendant and sterling chain are available from the Playboy Catalog for $40. (Ask for item CC 5386.) The earrings are $49. (Ask for item CC 5387.) And you get this signed 8″x10″ four-color photo of Kat with either order. Call 800-423-9494.

PRETTY FREAKY

The sideshow banner has gone the way of Huey the Pretzel Man and Rasmus Nielsen ("who lifts an anvil by his breasts"), but the folk art itself is celebrated in *Freaks, Geeks & Strange Girls*, an illustrated history of "sideshow banners of the Great American Midway." Chapter headings range from "Totally Tattooed" to "The Dope Show." The book's authors, Randy Johnson, Jim Secreto and Teddy Varndell, are all pictured in a section titled "Literary Freaks, Computer Geeks & Strange Contributors." They look normal to us. Price: $40.

LUCK OF THE IRISH

Irish McCalla is the gorgeous actress and pinup star who played *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* on TV back in the Fifties. McCalla is now an artist in Arizona, but her many fans, including nationally famous wildlife artist Ron Van Gilder, never forgot her. So it should come as no surprise that a chance meeting between Van Gilder and McCalla in Los Angeles last year resulted in *A Royal Pair*, the 24½″ x 32½″ four-color limited edition (750) lithograph of McCalla and the king of beasts pictured here. It's available from another pinup maven, Marianne Ohl Phillips, P.O. Box 129, Readlyn, Iowa 50668, for $135.

NEXT MONTH

MISS APRIL

GREAT GADGETS

UPPER ROOM

WORLD WILD WEB

OUR FIRST-EVER SPECTACULAR SPRING PREVIEW—GET READY FOR A TERRIFIC SEASON WITH THE LATEST GEAR, GADGETS AND DUDS. WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DRINK AND HOW TO LOOK YOUR BEST DOING IT

IN THE UPPER ROOM—A VIRTUAL REALITY MANSION FILLED WITH VICTORIA'S SECRET MODELS? IT'S NEVER BEEN RISKIER OR MORE SEDUCTIVE TO DEBUG A SOFTWARE PROGRAM—FICTION BY **TERRY BISSON**

THE RELUCTANT CONSERVATIVE—THE MOST POLITICALLY INCORRECT SATIRIST IN THE FREE WORLD SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON WHY LIBERALISM IS BETTER—JUST NOT NOW. A CONFESSION BY **BILL MAHER**

MUTUAL FUNDS—THE MORE YOU READ ABOUT THEM, THE MORE NONE OF IT MAKES ANY SENSE. WHOM SHOULD YOU TRUST? SAGE ADVICE FROM **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

SALMAN RUSHDIE—THE FURTIVE WORDSMITH IS BACK IN CIRCULATION. HE TALKS ABOUT LIFE IN EXILE, HIS PUBLIC REEMERGENCE AND HIS NEW BOOK, IN A PROVOCATIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

HOW TO PLAY? OUR SNEAK PEEK AT **ELECTRONICS** FEATURES AN AMAZING TV WITH SIDE-BY-SIDE PICTURES, THE HOTTEST PORTABLE VIDEO GAME, THE FASTEST LAPTOP (UNBELIEVABLE) AND A VCR THAT FAST-FORWARDS THROUGH COMMERCIALS. CAN YOU AFFORD TO MISS IT?

WHAT'S NEW? SPEED, TO START—ON CHIPS, HIGHWAYS AND TENNIS COURTS. ANGER IS THE BIG EMOTION AND RALLIES ARE COOL. SO ARE MEN AND HOLLYWOOD NOSTALGIA TRIPS. SO ARE BAGELS. THE PROPHETIC BUZZ ON THE MILLENNIUM BY **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

WOMEN OF THE INTERNET—MEET THE HOTTEST WOMEN IN CYBERSPACE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED PICTORIAL ON ACTUAL PAPER

INSIDE PAT BUCHANAN'S BUNKER—OUR SECRET INVESTIGATOR INVADES THE ENEMY CAMP. WHAT HE FINDS IS PECULIAR EVEN FOR POLITICS—ARTICLE BY **JONATHAN FRANKLIN**

TAMMI ALEXANDER—WHEN YOUR FIANCÉ IS THE WILDLY POPULAR TV SHRINK FRASIER CRANE, LIFE CAN BE A BIT OF A SITCOM. IN A PRIME-TIME PICTORIAL, MEET THE WOMAN WHO FINALLY CORRECTED KELSEY GRAMMER

PLUS: 20 Q WITH **MICHAEL MADSEN,** PLAYMATE FAVORITE **LILLIAN MÜLLER,** THE REVOLUTION IN GROOMING

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